

March 1, 1941

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Beginning

The Traitor

By Frederick Ha

The enemy joins the U. S. Na

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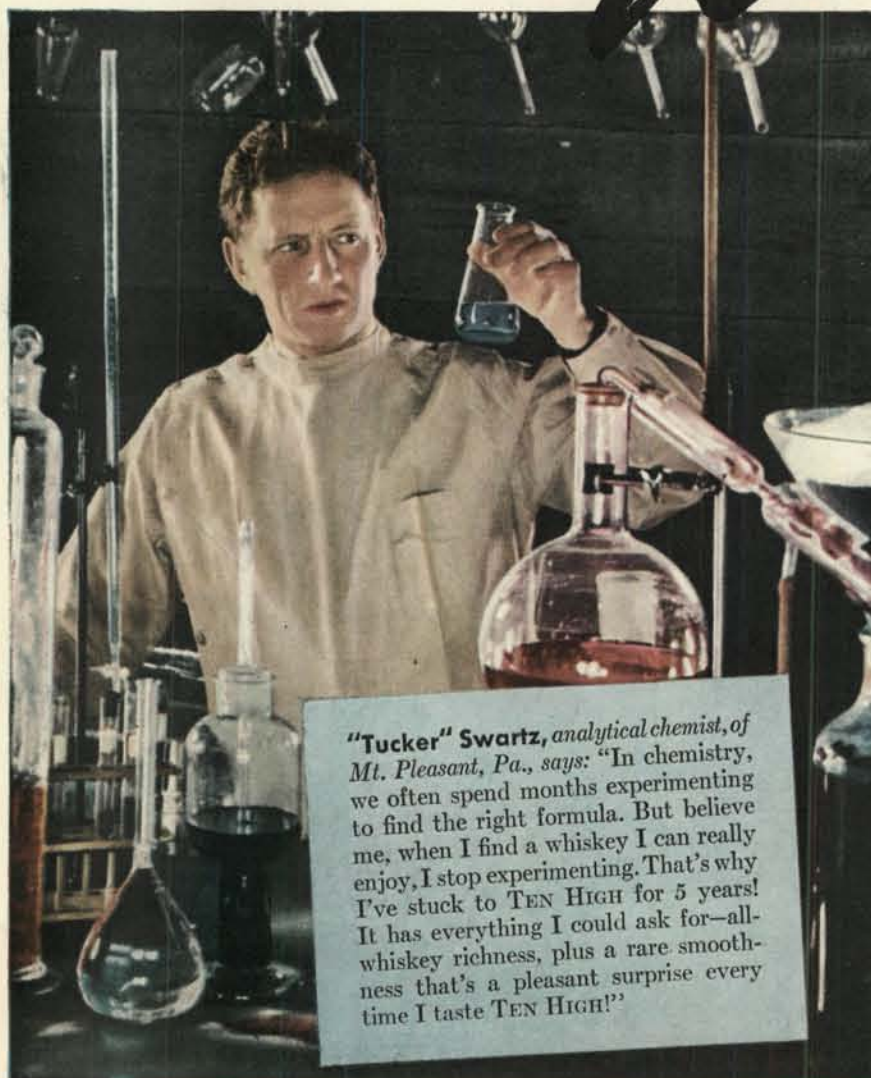
L. G. Michaelson,
commercial artist, of
820 N. Michigan Blvd.,
Chicago, says:

AFTER 5 YEARS,
MY FRIENDS ARE STILL
PRAISING MY DRINKS—THANKS
TO **TEN HIGH'S** SATISFYING,
REALLY ENJOYABLE
BOURBON FLAVOR

Richard Kromer, Jr. spends part of the year
in Armonk Village, New York, and the rest in
Fort Myers, Florida—but he has stayed with
the same whiskey for 5 years. Fishing and
hunting are his favorite sports—TEN HIGH is
his whiskey. As he says, "After a cold day
hunting up North, there's nothing so cheering
as TEN HIGH 'neat'—and nothing so refreshing
as a TEN HIGH highball after a good day's
fishing down South. In 5 years and
12,000 miles of travelling, I've never
found a richer, smoother whiskey!"



Who says so?



"Tucker" Swartz, analytical chemist, of
Mt. Pleasant, Pa., says: "In chemistry,
we often spend months experimenting
to find the right formula. But believe
me, when I find a whiskey I can really
enjoy, I stop experimenting. That's why
I've stuck to TEN HIGH for 5 years!
It has everything I could ask for—all-
whiskey richness, plus a rare smooth-
ness that's a pleasant surprise every
time I taste TEN HIGH!"

Men who have been using it for 5 years
say: "TEN HIGH is a real treat!"

If you agree that life owes you a little more fun, try
the whiskey that's been doubling America's enjoy-
ment for 5 long years! For sociable good times, treat
yourself—and your guests—to TEN HIGH. It's a pleas-
ure to drink, and a whiskey you'll be mighty proud to
serve. For TEN HIGH is famous from coast to coast
for its rich, satisfying flavor. And it's *all* whiskey...
so *straight* and smooth there's not a "rough edge" in
a barrellful. Ask for TEN HIGH at your liquor store
or bar and treat yourself *tonight!*

*Double your enjoyment
with*

**TEN
HIGH**

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

90 PROOF. HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL.



Do you see Little Betty?

No, I see a Woman with a Home of her Own.

Is she Happily Married?

Indeed, yes, her Husband adores Her.

And he Loves her Smile...the Sparkling Smile
that owes so much to her Lifelong Use of Ipana and Massage.



Protect your bright smile—always! Help keep your gums firm, your teeth sparkling with the daily use of Ipana and Massage



Q. What do many youngsters today know about proper dental care that their parents may still have to learn?

A. They know, for they have learned it in thousands of classrooms, the great importance of gum massage to firm, healthy gums and bright, sparkling teeth.

Q. Why is gum massage so important?

A. Because today's soft, creamy foods don't give gums the exercise and stimulation they need and so gums tend to become soft, tender... and all too often signal their weakness with a warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Q. Just how serious is "pink tooth brush"?

A. Only one person can answer that—your dentist. In your case it may be serious, and it may not be, but only he can tell you! He may, very likely, say merely that your gums need

work and exercise. And, like so many dentists these days, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage"!

Q. Should you massage your gums even if you haven't got "pink tooth brush"?

A. Yes, decidedly yes! Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. For Ipana is specially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the gums as well! Yes, you'll find this sound, sensible habit of Ipana and massage will go far to help you ward off the threat of "pink tooth brush"... to help you have firmer, healthier gums and brighter, more sparkling teeth!

Ipana Tooth Paste

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MARCH 1, 1941

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COVER

D. B. HOLCOMB

ANY WEEK

MR. GEORGE G. LA GEORGE of Los Angeles, California, wants to bet us that Congress will never vote to declare war on Germany unless we're directly attacked. But we won't bet. We have a hunch that Congress won't have anything to do with it. One of these days, dear George, Mr. Hitler will give the nod to one of his stooges—maybe Japan, maybe Italy—and an American warship is going to be bombed or torpedoed. Like the Panay, for example. About the same time we're going to discover that a small detachment of Japanese marines have landed on some northerly point in the Philippines. Our Navy and our air fleet will embark upon a punitive expedition and some men, including a few Americans, are going to be killed. Lo and behold, we shall be at war. Belatedly perhaps—say a few weeks after—Congress may make a face-saving declaration, that being one of the few of its Constitutional rights it has managed to retain. Or maybe it will be even simpler than that. Maybe we'll just move in without preliminary incident. Or maybe we're just a mumbly fuddydud. Maybe we're in now and are much too dazed to know it. We think that it was Colonel Bob Berry of Mena, Arkansas, who told us about asking Henry, a colored boy, about Henry's employer. Henry's employer had been very sick. The doctors had let it be understood that they'd be very surprised if he recovered. The colonel had heard nothing for several weeks. "Henry," asked he, "is old Mr. Will dead yet?" And Henry: "Yassuh, specks he is. Any-way, old Mr. Will done died las' month."



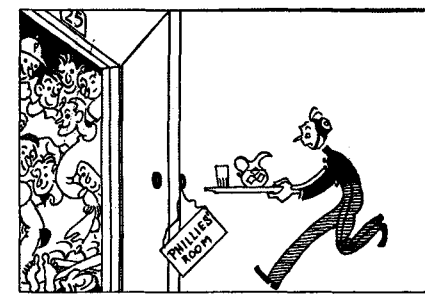
WE'RE neither a calamity howler, a warmonger, an Anglophile nor a jingo although we're being accused of all four—and more. We're trying merely to be realistic. We're trying too to be calm and are making quite a mess of it. The signs are discouraging. From Baltimore, Maryland, Miss Lydia Colonger reports that several influential citizens have spoken publicly of how nice it would be if the Free State refrained for the duration from the singing of Maryland, My Maryland because the tune is of German composition—Tannenbaum, Oh Tannenbaum. We have not heard that the tune of America, or God Save the King, is being regarded with suspicion because of its

origin but we won't be surprised. The Germans say that the air was sung by their ancestors in the sixteenth century. The French, who never seemed to care one way or another before their latest disaster, contend that it was written for King Louis XIV. But the English say it was written by one of their own, Mr. Henry Carey, about 1740. We know, of course, that Francis Scott Key's exulting verses were set to an ancient German air which was exceedingly popular in the better German beer halls long before Mr. Key was born. Let's see—there must have been some reason why we got to setting all this down. Ah, yes, it all comes of a letter we got from Mr. Oliver R. McKenstrie of Rome, Georgia. Mr. McKenstrie too is prepared not to be surprised by anything. "No," says he, "not even by the news (which I expect momentarily) that some wretched fellow has been arrested for singing that dirty rebel song, The Star Spangled Banner."

THE editors of this magazine and the scholars to whom occasionally they assign the tricky business of writing editorials are earnest folk. Repeatedly we've seen them pacing their offices with that serious preoccupied air that better minds are apt to get when brooding upon the graver aspects. But several weeks ago one of these gentlemen in a lighter moment wrote about safety pins, the general idea being that the world would be safer if safety pins were too. We remember saying that we thought that this was a hell of a time to write about safety pins. The words were scarcely out of our mouth and the editorial had been on the newsstands less than three days before a deluge of mail resulted. A large number of readers told us that they had invented the perfect safety pin. A larger number recounted their personal troubles with the old-fashioned safety pin. The latest letter we've read is from Mr. James Wynne Arden of St. Joseph, Missouri. Says he: "That's the kind of stuff we readers want. I'm glad to see Collier's sticking to the common, homely problems of the people. Don't let the war distract you."

BUT there we go getting unwarlike again. Perhaps we'd better confine ourselves to what's left of such inglorious domestic affairs as baseball, legislators and what in the world has become of the Department of Labor, the Townsend Plan, Father Coughlin and Captain Elliot Roosevelt. About baseball we have a note from Mr. Reed Blankenridge of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Mr. Blankenridge says that, contrary to the best patriotic trends, the Philadelphia National League team has decided not to cut down expenses. On the contrary, says he, the Phillies have decided to splurge, war or no war. "I am reliably informed," says Mr. Blankenridge, "that hereafter

while traveling around the league the Phillies will hire a room in some respectable hotel. Of course this will mean somewhat crowded quarters for our athletes but the more radical promoters of the innovation tell me that the club might rent a good-sized sample room usually taken by traveling salesmen. The boys will carry sleeping bags, however, just in case."



DROPPING in on our fine-feathered associate, Mr. Henry L. Jackson, to ask what we should be wearing this week, we found him in quite a state. He had just got a letter from Mrs. Harvey G. Johnson of Milford, Iowa, about a dressy piece he'd written—Skiing Goes Native. The piece didn't tell you how to ski but, more important, it did tell you just what to wear when skiing and left no doubt, in our mind at least, that it was perfectly silly to attempt the sport unless you're dressed gloriously for it. The illustrations alone were completely convincing. "In your article," writes Mrs. Johnson, "there was illustrated some maple furniture which I would like to know more about. I'd like to know who manufactures it and where in Chicago it may be purchased. The check for the last cartoon Collier's bought from my husband is going to buy this maple furniture if you can tell me where to get it."

WE TRIED hard but didn't seem to make much of a job of it trying to cheer Mr. Jackson up. It did no good, for example, to show him a letter we'd got from Mr. Warren Seixas of Knoxville, Tennessee, wherein Mr. Seixas says: "I am a regular reader of Collier's and have just read your column. Why don't you write one every week?" Nor was it reviving to Mr. Jackson to read another—from a lady whose grandson had just been notified to report for military duty. "Please investigate some talk I have been hearing about the temptations this boy will have to face," says she. "I hear that they have prize fights and a great deal of carousing in the camps such as swearing and cursing. Also about beer drinking. If this is so please tell the country who is to blame. This is a shame and a scandal in a Christian country."

PROBABLY Nazi propaganda . . .
W. D.

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**"I MUST HAVE BEEN
WEARING BLINDERS!"**

**but I'm glad I finally
discovered all auto
insurance is NOT alike.."**



"You'll never catch me driving a car without insurance. No, sir! I'm too smart to risk losing my shirt in case my wife or I have a smash-up. But I used to buy my insurance with my eyes tight shut—thought one policy was as good as another. It took a State Farm Mutual representative to show me how wrong I was.

How State Farm's Membership Plan gives you

MORE AUTO INSURANCE FOR YOUR MONEY

by G. J. MECHERLE
Founder and Chairman of the Board
State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company

"Do away with old-fashioned practices that make automobile insurance expensive!—That was our aim when a group of us in Bloomington, Illinois, founded State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company back in 1922.

"By designing State Farm Mutual policies on a membership basis so they can be renewed as long as the risk remains the same (like life insurance), we *saved* money—and we have passed these savings on to policyholders in more insurance for their money.

"We also pay the agent who sells your auto insurance only *one* commission. That's why your State Farm policy costs you substantially less when you renew it from year to year.

"These and many other economies pioneered by our Company have saved in excess of \$40,000,000 for more than a million policyholders in the cost of their auto insurance.

"And in addition we have been able to give them broader protection and better service.

"For the complete story of how our Membership Plan works, I invite you to mail the coupon at the right."

CAR DRIVERS

*... these Facts
are important!*

State Farm Mutual is the largest exclusive writer of automobile insurance in the world.

Last year State Farm settled agreeably over 200,000 claims!

State Farm does business today in 40 states, in the District of Columbia, and the province of Ontario, Canada.

More than 7,000 State Farm representatives, all over the country, are ready to serve you in case of an accident.

State Farm is a mutual company operated solely for the benefit of policyholders.

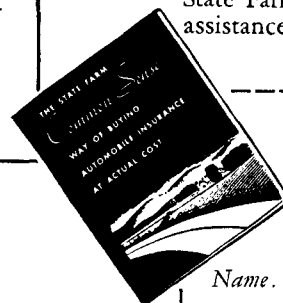
Policies, however, are absolutely nonassessable.



Home office building of State Farm Mutual in Bloomington, Ill., owned and occupied exclusively by State Farm Insurance Companies.



"I wouldn't listen at first. You know, I thought this State Farm fellow was trying to high-pressure me. But I discovered they've really got something there—a Membership Plan that's different. It gives you more protection and better service for less money! And State Farm's national organization will come to my assistance no matter where we might crack up!"



Mr. G. E. Mecherle,
State Farm Insurance Companies
Bloomington, Illinois

G-31

Dear Mr. Mecherle: Please send me, without obligation, your booklet, "The State Farm Common Sense Way of Buying Automobile Insurance at Actual Cost."

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....



STATE FARM

Insurance Companies Bloomington, Illinois

CAN PEOPLE OVER 40 FIGHT TIREDNESS With Knox Gelatine?



133 men and women over 40 years of age were among the hundreds who volunteered to drink Knox Gelatine for 28 days to test* it as a fatigue-fighter. Did Knox reduce tiredness for them as effectively as it did for younger people?



Women over 40 who tested Knox included school-teachers, cashiers, telephone operators and nurses. 8 out of 10 who started, and 9 out of 10 who finished the Knox test said they were *definitely not so tired*.



What about older men? Whichever their work, mental or manual, men over 40 in the test reported these results: Of the 94 men who started the Knox test, 82 completed it. 74 of these said Knox gave them noticeably greater endurance and reduced fatigue!

Benefit in 2 weeks! That's the report of the majority of those who said Knox was effective. How many benefited? In tests of 26 occupational groups, 2 out of 3 who started the test, and 9 out of 10 who completed it said they were definitely less tired. When such a high percentage of men and women report results from drinking Knox...and so many say they get those results after two weeks...isn't a Knox trial worth the effort? If you are tired...or someone in your family needs more endurance...try the Knox Build-Up Plan. It's easy to follow...directions are given right here!

**Tests made and certified by a qualified research organization.*

TRY THIS YOURSELF...for 2 weeks

1. Drink 4 envelopes of Knox Gelatine every day for 2 weeks. Then drop to 2 a day. After 28 days, drink as needed.
2. To prepare, pour 1 envelope (1/4 pkg.) Knox Gelatine into 3/4 glass water or fruit juice, not iced. Let liquid absorb gelatine. Stir. Drink immediately. If it thickens, stir again. The gelatine is tasteless.

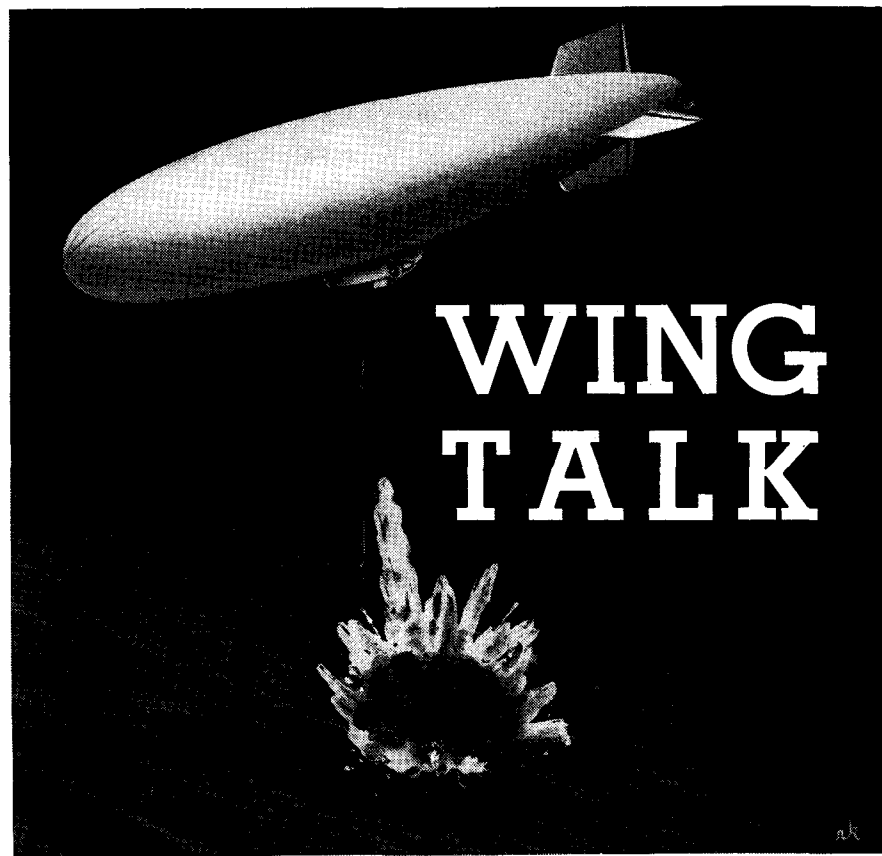
BUT BE SURE it's plain, unflavored Knox. Knox is all body-building protein. Ready-flavored gelatine dessert powders are 7/8 sugar, 1/8 protein. Buy from your grocer in 4-envelope or economical 32-envelope package.

KNOX Gelatine

A PROTEIN FOOD THAT FIGHTS FATIGUE

SEND FOR FREE KNOX BULLETIN

telling how you may try reducing tiredness. Write Knox Gelatine, Dept. 70, Johnstown, N. Y.



A dirigible with depth bombs is a formidable submarine hunter

SOMETIMES our national aviation picture seems to make liars of those who have spoken well of it. Consider this contradiction, for example: Our industry, fliers and researchers have always led world air progress and captured most of its records. Yet today we are neither the leading exponent of air force nor the possessor of the greatest air power—regardless of what may be the case three years hence.

Fair-minded aviation leaders, when they let their hair down, blame our weakness for getting tangled and wrangled into "schools of thought." There is value in honest and reasonable differences of opinion, "but," worried airmen continue, "that is lost when champions of each side get too far out on the limb to be able to look back and see anything good from the other fellow's point of view!"

This is a standing list of major controversies in American aviation:

Separate versus nonseparate Air Corps; Mitchell enthusiasts versus the Indian War generals; Diesel against gasoline; lighter-than-air against heavier-than-air. Now a no-quarter fight is in progress between air-cooled and liquid-cooled motors.

Responsible men have begun to recall that Germany tolerated no such luxurious schisms. Or, if they did turn up, the ample thumb of Marshal Goering kept them from widening. His Luftwaffe was built on the theory of neglecting nothing, developing every asset fully. Open ears and minds toward all comers. Investigate, experiment and be prepared in all phases of aeronautics.

"There is no question," one of our wisest aviation men told me in Washington recently, "of the United States' ultimate capacity to outproduce any other nation. There is serious question of unprejudiced effort and of unselfish organization for driving ahead and the Axis take the hindmost!"

DIESELS and dirigibles provide outstanding examples right now of how neglect and bickering have handicapped us.

In the Diesel engine, invented by Rudolph Diesel, a German, fuel is exploded by heat and high compression, as opposed

to spark ignition of the gasoline motor. Your library's newspaper files will give you Diesel history in our aviation. Packard's Captain Lionel Woolson developed it to a point where it made endurance and economy records still unmatched and won Packard the 1931 Collier Trophy. Jealousy, official apathy, quarrels ended Diesel projects in this country.

The Germans kept on. Many of their modern bombers and transports are Diesel-powered, burning cheapest low-grade fuels or furnace oil. This is a principal factor offsetting her shortage of gasoline.

Now there is a great revival of Diesels here—for tank, marine, truck use. None in production for military planes. Diesel engines have no ignition system to cause radio interference. Perhaps the greatest advantage from the military point of view is the reduction of fire hazard. Even incendiary bullets through the tanks won't turn a Diesel bomber into the fighting airman's nightmare, a "flaming coffin."

AS TO dirigibles: heavier-than-air fliers and surface officers combined to fight lighter-than-air. It seems hard now to credit the acrimoniousness, the unreasonableness of the feud in a service consecrated to unity and common purpose of national defense. Lifelong friendships were broken. Admiral W. A. Moffatt, who died for his cause on the Akron, was a Navy pariah approximating Billy Mitchell in the Army.

The British quit after the loss of their \$5,000,000 R-101 in 1930 killed Lord Thomson, Secretary of State for Air, and 46 others. The ill fates of the Shenandoah, Roma, Akron and Macon—explainable or avoidable though each was—practically brought our experimentation to a standstill.

Again, Germany pushed on. She finished the LZ-130, sister to the Hindenburg, before the war began, had the 131 well along, and the 132 projected. The old Graf Zeppelin and the new LZ-130 immediately shuttled to and from Russia, as fast as they could be refueled, importing critical minerals. Their sisters no doubt have joined her by now.

(Continued on page 61)



"LET'S SEE
YOUR
TONGUE!"

CHECK YOUR SPARK PLUGS' HEALTH
THIS *Easy way!*

DOES YOUR CAR HAVE THESE SYMPTOMS?

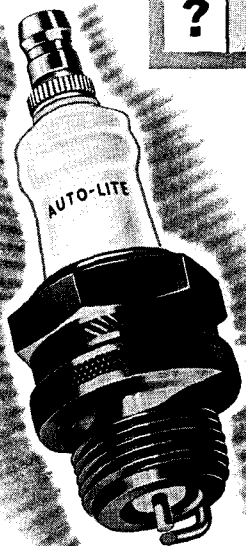
?	HARD STARTING	?	NO PICK-UP
?	SLUGGISH ON HILLS	?	STALLING IN TRAFFIC
?	HIGH SPEED MISS	?	ROUGH ENGINE
?	ENGINE KNOCKING	?	HARD ON GAS



THE OTHER DAY our car was acting up awful. When we got to the garage the man looked at the spark plugs to see if the engine was sick, just like Mommy looks at my tongue. He said, "I'm giving your engine an Auto-Lite 'Plug-Chek' right now!"



AND, GEE WILLIKERS...You should see how quick he fixed our engine—our car runs better than ever. On the way home Mommy and me made up a rule, "When your engine is sick, ask for an Auto-Lite 'Plug-Chek' QUICK!"



One Out of Every 4 Cars Is Factory-Equipped with Auto-Lite Spark Plugs

THOUSANDS HAVE REPLACED WITH WRONG TYPE SPARK PLUGS—AND DON'T KNOW IT!

HERE'S a new service for motorists. A scientific device called a "Plug-Chek," helps every Auto-Lite dealer spot, more easily than ever before, plugs that are functioning improperly or have burned or fouled because of engine irregularities. He compares the "business end" of your spark plugs with the "Plug-Chek." This reading enables him to better analyze your engine operation, helps him restore top engine performance. Ask your dealer about the new Auto-Lite Spark Plug that's "Ignition Engineered"—and get a "Plug-Chek" today!

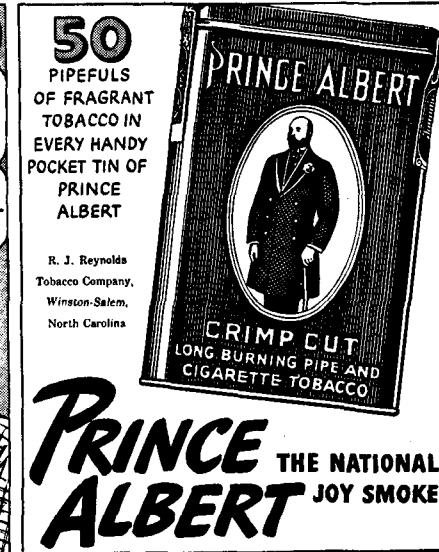
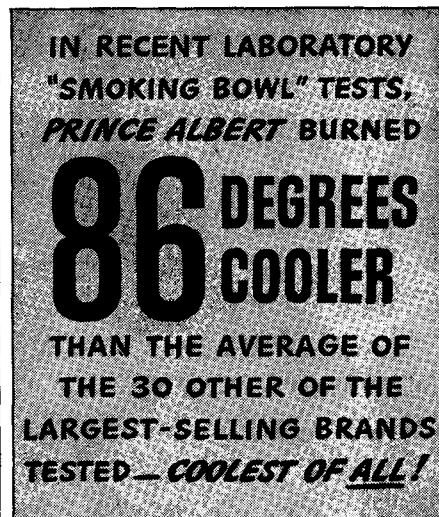
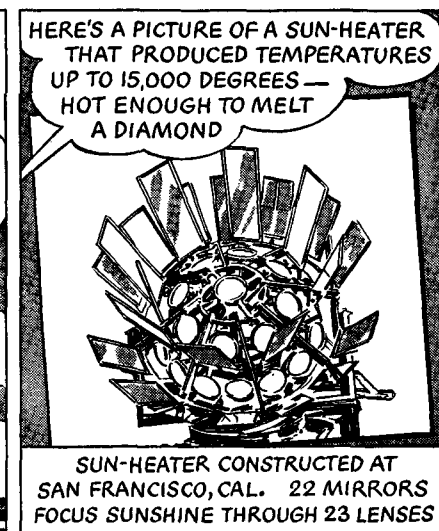
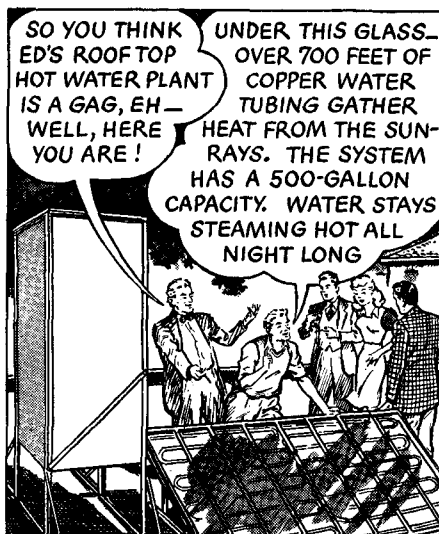
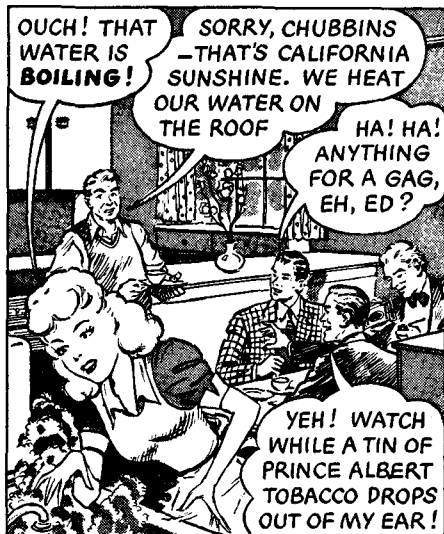
THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO • Merchandising Division • SARNIA, ONTARIO

AUTO-LITE *Ignition Engineered*
SPARK PLUGS



WONDERS OF AMERICA

Saddling Sunlight



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The famous romance of Victor Hugo and Juliette Drouet, between 1833 and 1883, produced the largest number of love letters ever written by one woman. Although he was away from her for only a few of these fifty years, she wrote him 15,000 devoted notes.

The sunniest spots in the United States are southwestern Arizona and southeastern California. The cloudiest spots are the coastal cities of the state of Washington.

During this school year, about a hundred large corporations will send "talent scouts" to interview fifty thousand college seniors in their annual drive to find and train promising youths for positions in their organizations. To those selected will be offered fellowships, scholarships and courses in company schools which, with the training being given by some five hundred other firms, will cost industry more than \$12,000,000 in 1941.

The value of equipping offices with sound-absorbent walls is typically illustrated by an installation in a large American insurance company. Records kept for one year before and one year after the ceilings were constructed showed that the decrease in noise was responsible for a decrease in errors amounting to twenty-nine per cent in the work of typists and fifty-two per cent in the work of calculating-machine operators.

Each winter, a snow survey is made in the Rockies and Sierras by federal, state and private agencies to estimate the quantity of water that is likely to run off into lakes, rivers, aqueducts, dams and irrigation systems in the spring. Although the survey costs more than \$100,000 because thirty thousand measurements are made in about seven hundred locations, it is worth millions to industries dependent on an adequate water supply.

The longest aerial-cable transportation system ever built, now nearing completion in Sweden, is twenty-eight miles in length and will be used to carry limestone from a quarry to a cement factory. Its 550 skips, or buckets, are filled and emptied automatically and some of its towers, suspending the cable over waterways, are 147 feet high to avoid obstructing ships.

In Mexico, an employer cannot lay off workers or close down his plant until he receives permission from a Conciliation and Arbitration Labor Board, composed of representatives of the government, capital and labor. In Brazil, an employer cannot discharge a worker, after ten years' service, unless he has committed a very grave offense.

The motion picture Fantasia employs a radically different method of sound projection, which gives the film a unique auditory perspective. It uses four sound tracks, instead of one, requires about seventy loud-speakers, instead of two, and can only be projected in theaters that install special equipment for it, of which there will be no more than thirteen in the entire United States.

Two sounds may be produced in such a manner that they neutralize each other and the result is silence. Likewise, two beams of light may be produced in such a manner that they, too, neutralize each other and the result is darkness.—By Henriette Desgrey, Yonkers, New York.

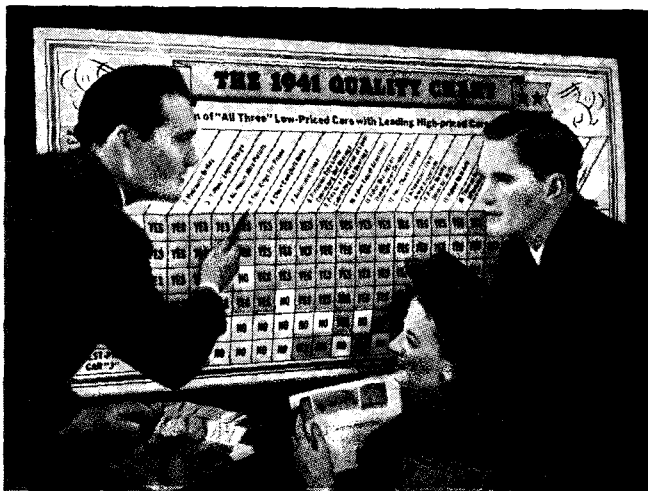
To vaporize gasoline in its carbureters, an airplane engine weighing one ton consumes one ton of air every twelve minutes.—By Robert C. Brown, Montgomery, Alabama.

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"Señorita!" she announced, "I sweep heem the room, not!" Roger scowled and almost clicked his heels

THE TRAITOR

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Beginning a new novel—a romance of the United States Navy under pressure from the enemy within, and of Phyllis, the skipper's daughter, a girl equal to any situation

I AM definitely the hatchet woman of Navy Station. When officers are speechless, bound by the code, young Phyllis talks right out. When Navy wives falter into silence, afraid of hell-fire, admirals and the Bureau of Navigation, where is Miss Hartney, the commandant's lovely daughter? She is still in there swinging.

To quote Dolores, the cook Dad and I brought back from Panama, I am *mucho tigre*—much tiger. To quote Dolores again: "You have only nineteen sweet summers, Señorita. But, Dios, the winters, they must have been very bitter!" I love to quote Dolores. She is *simpatico*.

Someone has got to tell the truth about what has just finished happening at Navy Station. We found a traitor here. That is bad enough, goodness knows. The very word "traitor" used to horrify me. We have suffered through melodramatic and terrible events. They are saying in Washington that we are

all a disgrace to the Service. Gossip has spread to the Fleet, and our tragedy is being referred to as "that Navy Station affair."

We are supposed to hang our heads in shame, making no defense nor even a reply. Navy men and women must take it, you know. Never explain, never complain. Dignified silence, for the good of the Service. Hush-hush, it wouldn't do to undermine public confidence in the Navy at a time like this.

I say pish-tush. (This is calm, lady-like understatement.) Public confidence will not be affected by discovery of treason at a hokey-pokey third-class yard like Navy Station. Not if civilians are told the whole truth, from beginning to end. And why am I so cocksure? It is because I knew us all and watched us—how we thought and felt and acted—during the crisis. I say we learned things through our ordeal that would be good for every American to learn just now. I feel ashamed of a few of us at Navy

Station, including myself, but I am proud of the majority.

At the risk of being caught far beyond my depth, I want to ask just one question: If the love of liberty was born in a dungeon, might not the love of country be born in treason? I think we have proved, right here at Navy Station, that it might. . . .

"WHAT'S the verdict?" Roger said. "I'm sorry, Rog," I said, "but it has to be 'no.'"

I am going back, now, to that first day when our trouble started. I should like to claim a feminine prescience of disaster. But the plain truth is that Miss Phyllis Hartney had nothing of the sort on her mind. She was very busy trying to tell Lieutenant Roger Collins that she couldn't marry him. It being her first experience in rejecting a man (some hussies would count a midshipman named Tommy, one June week at Annapolis, but I shall merely mention him), Miss Hartney was making heavy weather of it.

"I'll ask you again tomorrow," Roger said.

"No . . . please—"

"And the day after that."

"Thank you, Rog—but it's no use."

"Why not?"

"I'm too fond of you to marry you."

"Now, that is nonsense!"

"If I hated you, I might do it. But I won't marry a man I like."

"I know why you're taking this attitude!"

It would have been so much easier with a homely and humble man. But Roger was a beautiful boy, a smart officer and extremely conceited. He had ignored the faint possibility that I might not be in love with him, if, indeed, the idea had ever entered his head. Oh, dammit, I said to myself, I shouldn't have tried to be gently subtle with

Roger. Now, he thinks I am making a great renunciation because of Dad. Here it comes—

"Afraid of hurting my career, eh?" Roger said. "That's like you, dear. But I have thought this all out very carefully."

"You have?"

"Why do you suppose I asked for duty at Navy Station?"

"Because you were loyal to the skipper."

"Yes. But I was in love with you, even then."

"Roger! No!"

Then, Roger gave me a glimpse of his noble character. When the admirals cracked down on Dad for writing that book, Roger said, it posed quite a problem for Lieutenant Collins. (The greatest book since Mahan's, I say, but it made the battleship boys hopping mad because it dealt with air power in the modern world.) Should Roger follow the Hartneys into exile at Navy Station? Could he afford, at this stage of his career, to be associated with the skipper? Roger had not faltered. Loyalty was loyalty. He was not faltering now. He would accept the worse hazard of marriage to Captain Hartney's daughter. He was willing, even anxious, to bear the stigma.

I shifted to an obvious irony, saying: "That is splendid of you, Rog, but I couldn't let you sacrifice yourself. The curse of the Hartneys is upon me. I will not bring you to ruin!"

It was Roger's cue to grin, but he muffed it. He kept a sad and solemn, a consecrated face, looking at me steadily. He had very handsome brown eyes. (I

have never, alas, thought brown eyes much of a treat, having a pair of them myself. And not bad, either, see?)

"I won't be ruined, Phyllis."

"Oh, yes, you would. No friend of the Skipper's will ever get anywhere in this Navy."

"Not until—"

"Until what?"

Roger side-stepped. "All right, I'm ruined. But I'm marrying you," he said. "Ah, Phyllis, honey—"

I let him sweep me into his arms for a kiss. After all, I liked Roger and I was grateful. His gesture in transferring to Navy Station after he finished his last sea duty had helped my father through a bad time. Dad swore by Roger and needed his efficiency in paper-work detail. So, instead of saying honestly: "My boy, I will know the right man's kiss when I feel it, and that wasn't it!" I did a little play-acting.

Gaspily, I pushed Roger away. "No . . . no—" I said, and was I corny! "It just can't be. Ever!"

"You're wrong, dear."

"No. Thank you very much—but no—"

THIS might have gone on quite some time, but I had kicked the buzzer for Dolores. She came barging into the living room with the vacuum sweeper. My jewel, my treasure, Dolores.

"Señorita!" she announced, "I sweep heem the room, now!"

Roger stiffened, scowled and almost clicked his heels.

"You might train her to knock before she enters a room," he said.

"I've tried," I said. "I'm awfully

sorry, but she just doesn't seem to learn."

"This evening then?"

"Yes."

Roger glared at Dolores, squeezed my hand, bowed and marched out the door. I noted that he had gone through this tempestuous scene without wrinkling or even disarranging his impeccable uniform. I also remembered that I had settled nothing as far as he was concerned. Both thoughts provoked me, and I took it out on Dolores, saying: "I told you just to come in and start dusting. You always overplay it. You are a mugger and a ham!"

This got only a wicked white smile from Dolores.

"Name of a name, irreverence!" she said, in Spanish (has Mr. Hemingway a copyright?). "Such a bother about showing a man the door! You permit him to insult me. I should spit on his pretty suit. I should scratch his face for him! A coarseness and an ugly insinuation upon that wooden soldier. Where is your red hair, Señorita?"

"Still on my head."

"You showed no force. I listened."

"An impudent wench!"

"Who loves you?"

"There—I'm sorry—is it all right?"

"But of course."

"And you will try to be more polite to Lieutenant Collins, Dolores?"

"No, Señorita. Of him I have much hate. You are under no circumstances to marry him!"

"Is that so?"

"Si, si!"

"Maybe I will, just to punish you. We'll have seven stuffy little boys. They'll all be born in Sedgwick's best quality full dress uniforms—you'll have to nurse them and shine their brass buttons morning and night!"

Ordinarily, Dolores would have (Continued on page 51)

"Okay, pretty boy, here we go," said Ensign Murphy, and started to swing. "Boys, boys!" I said. They jumped apart





For hats have a long life. Out of Lilly Daché's spring collection comes this one of natural coconut straw, with green veil and multi-colored flower arrangement, festive enough for dinners in town. Flowers are attached by short jeweled hatpins, a handy trick

The Way You Wear Your Hat

By Lilly Daché

OTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
IFOR THOMAS



Lilly Daché's favorite hat as she wore it three years ago, well forward almost covering her forehead



Last year as the pompadour was launched Lilly Daché wore her hat farther back on her head adding a snood



The hat as she wears it today, back of a pompadour or false curls. The original hat size has not changed



With Roman striped ribbon the simple sailor hat becomes tailored. Have hat bands made to harmonize with other ensembles or wear it with only a jeweled hatpin. If the sailor is made of fabric or felt it will be a hat that will carry you through every season of the year

A WOMAN goes to the milliner for any one of a thousand reasons. And any man who thinks women buy hats to keep their heads warm just doesn't know women. But a hat that is well-designed never goes out of fashion. A really chic woman never says, "Spring is coming, and I haven't a thing to put on my head."

A well-made hat will fit into your wardrobe and stay there as long as a good coat or dress. I wear some of mine three and four years. My special stand-by is a draped turban of heavy Rodier wool jersey that matches a quilted wool suit I had made in Paris in 1938. The pictures of it which appear in the center of this page show that any one with a little imagination can make an old favorite look new each season. Don't believe I'm discouraging women from giving themselves that lift of spirit a new hat brings. Every woman knows how soul-satisfying and essential it is to look out on the world from an entirely new frame, and have someone beam back with interest.

Most women can wear any one of the six hat classics—turban, pillbox, swager brim, bonnet, flowered toque or off-the-face hat—if it is modified to suit her head, height and hair-do. But whether it comes off the closet hatstand or fresh from the milliner's bannock, put it on with a dash. Timid approaches to the season's approved angle are a life sentence to dowdiness.

Two views of Lilly Daché's new red felt hat that hugs the head because it is sewed on a bicycle clip, and is secure even in the wind. It can be worn with or without a pompadour and exposes your back hair while at the same time keeping it neat and tidy



Whip Hand

By I. A. R. Wylie

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

FROM where they stood, the house at the end of the night-shadowed avenue glittered like a pleasure palace. But to Barry Forster it was a prison from which, for a breathing spell, he had escaped. He turned to the girl beside him. He took her in his arms and kissed her.

"You're not angry?" he asked almost humbly.

She pulled herself free. But he knew she was not angry—only frightened and bewildered.

"We've been happy, haven't we, Eileen? It's been a perfect ten days. Now..."

"She's waiting for you," the girl said unevenly. She was like a beaten army, falling back behind its last defenses. "It was good of her to let you go. She must have missed you terribly."

"People like Felice," he said, "don't miss anyone." He spoke softly, and he knew the picture that came into her mind—that of a handsome, lifeless man, desperately alone, shackled and over-

whelmed. "I love each other," he said simply. "You haven't known it for days past. You thought you were in love with that nice young cub you talked so much about. But it's me you love—and I need you."

She shook her head. "Even if it were true—it makes no difference."

"Because I'm not free?"

"You know that's why—"

He knew that he could sweep this child off her feet. But there were her people—rich, small-town folk who, during the camping trip that had celebrated his recovery from a threatened illness, had eyed him doubtfully. He could not afford to make them hostile.

"Listen, darling. You're going home tomorrow. Promise me one thing. Wait—just six months. Don't marry your nice cub till then. Give me my chance—"

His hands were on her shoulders. He could feel the inner struggle. His hands tightened. "Promise!" he pleaded.

"I promise!" she said faintly.

THE sanatorium was like a huge mother hen brooding over a clutch of chickens. Each of the dependencies scattered over the estate was a complete unit. When Barry had brought Felice here after her breakdown they had occupied the most expensive of the log-built cabins. Now they had the cheapest. Her sickness had consumed money. His gambling, so that one day he would be rich and free, had consumed more.

The nurse met him in the little hallway and eyed him with disapproval. He knew that she had thought the ten-day trip callous. "How is she?" he said. "How have things been?"

She answered evasively: "Dr. Randolph will tell you. He's coming around at nine. I am waiting for the night nurse who is to come on at twelve."

"You don't need to wait, Miss Keith. I'll take over. It pleases my wife, you know. After all, I haven't seen her for ten days."

The girl's face softened. "Very well, Mr. Forster." "Good night, Miss Keith. And thank you—"

He closed the door on her. There was no movement in Felice's room. He went softly into the bathroom and opened a glass cupboard. He found what he wanted and slipped it into the pocket of his wind-breaker. Then he opened the inner door.

The room was dimly lighted. Felice lay like a shadow, among her pillows. Her eyes, which had been sunken and lifeless, blazed up at sight of him.

"Well—here I am!" he said.

"Darling—what a wonderful surprise!" Her voice sounded a little thick as though she had been asleep and was not yet quite awake. "I wasn't expecting you. Did you have a good time?"

"Splendid."

He came over to the bed. She waited for him to kiss her. Well, he could do that much.

"I wanted you to have a good time." One hand clung like a child's to his sleeve. "You see I've been lying here and realizing how I have spoiled things for you, Barry. And you've been so good to me." One corner of her mouth was drawn down in a silly, anxious little smile. "If there was only something I could do—"

He sat down on the edge of the bed. He took a note pad and pencil that she kept beside her. "There is something—"

"What is it, Barry?"

"Write as I dictate." He clasped his hands over his knees, steadying them, not looking at her. "Are you ready?" he asked evenly.

"Yes, dear, I'll try—of course—"

"Write: 'I am doing this deliberately. I know what a burden I have become. I cannot bear to see my beloved husband suffer for me. This is my way out.' Now sign it."

He watched her slow-moving hand. At first she was like a spellbound animal who obeys without awareness. But now she was re-reading what she had written. The blood rose under the veneer of pallor. Her whole body tensed. "Barry, I don't understand—"

"That's all. Now take these. Then—you will go to sleep."

He had shaken three white tablets out of the phial in his hand. He held out a glass of water. "Come!" he said.

"But, Barry—the doctor said one was enough—two were dangerous—and three—"

"Come!" he repeated. He bent over her. There was a violence under his quiet. She drew back farther into her pillows, cowering from the appalling purpose in him. "Don't scream," he said, "or struggle. It would be useless. I'm tired of you, my dear, and there is someone else—"

She didn't scream. Instead, after a moment, she gave a little laugh. It was part self-mocking, part malignant, as though, with all illusion shattered, she hated life and him beyond endurance. That hatred was in her eyes as suddenly, almost eagerly, she obeyed him.

YOUNG Dr. Randolph sat by the bedside. He had the note in one hand, the phial in the other. As he listened to the man's hoarse grief-torn voice:

"She must have done it while I was out of the room. I thought at first she was just asleep. Then I found the note—and it was too late."

"Yes," the doctor agreed. "Much too late. As a matter of fact I've been afraid of this. She spoke of it—only yesterday."

"Didn't she know how I felt! Didn't she know what she was doing to me?"

"Perhaps she did." The young man spoke absently, lost in his own thought. "I left the phial in the medicine chest," he said, casually.

"She must have fetched it."

"Of course."

"She had been wandering about as she often did at night. She said it helped her to sleep."

"Yes—I remember." Suddenly the doctor seemed to come back to full consciousness. He said, "You know, Forster, she really cared for you. She dreaded your going. It upset her. And with that high blood pressure—But she didn't want us to spoil your holiday—"

"I don't quite get you, Doctor."

"It happened three days after you left. You didn't notice, did you? No—I suppose you were too busy." His voice had a faint note of pity: "It was a stroke—on the left side—only a slight one. But she couldn't have walked, you know." He pulled the sheet over the watching eyes as though they had seen enough to satisfy them. Then he took down the receiver of the telephone.

"Give me the police," he said.

She didn't scream, instead, after a moment, she gave a little laugh. It was part self-mocking, part malignant

THEY KNOW HOW

By James Street



"What do you think we are?" Ax said coldly. "Immigrant bounty boys?"

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

Old soldiers, they say, never die. The only way to get to be an old soldier is to learn how to fight

SERGEANT SAM BATSON studied the feet of the replacements who filed into the barricades, kicking dust into little clouds before they took positions on the firing steps. Then he glanced over his shoulder at the morning sun, turned his head slowly and stared up the slope toward Vicksburg, under siege for a month, but still standing, gnarled and defiant. The first Confederate trench was less than two hundred yards up the bluff.

He didn't look at the faces of the new men. Their feet told him all he needed to know. Bounty soldiers. Immigrant Irishmen, rounded up by blood brokers who delivered them in droves to state militias. The immigrants got a bounty and the broker took his cut. Sam had only pity for them. Most U. S. Regulars, as Sam was, were contemptuous of bounty soldiers, but old Sam felt sorry for anybody who came three thousand

miles to get his innards all blown out.

He reached for his chewing tobacco and was thinking his own thoughts when the young soldier presented himself. "You're the supply sergeant, ain't you? I'm Ben Bradley, your new helper. Ohio's my home. Any instructions?"

Sam looked at the recruit's feet quickly. "Pick up your feet when you walk. The Confeds can see dust a mile." He spat into the dirt and turned his cold gray eyes on Ben. The boy, conscious of the gaze, fumbled for his tobacco and took a big bite.

"Better nibble that tobacco," Sam said. "It'll last longer. Those buckoes up the hill got plenty of tobacco, but they bargain hard."

Ben flushed. He thought he might impress the sergeant by chewing like a veteran. He was hungry for conversation. "Fine-looking soldiers in that last bunch, eh, Sarge?"

"They ain't soldiers. Them buckoes up the hill are soldiers."

Ben resented the remark and said angrily, "The new men are just over from Ireland. They are fighters. Every bully boy in the levy stands over six feet. They love a fight."

The sergeant scratched his beard and glanced at the sun again before he

spoke. "You got a lot of dander." He looked the new line over for the first time. "All six-footers," he mumbled. "Well, the bigger they are the more ground it takes to bury 'em."

Ben said, "Wait'll they hit the Rebs. They are wildcats."

Sam stretched and yawned. "They ain't soldiers. Just wild micks with new muskets in their hands and mustard in their blood."

"They ain't scared of nothing," Ben said.

"I know it." Sam rinsed his mouth with water from his canteen, then took another small bite of tobacco. "The earth 'round here is full of men who weren't scared of nothing." He saw an Irishman poke his head above the barricades and opened his mouth to yell, but it was too late. A ball tore through the man's temple.

Ben gaped at the body and felt his heart slip to his stomach. "They killed him. Dead. Shot him in the head."

SAM watched the Irishmen pick up their comrade and saw the looks of amazement on their faces. "Them buckoes up the hill take a lot of interest in their work. Them's soldiers. They know how."

"Why didn't you warn our men?" Ben demanded.

"You talk too damn' much," Sam snapped. Then he was sorry he said it and offered Ben a chew. "Didn't the colonel warn you to keep your head down before you came up here?"

"Yes, but—"

"If those Irishers won't mind the colonel, they won't pay me no mind either. Soldiers have to learn the hard way, son. Considering what the men learned, they didn't pay a big price."

He flattened his face against the top of the barricades, cupped his hands and shouted, "Hey, Reb."

The answer came from the Confederate trench, "Hey, Yank."

Sam stood up and half of his body was exposed. Ben gasped in admiration at what he thought was reckless bravery. The sergeant cupped his hands again. "You shouldn't shoot with the sun in your eyes. Might hurt something."

"You don't say," the answer floated back. "Whatcha got to eat?"

"Roast duck," Sam yelled. "How 'bout you?"

"Roast turkey."

The sergeant stepped down and Ben asked, "Turkey? Did he say turkey?"

(Continued on page 33)



Alma's voice was hoarse. "Kenneth has all of these," she said. "There are half a dozen to be sent to your wife and to the newspapers"

The Sticking Point

By Margaret Weymouth Jackson

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Congressman Harridan had never been anything but a shabby politician. What would you say now?

REPRESENTATIVE CASSIUS MILO HARRIDAN was an unimportant little man from a shabby coal-mining town in a poorer section of his state. To those who knew him best he seemed, in spite of his well-cut clothes and his twice-a-day shave, as shabby as the district he represented in Congress. He had a modicum of gifts, a

shock of black hair, a deep organ note in his voice and a mild talent for oratory. He also had considerable energy and he managed through the years to keep his seat in Congress by an endless and not very pretty performance of trying to please everyone, of trying to propitiate every group, no matter how wild.

He had all the vices of the little man. He liked a drink better than he should have liked it, he smoked incessantly, with nervous tappings and much puffing, he played poker for higher stakes than he could afford. He was vain of his success with women and his vanity required that he be constantly involved in some shoddy intrigue.

The patience of his wife, the unusual attractiveness of his three sons were assets that he took for granted rather than appreciated. He loved them all after his fashion and provided for them adequately. Since he had never bothered to move his family to Washington, and since his paramount emotional interest was always elsewhere, he was more like a showy guest in his own home than the solid father and head of the house.

In the House his career was undistinguished. Without thought or care he allowed himself to be considered one of a "stable" managed by abler or more determined men.

Just as his most vital emotional contact was always outside of his home, so his most vital concern was always with re-election, not with the issues being debated on the floor of the House. All the way around he seemed to miss the genuine purposes and intents of a man's life and to play his part in shadow and vagaries.

At the time the Blake-Overly Bill came down from the Senate for final passage in the House, Harridan's current lady friend was a shopkeeper on a street of small shops not far from his unpretentious hotel. Her name was Alma Stevens and she sold clothing, hats and accessories priced to catch the attention of the many stenographers and clerks employed in Washington. She was a divorcee in her middle thirties, thin, dark and extremely animated. She was a good sort, hard-working, vigorous and not too particular. Her laughter was quick and bright and always on

trigger. Her conversation was amiable and mediocre and her appearance better than average. She had a small, very clean apartment where Harridan liked to go to talk and drink beer. He liked to think that they were sweethearts and lovers and understood each other.

Her friends were like herself, married couples without children or roots and no particular standards beyond congeniality, a bachelor or two and "girl friends" all involved with some man in an irregular relationship. They were all hearty and materialistic and good-natured and before them Harridan posed as something a little superior. They listened respectfully to his views and his oratory, were bound by a code that insured no betrayal of his relationship with Alma.

Alma was not an evil person. She earned her own living, paid her bills, was kindly to her clerks. A man to provide some tenderness, companionship and amusement was necessary and Harridan was the man at the moment.

Energetic as he was about keeping up his political fences at home, Harridan

(Continued on page 39)

It'd Better Be Good BENITO

BY FRANK GERVASI

The audience is uneasy. The old act bores, the juggler drops a ball or two and the rest of the show had better be good or there will be a new actor on the stage

ON AN evening in June, in 1890, when the Italy of Garibaldi and Mazzini and Cavour was but twenty years old, there was a celebration in the modest middle-class home of Colonel Gaspare Cavallero. Lamps were alight in all the rooms of the two-storied villa in Monferrato, a village in the Piedmontese mountains. There were wine and much food for the elders; rice cakes and anise-flavored water for the children.

It was an important day in the bourgeois saga of the Cavalleros. Ugo, aged ten, had just been graduated from grammar school and, a potential soldier, had been given by this honorable family of soldiers to the hopeful new Italy of the Risorgimento. From grammar school, Ugo would enter the Italian West Point, the Military College of Modena.

At the very moment that the men of the house in Monferrato raised their glasses to the shy, slight Ugo, solemnly toasting his brilliant future, glasses were being raised to another soldier in neighboring Grazzano-Monferrato—one who had just been graduated with honors from the Military Academy of Turin at the unheard-of age of nineteen. The name of this second soldier was Pietro Badoglio.

Someone in the Cavallero house mentioned the coincidence. It would have been better if he hadn't. There was no love between the Cavalleros and the Badoglios. Both were military families and lived in rival villages and if you know the intensity of the family feuds

of those mountain towns you can understand why Ugo shuddered when the name of the older Pietro was mentioned.

Even before they were born the fragile Ugo and the rugged Pietro were destined to be rivals. Their fathers were rivals, with Cavallero always one promotion behind Badoglio. Pietro became for Ugo a man he must overtake and pass and the younger boy's father kept alive the rivalry. Family honor and ego demanded it.

Ugo Cavallero did, finally, move ahead of Pietro Badoglio fifty years later, on December 6, 1940, when Benito Mussolini removed Badoglio as Chief of Staff of the Italian Armed Forces and replaced him with Cavallero. Ugo couldn't have foreseen the circumstances of his final triumph, however, any more than his father could have envisioned the death of the Italy of Garibaldi, the emergence of Fascism and the eventual participation of Italy in a war with Germany against Britain and against a France that had given Italy the House of Savoy, its ruling dynasty.

Nine years is a long time to make up in a military career. Until the first World War there were no opportunities for rapid promotion and honors. Ugo, meanwhile, developed what skills he possessed and these were a capacity for languages and an aptitude for politics. He became a politician-soldier. Badoglio stuck to his cannon.

Upon being graduated from Modena, Ugo Cavallero became an instructor in the Parma School of Infantry and Bal-

listics. He attracted the attention of General Cadorna, then Chief of Staff, and at the beginning of the war was promoted to major and placed in charge of the General Secretariat of the Supreme Command which transmitted orders to the field commanders. One of these commanders was Major Badoglio. The House of Cavallero had overtaken the House of Badoglio. The job was now to pass the rival.

The disaster of Caporetto came. Cadorna was broken. His successor as generalissimo of the Italian armies was General Diaz, who promoted Badoglio to a full colonel and then a general and

(Continued on page 47)



INTERNATIONAL

Potential Italian strong man is now-disfavored Marshal Pietro Badoglio, never a very strong adherent of Fascism. Above, right, he walks with his chief and Ettore Muti

Hitler's man in Italy is Roberto Farinacci, high in Fascist councils. Here, second from left, he is welcomed to Berlin by Dr. Goebbels

PIX



17



It's Up to Skip

By Hurd Barrett

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Mr. Skip Smith, the aircraft industry's most articulate man, talks a bomber into a landing

EVERYONE at Western Aircraft liked Skip Smith. You couldn't help it. He was a long, gangly, red-headed kid, with a heart as big as your head, a nice grin, plenty of animal energy and an instinctive desire to be helpful. His only fault was that he had the idea that he was smarter than the rest of us—an idea, incidentally, that was not without its foundations; for he was unbelievably efficient at his work; and exceptionally good at almost anything he did.

Even so, there were times when you got so tired of listening to the advice he was always giving you, and of hearing him tell you how good he was, that you wanted to do murder. That was how Tony Marlin must have felt that morning just before Skip took off in the XBSA-711. . . .

Skip and Tony—who was Western's production chief, and Skip's boss—were standing on the apron of Western's final assembly hangar. Near them squatted Western's XBSA—the Eurasian job—with her twin engines turning over. Skip and Tony were waiting for Wally Mead, the company's chief test pilot, and General Symarion to come down and give the XBSA her customer's approval test.

She was a beautiful high-wing attack bomber that Western's engineers had developed for the U. S. Army Air Corps competitions the year before. But, already, she was considered obsolete. Western was building two hundred ships more or less like her, but faster and better, for the Army; so when this General Symarion and his Eurasian purchasing commission came along, the boss had already gotten the necessary permission from Washington, and signed a contract with the general for a hundred XBSA's. The tooling was all made; and the order would bring enough money for Western to help build an extension on the plant we could use later for defense production.

THAT made everybody happy. Except Skip. Skip, as usual, had a few ideas on the subject, and was sounding off in his habitually positive manner. He was feeling more than usually proud of himself that morning, because he had been chosen to go along on the acceptance flight as observer. The only reason he had gotten the assignment, of course, was because he was the only person at Western with any technical knowledge at all who spoke French; which was the only European language the general understood. But he was pleased with himself, just the same. . . .

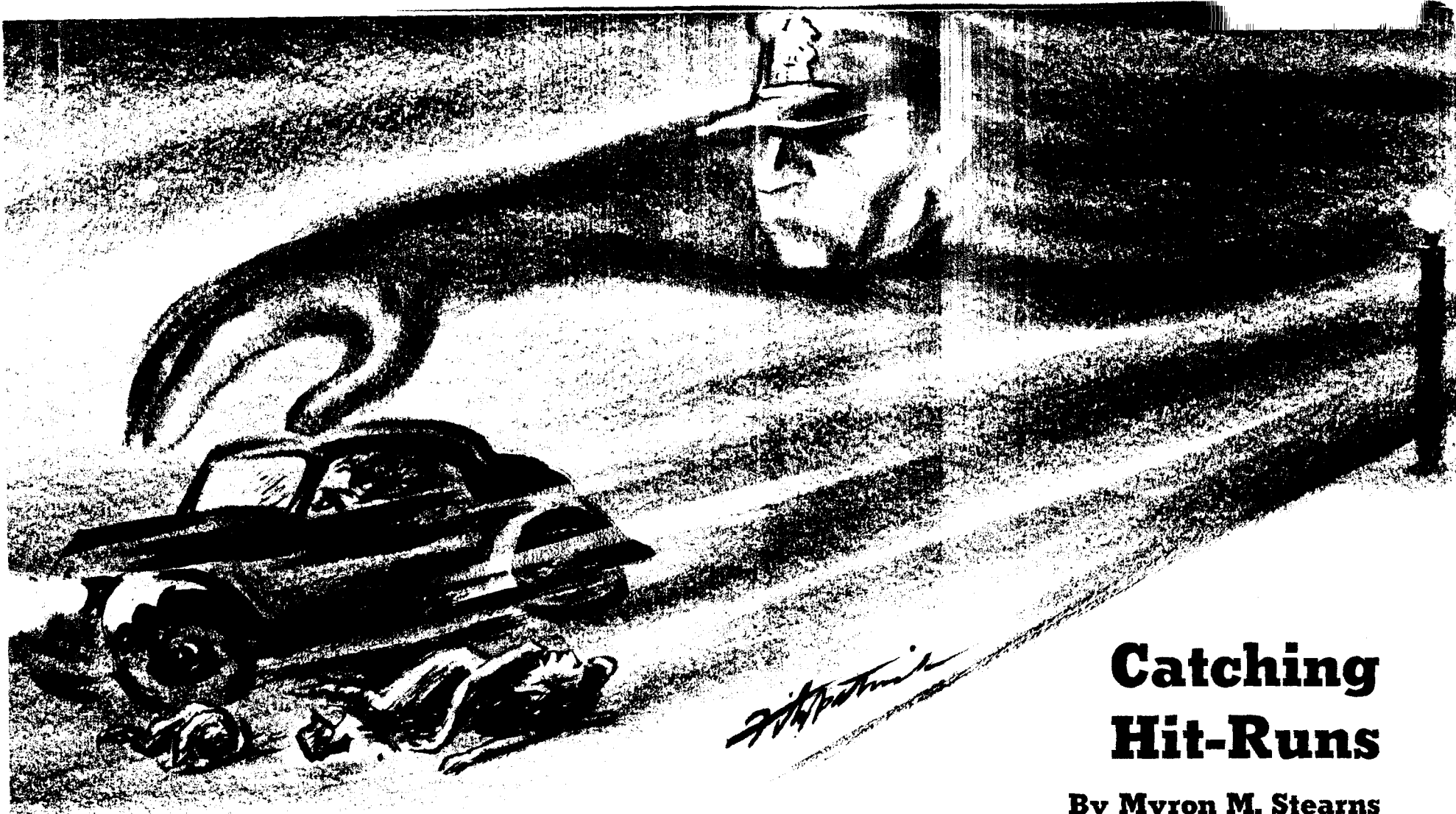
"What I can't see," he was saying to Tony, "is why those guys want auxiliary controls in the rear gunner's compartment at all. You couldn't land the job from there. There aren't any landing gear, flap or brake controls. Just a stick, rudder pedals, a couple of throttles and a few instruments. If I had anything to say about it, I'd—"

"Yeah, I know," said Tony caustically. "You've mentioned that before. You'd have a full set of controls back there. . . . But can't you get it through that noggin of yours that you *haven't* anything to say about it? The control and armament systems were built to the customer's specifications, and the customer wants 'em like they are."

"I know," said Skip, running his fingers through his red hair. "But it's dumb. Those controls are all right for temporary pilot relief. But look. Suppose the pilot gets killed? What then?" He shrugged, and threw his long arms out in an angular gesture of finality. "They're out an airplane. I should think this General Symarion'd be smart enough to see that."

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Briefly, he caught a flash of the high buildings. He was beneath their tops!



Catching Hit-Runs

By Myron M. Stearns

A CROWD of Cleveland children started running across a street from the rear door of their school building the moment school was out. A car traveling too fast to stop ran through the group and struck a boy. When officers reached the scene all that the children could tell them was that the car was gray. Police headquarters ordered all available accident squads to canvass garages and service stations. In one garage officers saw a gray touring car in a stall. They felt the radiator and the engine; both were cold. There was no other gray touring car in the place. As the officers were about to leave, one of them thought of feeling the car's exhaust pipe. It was warm!

Rolling the car over the oiling pit they examined the underbody and found threads of cloth on the king bolts. When compared with the injured boy's clothing, they were found to be identical.

Confronted with this evidence, the garage manager admitted that one of his men had driven the owner of the car home and struck the boy while returning to the garage. The radiator had been flushed with fresh water to cool the engine.

At Waterbury, Connecticut, officers investigating a hit-run fatality reasoned that the guilty driver lived in a certain suburb of the city, because no one but a resident would be speeding along that stretch of road where the accident occurred late at night. On the theory that the guilty person might have been going to the city to shop with his car and might be afoot in his own vicinity now, grocers and other storekeepers were asked if they had been selling to any new customers.

Nearly two weeks after the accident a grocer told the officers that a postal employee who had lived for years only a short distance away had begun for the first time to buy groceries from him during the past fortnight. Officers went to his house; the small garage at the rear was empty. For two days they waited for the car to be brought back. Then they called the man to his front door and asked him where his car was.

"Why, in the garage!" he said.

They said the garage was empty.

"But I left it there only a little while ago!" he said. "Somebody must have taken it."

Knowing that the man was lying, the officers took him, with his wife, to headquarters, and questioned them separately. Finally they confessed. They had hidden their hit-run car, with tell-tale marks of the accident still on it, in the woods near their home.

Driving one rainy night along a road near Indianapolis, a motorist narrowly missed crashing into a wrecked car lying halfway across the road. Three people were unconscious, badly hurt. None of the three knew what had hit them. No witnesses had heard the crash or seen the accident. A downpour had washed out all tracks. But, on the scene, state police found straw litter, sawmill shavings, a piece of board and scrapings of blue paint left on the wrecked car by a hit-run machine.

When Every Second Counts

The bits of litter indicated that the hit-run car was a stock truck. Careful examination revealed that the litter contained nettles found in certain black-soil areas of the state. Checking stockyards, sale barns, gas stations and garages in the nearest one of these areas, the investigators found a blue truck, the owner of which proved to be the guilty driver.

Expert hit-run detectives become so interested that they keep going, to the point of exhaustion, to crack a case. Officers on night duty double up and take day duty also, while the day men work into the night—putting the whole squad on almost a 24-hour basis until a case is solved.

The first step is to get to the scene of the accident as quickly as possible. Witnesses who may have seen the escaping car and driver will soon be gone. Clues that might lead to the identification of the missing car or driver may be lost; tire tracks may be obliterated. In Trenton, New Jersey, when two-way radio equipment was installed on all squad cars, the percentage of hit-run arrests rose from less than three out of five to nine out of ten.

Stepping on the gas doesn't do a hit-run driver much good today. New methods of detection will track him down from the evidence he invariably leaves behind

ILLUSTRATED BY D. R. FITZPATRICK

As soon as they reach the place of accident, give first-aid to the injured and warn approaching traffic, officers go after the driver involved in the accident. That is not always simple. In both city and country, crowds immediately collect around any accident. Inexpert investigators will sometimes lose as much as fifteen minutes before they find out that the guilty driver is missing. Not infrequently, even after the officers are on the scene, a driver who has stopped after causing an accident will slip away and try to escape detection. Experienced officers have learned also to keep a sharp eye on overcurious bystanders. A guilty driver will often, after turning a couple of corners, come back to see what actually happened, and decide whether or not he'd better give himself up.

The scene of an accident must be thoroughly searched for clues. From even a small piece of a headlight lens, its exact size and manufacturer can usually be told. Bits of rubber torn from the running board sometimes can be identified. There are parts catalogues with detailed pictures of each nut and bolt, each lamp bracket or angle iron, for almost every car that has ever been built. From the motor-vehicle bureau, a list can be secured of all cars in the state of the make and year indicated. One by one these may be carefully investigated and checked off until finally the car involved in the accident is located.

Near Manchester, New Hampshire, a middle-aged dairy hand walking home from work was struck and killed by a run-outer. Near his body traffic detectives picked up dozens of small glass fragments. These were carefully examined, preserved, and labeled. They were identified as coming from the

headlight of a small 1936-model truck. Shortly afterward a farmer was seen buying such a lens from a local agency. Detectives went over every foot of his barnyard. They found two little triangular pieces of glass that exactly fitted against fragments picked up at the scene of the accident, positively identifying the hit-run car.

When unable to uncover any evidence through a thorough search at the scene of the accident, investigators may canvass houses in the neighborhood for witnesses who might have heard the crash or seen a speeding car. Saloons, garages and filling stations on both sides of the accident, sometimes over an area of many miles, may be visited.

It Pays to Come Back

In one baffling Midwestern case, officers, assuming that the hit-skip car had been damaged, inquired at garages over a radius of nearly twenty miles without uncovering any further evidence. Two days later an officer returned to the scene and, as he put it, "tried to figure what I would do if I were trying to run out of an accident at that spot." He turned off the highway at the first cross road, and talked with delivery boys and other regular route men. Presently he heard from a milkman about a filling-station proprietor who had sold gasoline to a party in a damaged car, in which there was an injured girl. This led to a check-up of doctors throughout that vicinity, and presently one was discovered who had treated a girl for injuries. She was found, and the owner and driver of the hit-run car was identified.

A novel trick never thought of in early cases is to revisit the scene of the

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OUR NEW ARMY

DESIGN FOR LEAVING: Some of the 17,000,000 potential members of our new Army might like to know that Lieutenant Colonel Joseph E. Nelson, Minnesota's adjutant general, is largely responsible for the neatness and dispatch with which they were, or will be, bundled off to barracks. It's this way:

The World War Selective Service law worked better than anyone expected, but there were a lot of weak spots in it: insufficient information about eligibles, draft boards dominated by politics, useless red tape, time lags in the operation of the law. Eight years ago Lieut. Col. Nelson set about to exterminate the bugs, and he did such a good job that the result became Minnesota's Selective Service plan.

But the minute the plan was finished it disappeared faster than a scared rabbit. Two copies were locked up in the deepest archives of the War College in Washington, and the author was advised to keep his own copy so thoroughly bedded down that no newsman, congressman or stray citizen could possibly get his nose into the text. The idea of compulsory military training wouldn't have stood the light of publicity in 1933—the country was much too busy fighting a depression.

The secret thesis didn't stay hidden very long, though. A couple of years after the document had been popped into a vault the War Department yanked it out and made mimeographed copies—marked confidential—for the adjutant general of each state. Military men began to discuss the idea in larger and larger groups; and finally, in 1936, a Chicago newsman got wind of the plan at a summer camp—and the lid was off. When President Roosevelt asked Congress for a selective-service bill last year, copies of the Minnesota plan (which has become, in essence, the plan of every other state) were in the hands of every state adjutant, complete with charts, books, maps and details. It was ready to go and it went.

A good many of Lieut. Col. Nelson's forty-four years were spent in the railroad business; but as an Army man he has been a part- and full-time soldier since 1914, having served in the Minnesota National Guard infantry (Mexico), artillery and air corps (France), on the general staff, in the War College, adjutant general's department and Selective Service, of which he is now Minnesota's director. He quit civilian life in 1926 when he emerged a major from the infantry school at Fort Benning, Georgia. The next year brought him the rank of lieutenant colonel and the job of full-time assistant adjutant general of Minnesota. If the Army runs true to form he'll soon be a full colonel, then a brigadier general and adjutant general.

Present trainees over twenty-five will find little consolation in the fact that the man who doped out M-day doesn't believe they ought to be in camp at all. He has figures to prove that fewer than twenty-five per cent of Class A-1 selectees come from brackets above the twenty-five-year mark. But Lieut. Col. Nelson is a soldier—and the trainees soon will be. "We do what Congress orders us to do," he says, "even if we don't like it."

SOUTH: When construction ceases at Blanding it will be one of the biggest training camps in the country. Just to give you an idea: This Florida reservation, sprawling twelve miles from first to last sentry, embraces 134,000 acres located fifty miles southwest of Jacksonville, and facilities are contemplated for 75,000 men. There was a time when an Army division contrived to

struggle along with 1,035 trucks, but the 31st (Dixie) Division—Alabama, Florida, Louisiana and Mississippi National Guard—now at Blanding, has more than 2,000, and the monthly cost for vehicle parts alone is a quarter of a million dollars.

As is the case in other sections of the country, sleeping accommodations near Florida's gigantic cantonment are worth their weight in mattresses. Many of the 20,000 construction workers commute daily from as far away as Ocala, a seventy-five-mile stone's throw. Amidst the shambles a sprinkle of trainees is beginning to arrive, and the vanguard of the 43d Division—Connecticut, Maine, Rhode Island and Vermont National Guard—is expected in March. Three thousand Negro draftees are slated, too. It ought to be quite a settlement.

PRIZE outfit of the 31st Division is Company F, 156th Field Artillery, from Breau Ridge, Louisiana. Every one of Company F's 120 officers and men speaks French, and most of the commands are given in that language when the higher-ups aren't around. Capable of serving as interpreters, too, are most of the personnel of Companies E, G and H, respectively of Jeanerette, New Iberia and Lafayette, also of Louisiana's Evangeline country.

But there is some muttering in the French outfits. The Army's brand of coffee may be all right for the average trainee, but it's just plain insipid to the members of the Pelican State contingent. They're used to a brew that's black as ink and strong enough to bend a crowbar. From home they brought French-drip coffee gadgets, and with them they contrive to produce a potion that will knock your hat sideways.

Aside from the java problem, Sgt. Henry Castille can't understand the quartermaster's mental processes. "Look at that," he said, pointing to a row of bottles on the mess-hall counter. "We requisitioned tabasco pepper sauce and they sent us pickled peppers. *Sacre bleu!*"

Like the chefs in the three neighboring outfits, First-Class Cook Dorsey Broussard, of St. Martinsville, boss kitchen mechanic for the Breau Ridge company, puts a French twist on everything in his pots and pans. They're the same groceries supplied the Mississippi, Alabama and Florida units, but when they reach the ultimate consumer they just aren't the same vittles. It may be that word of this will get around, and inspecting officers will get into the habit of dropping in at mealtime—"Well, well; just in time for chow!"—but First-Class Cook Broussard undoubtedly won't be caught napping. He probably has in mind an extremely delectable gumbo made of pine shavings and sawdust.

BLANDING is a paradise for the water-sports-minded. Troop quarters are established along the shore of Lake Kingsley, a nearly perfect circle in outline and has a diameter of two miles. Within the reservation are ten large and nine smaller crystal-clear lakes with white-sand beaches, all of them teeming with big-mouth black bass and other fish. Some of the bass weigh eighteen pounds—that's what it says here on the report.

MOUNTAIN: Any man who can keep 700 other men soup-happy on forty cents a day each will make a helpful husband when he gets around to matrimony. At least, Lieut. Eugene C. Light, mess officer for the 252d Quartermaster Company at Fort Douglas, Salt Lake City, thinks that trudging home from a

supermarket with a week's supply of groceries will be a pipe, after what he's been through. In his Army capacity last month he bought five and a half tons of beef, four and a quarter tons of pork, 605 pounds of turkey, 548 pounds of fish, 1,350 dozen eggs, 2,196 gallons of milk, three and a half tons of bread, a couple of tons of butter and nearly ten tons of fresh vegetables. Oh—and twenty-four pounds of marshmallows.

SEVERAL prospective draftees in Murray, Utah, turned up at Fort Douglas in a new National Guard unit. It could hardly be called larceny, but—Selective Service officials had an idea that the National Guard was using the draft lists in seeking candidates to fill vacancies caused by resignations of men having dependents or essential jobs. Selective Service men finally admitted it was okay for draftees to elect to serve a year's training in the Guard: "They'd all wind up at Camp San Luis Obispo, anyway." Incidentally, since we reported three weeks ago that construction work at that California camp had been delayed by heavy rains—Chamber of Commerce or no—mobilization of Utah's 40th Division has again been postponed.

Meantime, the old-time Regulars at Fort Douglas are calling the draftees "S-men"—but without sarcasm. Fact is, you can usually tell a soldier with six to twenty years of experience by the pleasant way he addresses everybody. November draftees who try to put on the dog by ordering the February selectees around are dead giveaways, yet it goes on in every camp in the country.

MIDWEST: Mechanization note: There's no bugler at Scott Field, Illinois, twenty-four miles east of St. Louis, but that's no excuse for overtime ear-pounding. As befits the principal radio school of the Army Air Corps, reveille is an electrical transcription, sounded from a record via a cluster of loud-speakers.

THE 7,500 radio-communication students thus needed to wakefulness are in different stages of an eighteen weeks' course. In addition, there are 4,200 correspondence scholars who send their papers in franked envelopes to Scott Field's Air Corps Institute. There's a waiting list of 1,900. The courses were bought by the government from a private correspondence school which furnished some of the civilian staff now running the A.C.I. It's a break for the Air Corps boys—some of the lessons cost civilians \$200 a set.

ST. LOUIS hockey and wrestling crowds contain from 200 to 800 Scott Field boys, and in the nearer town of Belleville, Illinois, they are sometimes entertained socially. One of a group of noncoms recently gave the hostesses the low-down on their insignia. "This HG service badge with the yellow propeller blades on the blue background means a man's married," he said, "and these 'hash marks' on the sleeve indicate the number of children." The hostesses went on being polite until a sergeant, not from HG, put in an appearance wearing no badge but boasting four service stripes.

THERE'S plenty of prairie mud around Splinter City, the big new cantonment on the far side of Scott Field, and WPA workers from Belleville are trying to clean it up by building roads. One group of these laborers regularly arrives in a hearse. No explanation. *C'est la guerre.* G. W.



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S
BY IFOR THOMAS





Louisiana National Guardsmen at Florida's Camp Blanding like their coffee strong. Specially made, it's on tap day and night



Camp Blanding's Kingsley Lake offers good fishing and swimming. Shore areas are assigned each regiment and supplied with piers and equipment



Automotive maintenance cost is high. Each of the 2,000 trucks in the 31st Division uses about \$125 worth of new parts monthly



Thousands of civilian construction workers commute daily to Blanding, rushing roads and barracks to completion for an estimated 75,000 men

Home-Maid Ski Champ

By W. C. Heinz



Championship form—Marilyn Shaw demonstrates the skill that made her tops among U. S. women skiers

At fifteen, Miss Marilyn Shaw is Women's—not girls', mind you—National Ski Champion. Here is one American mistress of the sport who learned her skiing on the flanks of the Vermont hills and hasn't even a nodding acquaintance with the flossy ski peaks of Europe

THE chances are you weren't on Baldy Mountain in the state of Idaho on the morning of March 22, 1940. But if you were you will recall that it was a cold morning, so cold the air seemed hard and that Sun Valley lay before you a desert of dry snow and gaunt trees. A ski run, the course for the Women's National Championships, slashed zigzag down the flank of Baldy, the marker flags waving crisply in the sharp wind.

At the head of the run stood a group of performers, timers and starters in a small forest of skis and poles. Their breaths made puffs of chilled vapor and the crowd of overcoated, muffled spectators and the participants with the big numbers on their chests and backs were excited in that undemonstrative way of winter-sports enthusiasts. These fans aren't like baseball fans or football fans. In this sense and this alone, skiing is like tennis. Good craftsmanship evokes patters of applause, you know, instead of howls and jeers and cheers.

Standing in the midst of a group of lean, leathery ladies who'd skied at St. Moritz and Kitzbuehl and other flossy places in Europe, there was a chunky girl in black pants and short white parka, and when the hood was thrown back from her head it revealed a cloud of golden hair and a sturdy face with a generous nose. Her smile was toothy and her eyes had the deep quality of people who love sport for sport's challenge to courage and skill. Her name, you learned after the day's events had been

run off and such things as elapsed time and form calculated, was Marilyn Shaw, aged 15. She never heard of St. Moritz and Kitzbuehl and other Continental ski spots like Davos or St. Anton, because these places are a long, long way from Stowe, Vermont, where her father owns a general store.

Until that March day nobody had ever heard of Miss Marilyn Shaw. But before the shadows fell across Sun Valley that evening she was very well known indeed. In fact, she was National Women's Open Ski Champion, which is something for any girl over twenty-one and a lot more for someone who hasn't been graduated from high school yet and still played with dolls. That rather startling fact—a national champion at fifteen—isn't nearly as dramatic as the way it all happened.

Who Wouldn't Be Scared?

The starter told her: "You're next, Miss Shaw." Marilyn gave the fastenings on her skis an expert tug or two, tested the spring of her poles, and shooshed over to the starting point. The course lay before and below her, about two miles of packed, frozen and powdered snow which dropped away 3,200 feet in that distance. Scared? Yes, she was, a little.

The men's national downhill race had been run off on that same course that

morning. Of 40 healthy-limbed starters only three survived falls, bruises and failure. Even the winner, Dick Durance, who anybody will tell you is some skier, was hurtled into the woods that lined either side of the course, and recovered with the intervention of luck ably assisted by skill and endurance. Men like Alf Engen, Hannes Schroll, Charley Proctor and Sepp Benedicter, internationalists all, failed to finish. The defending champ, Toni Matt, wound up sixth with one pole and a split ski and that ought to give you an idea of what fifteen-year-old Miss Shaw faced.

Marilyn propelled herself forward and downward with an even, powerful stroke of her poles. She gathered momentum, her knees springy, her poles working rhythmically with a kind of organized desperation. The wind whipped off her parka hood and her hair stood stiffly behind her like a starched mane of spun gold. And then her legs began to go. That's where it gets you, in the legs. Hot irons seemed pressed against her shinbones. The muscles of her calves tightened and she was not conscious of the fact that they obeyed her fight to maintain balance, poise and direction.

"All I can remember," she said later, "is that my legs ached so I thought I'd never get to the bottom. It seemed so long I thought I'd never win anything. I just wanted to finish."

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Moonlight and Onion

By Dunlea Hurley

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The man she loved wore baggy trousers and never drank lemon phosphate under any circumstances. The man she married was different—even to the crease in his pants



"He says he's looking for his horse that got away when the Indians came. He says he's headed for the last roundup. I take him to the station"

RANNIGAN?" says the barkeep. "Reporter?" "On the Morning Tab," I say. "Big redhead."

"Snappy dresser?" says the barkeep. "Snappy," I say, "like a bag of wash. You could tell him by the hat."

"What kind?"

"On the order of an abandoned bird's nest."

"No," says the barkeep, "this redhead I mean uses a derby."

"This redhead I mean," I say, "plays The Last Roundup on the piano like a whole cowboy band, beats his feet like a drum, gets a trumpet obbligato on one side of his face, tubas out the other and hums banjo through his nose."

"No," says the barkeep, "this redhead I mean is a quiet redhead with a blonde that would make you leave your happy home. They come in yesterday for a ginger ale."

"No," I say, "this redhead I mean goes about remarking 'Yippee!' and 'Wahoo!' and is a woman-hater and does not indulge in ginger ale in any form."

"Sorry I can't help you," says the barkeep.

"That's okay," I say.

"You a Tab reporter, too?" he says.

"I wouldn't know," I say. "I was, up to a week ago, then a sloe gin fizz crossed my path and everything went black. That's why I've got to find this fellow."

The question is, what propaganda has the Redhead fed to Managing Editor Burch, according to our ancient custom, to account for my seven-day vanishment? I can't go back until I know. The stories must be straight. But now I have covered every place in town where there is a keyboard at the mercy of the customer, and where else would you hunt the Redhead on his night off? I don't know what rooming house is serving the occasional Rannigan whim for sleep. Even if I did, he wouldn't be in it of a Saturday eve. And the cops on the late trick reveal they haven't been called upon for days to quell a disturbance featuring Jeremiah T. Rannigan, III.

ON THE Four Corners is a pool and billiard academy. The Redhead is not in it. There is also a coy dive called Auntie's Tearoom and Gift Shoppe, I am pained to say. It hurts me to bring this up because of what I see sitting in a booth by the window of Auntie's quaint joint.

Not that the blonde isn't okay. For a blonde, she's fair enough, if you like them blond. I mean, she's pretty in her own way, I guess. Well, maybe she's even beautiful by some standards. All right, let's be sensible about it. She's a knockout.

As for the red-haired person who sits there ogling this blond beauty like a hypnotized goldfish, I recall the face but I can't place the crease in the pants, the shine on the shoes and the big bow tie with handkerchief to match. This red-haired person bears a remarkable resemblance to Jeremiah T. Rannigan, III, and there is something hanging there on the wall that looks like a new derby.

Down the street a siren screams. Old Hook and Ladder Number Five. I know that wail. And the truck smashes right past Auntie's Tearoom and Gift Shoppe. And I am watching the Rannigan reaction. Only, there is no reaction. Nothing. He does not jump and run. He does not even jump. His nostrils do not quiver.

"Hello," says a voice. "Fancy meeting you here. It is you, isn't it?"

"Hello," I say. The voice is Bill Hawser on his way to exaggerate the fire for the Sunday Star.

"Two alarms, already," he says, happily. "A veritable holocaust and inferno."

I point inside Auntie's Tearoom and

Gift Shoppe. "Who does that red-haired person look like?" I say.

"My dear," says Bill, "that's Jeremiah T. Rannigan, III. Haven't you heard? He's the best lemon-phosphate customer Auntie has got."

Well, I'm not taking that. "Look here, Hawser," I say, "that's a vicious rumor to circulate about a man behind his back." But Bill is gone. The third alarm is in. You can tell by Engine Ten's howl. The third alarm, and Jeremiah T. Rannigan, III, sits in the window of Auntie's Tearoom and Gift Shoppe infusing carbonated water into his system by means of a colored straw.

I enter the tearoom. I don't care who sees me. It's no time for fooling. "Beg pardon," I say to the Redhead, "are you one of Auntie's quaint gifts on display in this window, or could you be a party I once knew, name of Rannigan?"

The blonde smiles. The Redhead rises. He does not wallop me one. He bows. No yippee. No wahoo. It's fantastic. I sit down, groggy, and more lemon phosphate comes, and the Redhead takes it without a whimper, and I gather the horrifying details.

He calls her Angel. She calls him Pinkie. She doesn't drink, smoke, chew or play poker. The only off-color thing she ever did was marry Red Rannigan.

"We're celebrating," she says. "Our anniversary. One week tonight."

My heart slides down into my left sock.

"And who do you think was best man?" says the Redhead, kittenish.

"Who?" I say, through the spots in front of my eyes.

"You," he says.

"Me?" I say.

"Sure," he says.

"Don't you remember?" says Angel, surprised.

"I told you he wouldn't," says the Redhead. He shakes his head. "That sloe gin fizz," he says. "An insidious institution."

So! I'm an accessory before the fact. Me who never meant any man harm.

"Don't worry," says the Redhead. "I fixed it with Old Man Burch. I told him you got the grippe. I told him you couldn't call in because they cut your phone off for nonpayment. That made it sound logical."

SO I have to go inspect the little love nest. Out in the suburbs where the grass smells healthy, four flights up in a self-service elevator, three-room apartment with a canary in a cage and the down payment on a baby grand piano.

The Redhead brushes a speck off the baby grand with his pocket handkerchief and I say, "Well, Red, how's about some ropin' and a-tyin' of The Last Roundup?" And Angel says, "Why, Pinkie, I didn't know you played." And Pinkie says, with a look right down my throat, "I don't." And that is that.

"You play," he says to her. "That Moonlight Sonata." And she does. And he shows me the ruffles on the drapes. "Made over from an old evening gown," he says, proudly.

"Did you run 'em up by hand?" I say. "Or did you do 'em on your little hem-stitch machine?"

It takes me two hours to make a get-away.

"Good night," says Angel. "You must come often."

"And you must come up to my place for the sewing bee," I say. "Over McGinty's harness shop," I say. "First door down the alley. Just a few of us auxiliary girls."

Angel looks bewildered.

"We're crocheting artificial foam for near beer," I say, "in behalf of the animal rescue league. We meet every Monday in October, seventeen Greenwich Mean Time, sharp."

"A great old kiddie," says the Redhead. And Angel laughs and says, "I think newspaper people are delightful."

Next day I hope it's all just a nightmare, but the Redhead is at work when I get to the Tab and even in his natural habitat he's more Pinkie than Rannigan. It is plain to see. Marriage is wonderful, he tells me, and I ought to try it some day. Along that line. With a picture of the little woman in the wallet. And she phones him every day at 6 P.M., to check if he still loves her.

"It must be simply too thrilling," I say.

"Thrills?" he says. "Listen! I'm up bright and early this morning, grab a cold shower, touch the floor ten times, mosey into the kitchen and what do you think?"

"The canary has kittens," I say.

"On the table," he says, ignoring the crack, "is a platter of bacon and eggs, and steaming coffee, and toast and marmalade. Like a magazine ad," he says. "And a big apple pie." He pats his belt buckle. "Homemade apple pie," he says.

On a Friday eve Mike comes over to me, looking low. He throws a fistful of copy on my desk. "Hate to do it, kid," he says, "but will you please unravel this pasty-pudding?"

Well, I knew it. I felt it coming. I look at the copy, and up there in that left-hand corner on the first page, there it says "R,"—for Rannigan.

"Skim off the lemon meringue herein," says Mike, sadly. "Chop the thing down to a page and a half. And kill that reference to the Moonlight Sonata."

HE WALKS away, blowing his nose. It is a moment I never hoped to live through. That Red Rannigan should be rewritten! Why, they will tell you on the Rochester Independent that the Redhead quit cold in 1934 and left half a week's pay that he never came back for, only because a new copyreader took out an exclamation point and changed the Redhead's spelling of one word. And the spelling was wrong, too!

So, I rewrite the Redhead, me who learned everything I know in the hard

snack and Angel would like you to join us."

It breaks my heart.

"Sorry, Red," I say, "but I've got to meet a party about this and that on a certain matter." And he goes out, and I go down to Emil's Hospitality Bar and Grill and imbibe a mixture of tonics and have a good cry.

With a gas-station map I am studying the situation on the following afternoon, which is payday, and I owe only half of it this week and can take the rest and get a bus as far as South Bend where I used to know a fellow. If he is still there, I ought to be able to hook a part-time job, anyway, while looking around for a new environment in which to forget the past.

The phone rings and the city desk says it's for me, and I say into my phone, "Yes?" and she says will I please get hold of the Redhead and have him call her immediately, please. It is Angel, and she says she didn't mean to talk the way she did to him. It's all a horrible mistake, she says, and the Redhead is so sensitive, and he doesn't understand.

I think of what Mike said about it's only a typographical error from spouse to souse.

"Where could he be?" says Angel.

"Where could he be?" I say. "Why, he could be on his way to Arizona, I guess, if you haven't seen him lately. Whenever nobody has seen the Redhead lately, he is mad about something and is on his way to Arizona."

"Oh!" she says.

"But he never gets there," I assure her. "The farthest he ever got was Horizon, Texas."

"Oh!" she says, making it a whole sentence long. "Oh!" she says, and her phone goes, "Pop!" like a cork coming out.

I KEEP an eye on the Redhead's desk because, although it's his day off, since it's also payday he might appear, briefly. But the desk stays empty, and half an hour later Mike is standing alongside me, all upset.

"I didn't say a word to the guy," he says. "I had to have it rewritten, didn't I? I couldn't let it go through the way it was, could I? Nobody was calling him on it, were they? I just had it rewritten and boiled down, that was all. I figured it would wake him up and get him back on the track. Why, that Redhead was the best feature man we ever had."

"Was?" I say.

"He collected his pay and quit this afternoon," says Mike.

"Quit?" I say.

"Quit," says Mike.

"You mean," I say, "—quit?"

"That's what I mean," says Mike.

"That's what I thought you meant," I say.

"Gone," says Mike, "with the wind."

"Whooping and hollering?" I say.

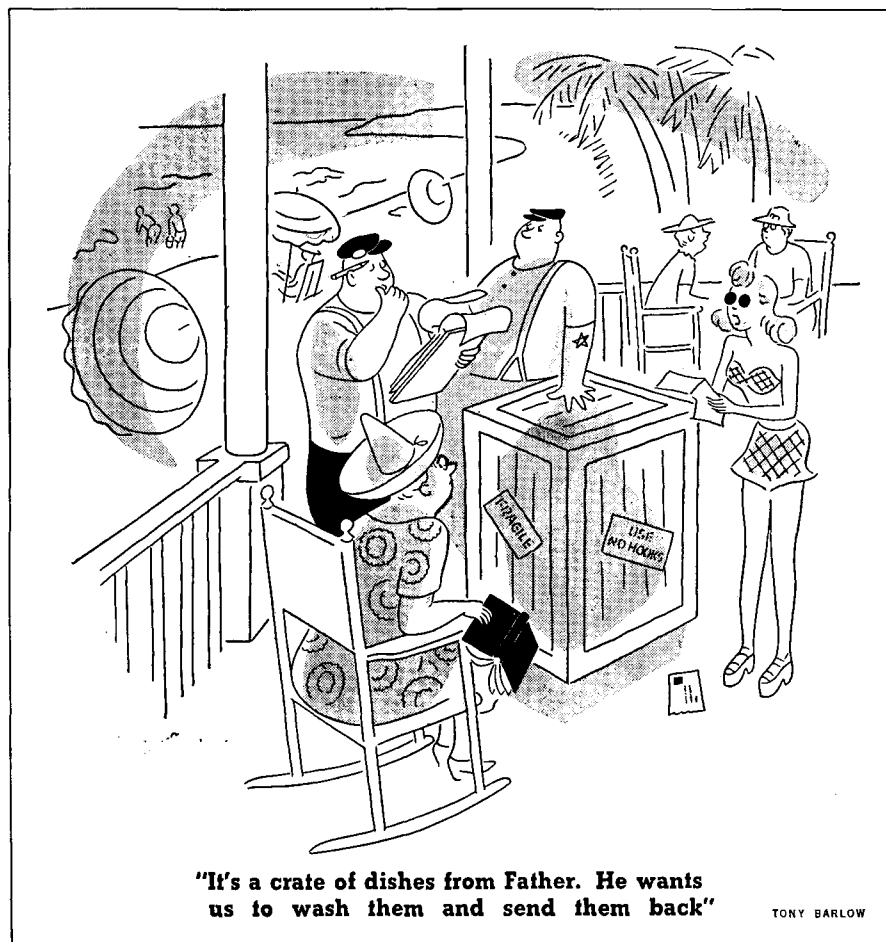
"No," says Mike, "that's the worst of it. He just shakes hands and says goodbye, he's leaving us, and disappears before I can stop him. If I knew where he was—"

But I'm not there any more. I know what Mike would do without waiting to hear him tell it. He'd bring the Redhead back by hook or crook. And that's what I aim to do if it's possible. And I'm hurrying because when the Redhead once steps out he steps fast.

I am hurrying to such an extent I almost run down Angel as I'm going out the door and she's coming in. And I hardly have time to notice how crying makes her more beautiful as I point for Emil's Hospitality Bar and Grill with all this tearful gorgeousness clutching at my arm and flying in the breeze.

And I give it to her straight. "Now," I say, "you see what you have done. He's quit his job. Not that he couldn't

(Continued on page 46)



"It's a crate of dishes from Father. He wants us to wash them and send them back"

TONY BARLOW

"And on the crust, printed on with a fork, it says: 'An apple pie for the apple of my eye.'"

I can stand no more. I sneak out for a double Scotch at Emil's Hospitality Bar and Grill. Mike, the feature editor, and Greeves from the copy desk are there, and Greeves is saying, "I've seen many a fine reporter that it took years to develop sacrificed upon the altar of domestic bliss overnight, and that's what is happening to Rannigan. His copy is getting rancid. That beautiful blonde is hanging that guy by the apron strings."

"WELL," says Mike, "you can't make a silken Percy out of a pickled onion. It's just a typographical error from souse to spouse and back again," he says, "and never the twain shall meet. I'll bet it doesn't last."

But it does last. Two weeks more and it's worse. The old Rannigan punch-in-every-paragraph is not there. His stuff has too much honeysuckle twined between the lines. The dialogue doesn't jig and thumb its nose any more like of old.

Rannigan school and who one time would have been proud to have my by-line on the worst piece of copy he ever turned in.

But it has to be done. The cream has got to be squeezed out of the puff. The sweetness has got to be taken out of the light. The moonbeams have got to be removed from the sonata and the sonata has got to be junked. I knock out the story the Rannigan way, the real Rannigan way, the way they have printed Rannigan stories in eleven different cities, including Delbar, Alaska, once, before love reared its head.

It makes the first edition with time to spare, and before the Redhead conveys his derby home to the Moonlight Sonata he looks at the first edition, and there he sees his own story, page one, the way he taught me to write it, but now that he's gorging on poetic apple pies he has forgotten how, himself.

I watch as he reads, praying he will blow up. He doesn't. He comes over and I can't look him in the eye, but he looks me in mine and says, "Nice story, kid. I missed that one by a mile. We're having country sausage for a midnight

China Sky

By Pearl S. Buck

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

The Story Thus Far:

TEMPORARILY in charge of a hospital in the Chinese city of Chen-li, while the hospital's head, Dr. Gray Thomison, is in America, Sara Durand, a young physician, carries on courageously despite frequent Japanese air raids.

While Doctor Thomison is still away, a noted Chinese guerrilla—Chen-ta, known as "the Eagle"—brings in a wounded prisoner: a Japanese army officer of high rank. To Sara's surprise, Chen-ta urges her, implores her, to save the man's life! Then—assisted by Dr. Chung, in charge of the men's ward, she operates; and the Japanese (Mr. Yasuda) does not die. . . .

Unknown to Gray Thomison, Sara Durand is in love with him. So, when he presently returns from America with "Louise"—his bride!—Sara receives a blow from which she finds it hard to recover. But, with Siu-mei, a patrician Chinese girl, and Ya-ching, a nurse, assisting her, she goes on with her work as though nothing had happened. . . .

Convalescent, Yasuda is in need of someone—someone whose mail will not be opened—who will sign certain letters which, formulated by him, will furnish China's enemies with information of military value. In Doctor Chung (whom he bribes) he finds the perfect intermediary; and in Doctor Thomison's wife Chung finds a trustworthy confederate when he assures her that, if she will sign a series of "harmless" letters, the bombings (which terrify her) will cease. A short time later, Louise signs the first letter—a brief note, beginning "My dear Harry." And, within twenty-four hours, the bombings abruptly cease.

The Eagle, certain that Yasuda is completely recovered, returns to the hospital. He demands his captive; and he promises not to harm the Japanese. But hardly has he had a talk with Doctor Thomison than Yasuda has a sudden relapse.

Gray Thomison, a capable physician, is mystified by Yasuda's condition. Not so, Ya-ching (who like Siu-mei is infatuated with Doctor Chung). For Ya-ching has found some small pills under Yasuda's pillow; and she knows the reason for the strange relapse of the Japanese. . . . Chung Third, Doctor Chung's brother, eases his way into the hospital. He brings with him details of the Eagle's plans for an attack on the enemy. The doctor takes the plans. He gives his brother some money. Then, in a gala mood, Chung Third slips out of the hospital and goes away.

V

IN HIS kitchen Siao Fah ordered his nephew about in a surly tone. It had been necessary to have help in the house since his mistress had changed herself into this woman she now was. He understood the change sometimes and sometimes he did not. Every few days, perhaps even one day following another, Chung doctor came to the house, always when Thomison doctor was away.

At such times Siao Fah put aside anything he was doing, even to the ruin of one of his best soufflés, and placed his three-legged stool at the keyhole. But inside the living room the same thing always happened—that is, nothing. The Chinese man gave the white woman a sheet of paper and she wrote something from it upon another piece. That was all. Then the man bowed and the woman smiled. Sometimes they spoke a few words. Once he was greatly excited because the man brought with him a green pottery bowl of sacred lilies in full bloom. But they meant nothing, it seemed, for she put them on the table and then they stayed there until they faded and he himself threw them away.

"Wash rice!" he shouted at his nephew, Little Pig.

Little Pig, who was an undersized boy of fourteen with an elderly face, obeyed instantly. He was given to chatter, but he knew when silence was safer. It was when his uncle looked like this. There were times when Siao Fah's temper would have made Little Pig run away from this job to which his parents had apprenticed him except that he was able to steal so much food here without notice. White sugar he had never tasted in his life until he came to this house. Now, whenever he went to the cupboard in the passageway, and he made many excuses to go there, he wet his forefinger in his mouth and dipped it deep into the sugar and licked it off clean. He was able to do this seven or eight times before he felt his uncle might notice his absence. Then he would return, to look industrious with a dish towel over his shoulder. There was only one good thing about this mistress, Siao Fah said often, and it was that she never came into the kitchen.

"At least she knows how ignorant she is," Siao Fah said loudly to Little Pig. "She leaves the affairs of my master's stomach to me. It is I who keep him

"Louise!" Gray cried, and then he stooped to pick up the child. She stood by without a word



strong and alive." The last time he said this he had squinted at the sky and added, "Now that the Japs avoid striking us."

It was a thing no one pretended to understand, this peace over the hospital, but now, after twelve days, everyone felt it more than strange.

"Who could have thought peace could be sinister?" Gray was saying at that moment to Sara.

They stood together at the wide window of the laboratory on the second floor, looking across to the hills. It was clear dusk on a late winter's afternoon, this mild winter of Chen-li, which seldom deepened to ice or snow. Across the purple-black of the mountains the wavering firefly lights were climbing upward. The people of Chen-li still had no peace.

"It is beginning to be rumored in the city that the hospital compound is always safe," Sara said. "Have you noticed, the last few days, how full of people the compound is after the first warning?"

"Yes," Gray said shortly. He had seen and he had not liked it. Tonight as he was dressing for one of Louise's little dinner parties the siren had screamed and he threw his topcoat on over shirt and trousers to come at once to the hospital. There was always the chance that the planes might hover over the hospital again. And on the way he had seen figures, indistinct in the darkness, moving to avoid his notice. He caught a group of them with his flashlight and saw a little family—man, woman and two children. They stood immobile, statues in the light.

"WHOM are you seeking?" Gray had asked gently. A sort of tenderness made him always mild now with these people. They suffered daily with such silent patience and who could be angry with them, whatever they did?

"We seek no one," the man said in apology, "only a little safety, Thomison doctor."

"Stay, then, if you find it here," he had replied. He went on, stopping to look at no one else, and had come straight to find Sara, in the laboratory examining slides.

"Why aren't we being bombed," he had asked her.

"I ask you the same question?" she replied. "Shall we take our folk to shelter or not?" Day after day this had to be decided.

"They made such a row about it yesterday," he said reluctantly. "Nobody wanted to go. They all talked about Buddha having come to protect them at last. There's a lot of rot about the air above us being crystallized so that the bombs glance off. They are always ready to believe in miracles."

"Let's risk it tonight," Sara suggested.

The second warning sounded.

"It would be awful if the Japs changed their minds," he said soberly.

"It's a ghastly responsibility," she admitted.

Thus they stood, side by side at the window, staring at the mountains. The minutes sped, one after another, and they did not speak or move, sharing the responsibility between them. The last warning sounded.

"It is too late now," Gray said.

"Yes," she agreed.

"I hope we are blown to bits with the rest if we're wrong," Gray said grimly.

"Yes," Sara said again.

She moved nearer to him, and he put out his hand and found hers and held it hard. Neither put into words the communion that flowed between them. For him it was not like any he had with Louise. Therefore still it was not love. And yet he knew to his alarm that his feeling for Sara was not what it had

been. She had become a woman to him. He saw against his will the shape of her tender mouth and the droop of her lids at the corners of her dark blue eyes. How could he see these things when he loved Louise? He put the question away in self-disgust without answering it.

But for Sara this communion was everything and she took it with proud gratitude. Then Gray spoke: "I'm glad I don't have to go through this alone."

She did not answer. The sound of her own voice would break the moment. She wanted only to take from him all that he could give her.

"They are passing," Gray said. He dropped her hand lightly without pressure and threw open the window and leaned out. "Passing us clean, by George!"

He stared at the sky for a long moment and then he shut the window and turned to her, bewildered. "I don't know whether to be glad or sorry," he said slowly.

"Nor I," she said, and put all her sad heart into the secrecy of words. To die with Gray, to live without him, it was a

member—the hospital, the city lying close between river and mountains, the narrow, crowded streets, the people among whom she was so alien, whose very looks she hated. Yesterday Gray had made her take a walk with him and had stopped for a moment to watch a baby boy just able to walk. The cobbles were wet. The baby slipped and put out his hand to catch at her skirt to save himself a fall. She had drawn back, her instinct quick, and the child had fallen. "Louise!" Gray had cried, and then he stooped to pick up the sobbing child.

SHE had stood without a word while he dusted off the child's padded garments and then while he led him to a candy vendor's stall and bought him a stick of barley toffee coated with sesame seeds. By then the child's mother had come running out of a small hot-water shop. She knew Gray as everybody seemed to, and she was full of smiles and chatter. Gray had said nothing afterward for a while and then he had asked her outright: "Louise, why did you draw back from a child?"

"Because it was Chinese, I suppose,"



choice she was glad that she did not have to make.

He went away without saying more, frowning as he went and tramping down the hall toward the hospital door. The siren was sounding for safety, and Louise would be expecting him. Her guests might even be there. She had invited four men from the port and usually they came early to avoid the hour of nightly raids.

HE WALKED quickly across the winter-bitten grass, paying no heed to the quiet people who were now leaving the hospital compound. Let them share this inexplicable safety, if it had to be. He was beginning to feel it somehow shameful.

"I've got to get at the bottom of this," he thought angrily, marching up his own steps. It would have to be tomorrow, though, he knew, as he opened the door. A burst of men's voices fell upon his ears and above them like high music he heard Louise's laughter.

... In the low-ceiled living room of the Chinese house Louise was beginning to be able to forget for such hours as these all that she did not want to re-

she said clearly. "I don't need to defend myself," she thought.

"Why do you hate them?" he asked.

"They disgust me," she said coldly. "I can't help it. I can't bear to have them touch me, even the children."

"And I love them," he said slowly. "I admire them and find them brave and full of humor and courage and all that I like people to be."

She did not answer this nor did he say more. But they walked along the Chinese streets very far from each other. And when she got home she had written an impulsive little note to Harry Delafield at the port: "I'm a little low, dear Harry. Bring your men along and have dinner with us tomorrow. We're very safe to dine with these days, you know—thanks to the whimsical enemy. Louise."

She was not quite sure that Gray knew that she and Harry called each other by their first names. There was no reason why they should not, except Harry's English formality.

"Gray won't mind," she had urged him last week, "go on, Harry."

"Hang it, I can't," Harry had said frankly. "It's odd that when we're alone, you and I, I can say 'Louise' as easily

as anything. But the minute he's there it sticks in my throat. I can only gasp out 'Mrs. Thomison.' I say!"

"What?" she asked, laughing at him. "You don't think I'm falling in love with you, do you?"

"I can't tell you," she replied, laughing more than ever at his grave face.

"I say, it would be very awkward if I were—the Service doesn't at all like that sort of thing. Stop me if you notice anything, will you? There's a good girl!"

She enjoyed him enormously, this smart-looking young Englishman who was obviously in training to be promoted to a higher post, and had been sent to the "interior" for experience. But she enjoyed altogether the piquancy of being the only white woman, and a very pretty one, among famished white men. It was her one pleasure in Chen-li. She was perfectly safe, she was married, and she could let them fall a little in love with her, each in his own way, and herself only be better satisfied with Gray, handsomer, keener, more intelligent than any of them. She was always warmer to him after such evenings as this.

And Gray, coming in, greeted them and excused himself to go away and finish dressing. In his room alone he savored the scene he had just left. The room was lighted by Chinese candles and the coal fire full of warmth and invitation. Louise in a bright green velvet frock, a wide gold girdle about her waist, had never looked more beautiful.

IT WAS at this moment that he noticed the handle of his door turning silently and slowly. He waited, a pearl stud in his hand. The door opened a little and Siao Fah put in his head. When he saw Gray was alone, he came in and shut the door and stood against it.

"I have something to say to you," he whispered.

"Say it then," Gray replied. "Why need you be so secret?"

"It's about her." He jerked his chin in the direction of Louise's bed.

"Well?" Gray's voice was cold. He knew very well that Siao Fah did not like Louise.

"She is not worthy of you," Siao Fah pursed his mouth and clasped his hands behind his back.

"Perhaps I can judge that better than you," Gray replied. "Go on back to your kitchen. Why do you talk about such things now, while the dinner burns doubtless?"

"I have arranged the dinner," Siao Fah replied. "I come now because I have waited for days to speak to you alone. You are with her always."

"Naturally, since she is my wife," Gray replied.

"What would you say if I gave you a letter written to another man?"

"I would not believe it," Gray said impatiently. "Get out of my sight, you cook boy!" He was fond of Siao Fah but this was too much, he thought indignantly. He would be compelled to let him go.

And then he saw Siao Fah's hand go into his bosom and bring out an envelope, and he saw Siao Fah take out a letter. It was Louise's writing. He knew that big, loose handwriting which looked so clear and was so hard to read. He made up his mind that he would not take the letter, and then took it. He determined not to open it, not to read it, and then he did open it and did read it, at a glance. It was very short, a few lines and her name:

"Dearest Harry:

"I have not been very well, and fear I shall not be for a long time, in this atmosphere. I long to leave and yet must stay. Come to me day after tomorrow. No one will be here then. The safest

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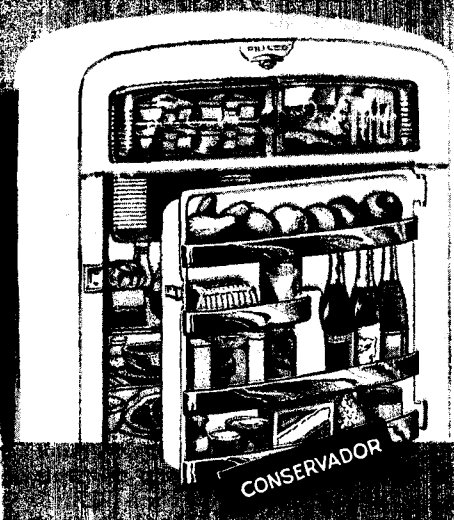
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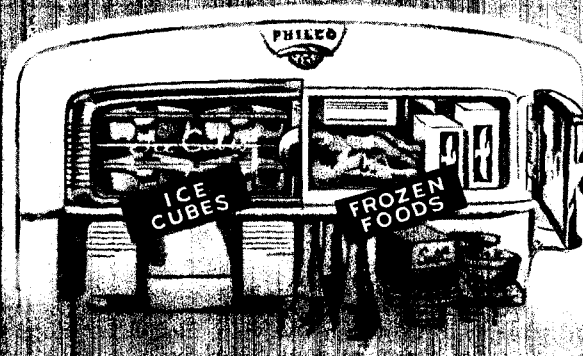
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hour is midafternoon. As long as you can come to me, I can bear my life.

"LOUISE"

He read it again and again, as though he could not stop reading it.

"Where did you get it?" he whispered. "She writes these letters," Siao Fah said, "and the Chinese doctor brings her others."

"Chung?" Gray cried, not believing. Siao Fah nodded. "That one." "But what letters does he bring her?" "That I do not know," Siao Fah said with dignity. "I do not understand English."

"Still you do not tell me how you got this letter," Gray demanded.

"When she answers the letters which Chung brings her, I carry the answer in my basket with the letters you give her to post when I go every day to market. She puts your chop on the letters. See?" He turned the envelope over to show Gray and there was his Chinese seal.

"But—but," Gray stammered, "there is no meaning to this! Chung brings her letters, she writes others—"

"Master, it is like this: From someone Chung brings her letters, always when you are not here. Then she writes the answer to it and puts it in my basket with your letters that I take to the post office when I go to market. Do you ever look in my basket? Why should you do so? It is expected that your wife is honorable."

"Go back to your kitchen," Gray said. "Yes, master," Siao Fah replied and most docilely. Now he had done his duty, he thought. He went back to the kitchen and found Little Pig with his fingers in the chicken gravy and clapped him on the head with the iron spoon he took to stir the soup before he served it.

"Pig and son of a pig!" he said, severe with his own righteousness.

IN HIS room Gray put the letter in his drawer and went on dressing carefully. In the mirror his face was very white and his dark eyes stared back at him.

"Steady," he was saying to himself, "no jumping at conclusions." And yet who was "dearest Harry" except the Harry there in his own living room? "I ought to be able to see for myself tonight," he thought thickly. Queer how he could scarcely think at all! His head was pounding as though an engine had been set going in it. He sat down a moment when he was dressed, wondering if he were going to be sick.

Louise came to the door. "What's wrong, Gray?"

"I have a beastly headache."

"Oh, I am sorry! Want anything?"

"Bring me a nip of whisky, will you?" "Of course."

She came back in a moment, her long green gown trailing behind her, the small glass held daintily in her white fingers.

"Here you are, poor boy." She touched his forehead with those fingers and he shivered and drank. Then he rose to his feet.

"Better?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Sure you want to come out?"

"Of course," he said shortly. . . .

She shrugged her shoulders at Harry a moment later and drew down her pretty scarlet mouth. "Poor Gray has such a headache," she said in her softest voice.

"I say, how rotten, old chap!" Harry cried.

"Too bad"—"too bad," the other men echoed.

"Do you have them often, Thomison?" Harry persisted. He liked Louise's husband very much and sometimes thought her not good enough for him. He did not like her the less himself for that, preferring women who were not too good. "I hope it'll be better," he said

earnestly without waiting for Gray's answer.

"It won't be," Gray said, permitting himself a touch of bitterness. "It's one of those things that must be worse before it can be better," he said.

He watched without seeming to, the evening through, the play between Louise and Harry. The other men were nothing but a silent, attentive background for the sparkling, the laughter, the banter between these two. Jones, the taipan of the oil company, corpulent and kind, Lennard, his second in command, and Blackman, of the Virginia tobacco firm, took their parts enjoying without envy their pretty hostess. Siao Fah had done his best, after all, and the dinner was very good.

"This might be anywhere," Harry said, grateful with well-being after dinner. He had brought a box of Havana cigars, a gift from an English gunboat captain, and now he gave them to Siao Fah to pass to the men.

"Thanks, I'll smoke my pipe," Gray said. He wanted blindly to talk to Sara,

"Of course not," she said.

"So maybe it's nothing but harmless playing about. People did that sort of thing a lot at home, I noticed. I've lived too long here, maybe, where everything between a man and a woman is—serious."

She did not answer again, waiting.

GRAY twisted in his chair. "So, well—this is what Siao Fah gave me last night."

Then he took the letter from his pocket and handed it to her; and while she read it he thought of Louise. Louise had been more than usually affectionate last night. When they were alone again she had curled into his lap, still laughing.

"Wasn't it fun, Gray?" she said.

"Great fun."

"Harry's such a goose."

"A goose very fond of you, I think."

She heard the jealousy in his voice and treasured it triumphantly. Jealousy could be a weapon in the right hand!

"Well, a goose, anyway!" she had

suddenly. She folded the letter and handed it back to him. "I should think any life would be dull if you had nothing to do."

She thought passionately, "I will not defend her. It would be too much to ask of me that I defend her." And yet she loved this man far too deeply to hurt him through his wife.

"I believe you've found the trouble," he said. His heart leaped to excuse Louise. "Of course, you have," he went on. "She's used to something going on every minute—you know what New York is."

"No, I don't," Sara said quietly. "I grew up on a Kansas farm and I've had to work ever since I can remember."

"Well, there was a lot going on in Louise's life," he said, "and, of course, spending hours in a bomb shelter gets monotonous."

"Yes," Sara agreed in the same quiet voice. "People don't seem to realize that war is fairly monotonous to most of the people involved."

Each was silent for a moment. Separately they were making up their minds to the same thing.

"I shall have it all out with Louise tonight," Gray was thinking.

"I'm going over there my first free moment," Sara was thinking fiercely. "I don't care if she does hate me for it. She hates me anyway."

"Thanks, Sara," Gray said. He tore the letter into pieces and threw them into her wastebasket. "You always help me."

"I always want to, Gray."

THEY smiled quickly and parted. The moment he was gone she drew her day's schedule toward her. At eleven she had an appendectomy. There should be plenty of time, barring complications, for her to go to see Louise at noon. Gray would be safe until one o'clock. They were never away from the hospital together in these times, and hers was the hour between twelve and one.

All morning she planned what to say to Louise and yet at twelve when she sat in the living room she did not know what she could say when Louise came in. Siao Fah had jerked his head at the bedroom door.

"She still sleeps," he said. "I will wake her."

She had been about to say, "Let her sleep," and then did not. She had so little time. "It is important," she said instead.

Siao Fah had given an enormous thump on the door. "She will come out," he said, and went back to his kitchen.

And a moment later Louise had put out her blond head, "Oh, it's you," she said sleepily.

"I'm sorry, I have to see you," Sara said.

"I'll be out in a moment," Louise said.

Sara felt her heart a throbbing lump in her side. Why did a selfish little woman have the power to terrify her?

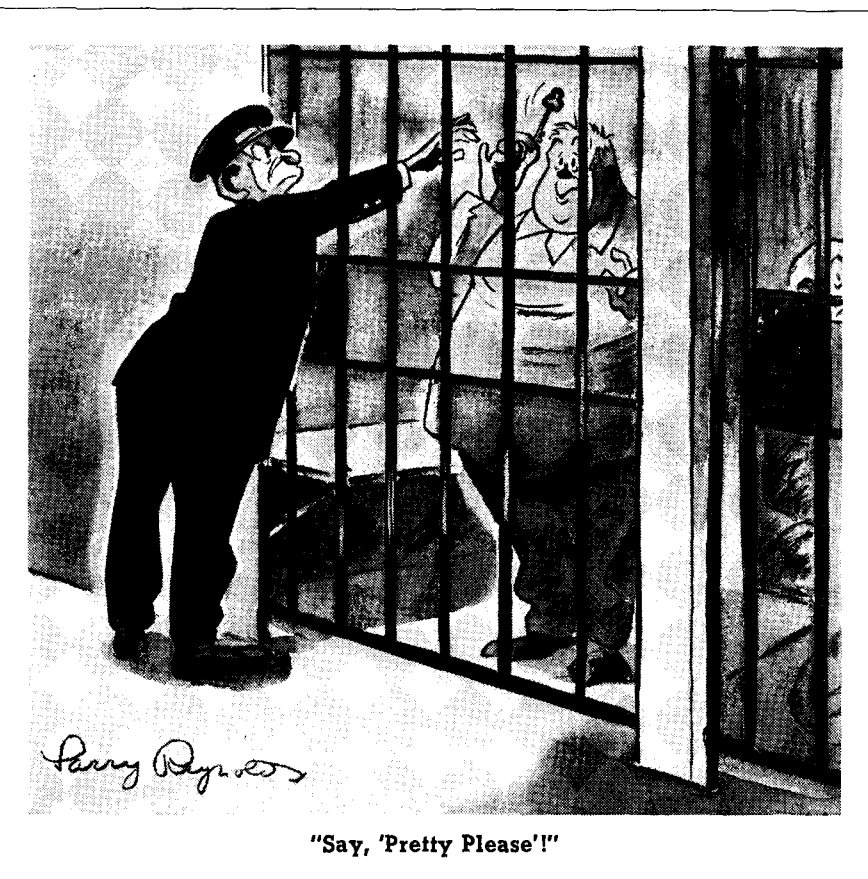
"I must forget she is Gray's wife," she thought, and knew it was impossible. She never saw Louise or spoke to her without thinking, "This is his wife—this is his wife."

And when in a little while Louise came in, her fair hair damp and curling from her bath, her little body wrapped in creamy satin and her bare feet in satin mules, it was idle, it was folly, to think she could forget for a second that this small, exquisite creature was Gray's wife. Beside her, Sara felt large and plain and workaday. Of course, any man would love this little, pretty thing instead of a woman who had no time from morning to night to brush her hair or to look in a mirror.

No, she thought honestly, it was deeper than a mere question of time. It was the sort of woman she was. Even if she were not a doctor in a Chinese hos-

BUTCH

By Larry Reynolds



"Say, 'Pretty Please'!"

to ask her what to do if Louise meant what she looked and smiled and said in every response she made to this other man.

"DID you say anything to Louise?" Sara asked.

She had known the moment Gray came into the hospital this morning that something was wrong. Her instinct toward him was delicate and quick. He had come into her office frowning and for a moment she had thought it only anxiety over Yasuda. None of them could diagnose Yasuda's illness.

"I'm about ready to make an exploratory operation on him," Gray said without greeting. He sat down. "I'd do it today if I weren't all in," he went on. Then he smiled wryly. "But it wouldn't be fair to cut up even a Jap when I'm feeling like this."

"What's wrong?" she inquired.

"It's about Louise."

She did not answer this.

He went on, "She's—been lonely, of course. She doesn't get the excitement you and I have in this work we do—doesn't get any fun out of it. Not everybody can."

said. Then she had leaned her head on his shoulder and shut her eyes. "Oh, but I'm tired!"

And he had sat holding her, her fair hair spread over the blackness of his coat.

She had slept soundly all night while he lay restless and had scarcely wakened this morning to his kiss when he left her.

Sara put the letter down. She must not speak the anger she felt against another woman, though her blood ran hot through her body.

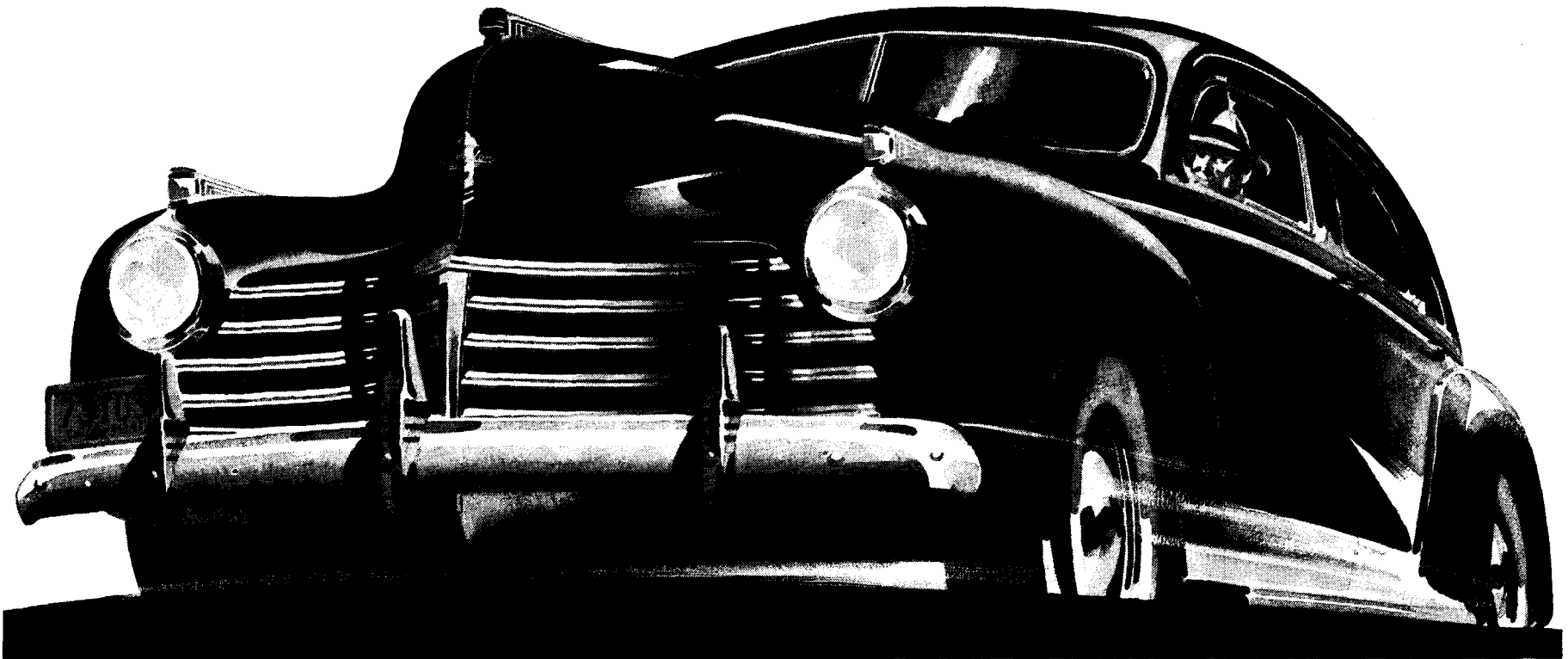
"Perhaps I married Louise too quickly," Gray said humbly. "Perhaps she didn't understand just what our life is here. She thought the Orient must be romantic and full of that damned charm everybody talks about. She didn't expect it to be what it is—work and sickness and poverty and filth and crowds and all this bombing going on."

"It is much more than that," Sara said.

"Yes, but that's all she sees," he groaned. He thought of telling Sara about the little child and then could not. He did not want to think about it.

"She has nothing to do," Sara said

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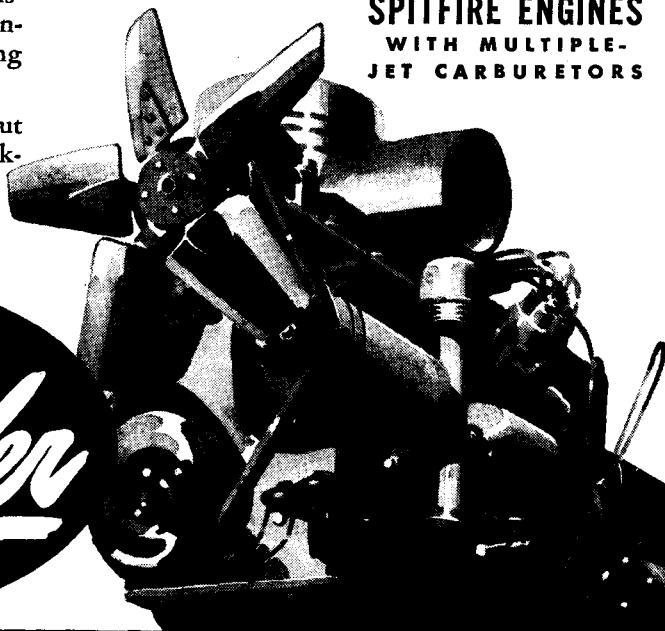
ing about more than a great engine... they are talking about the greatest combination of *engine and drive* that the motoring world has yet seen.

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Don't you owe it to yourself to try this before you drive any new car? Frankly, we don't see how you could possibly buy a new car without it! Your Chrysler dealer invites you!

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JET CARBURETORS



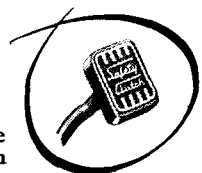
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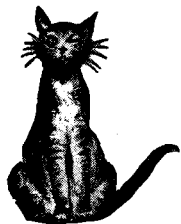
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includes a
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The Safety Clutch is like a lifeboat on a ship. You will use it very seldom, but you're mighty glad to have it when you need it. A very valuable safeguard for parking... for maneuvering your car in close quarters or dangerous places!

"So yesterday we Hung the Mayor!"

1. I was a portrait painter... with no portraits to paint. One day I learned that the mayor was in the market to get himself slapped on canvas. I hurried down to City Hall, but the mayor couldn't see me until evening. I decided to wait.



2. About 6 o'clock, a waiter lugged a tray of dinner into the mayor's office. A terrific howl went up. "Take it away!" bellowed His Honor, and the waiter came running out, looking scared half to death and clutching a coffee pot.



4. "What is Sanka Coffee?" the mayor demanded, as I came in. "And why should I try it?" "Because, Mr. Mayor," said I, "it's delicious coffee... and it's 97% caffeine-free so it can't keep you awake!" "Who says so?" he grunted.



6. Next day he phoned me. "You are appointed official portrait painter of this city!" he said. "I drank two cups of Sanka Coffee and never slept better! A lot of officials need their portraits painted... but begin with me!"



3. "The Mayor never touches coffee!" yelled His Honor's secretary. "He wouldn't sleep a wink!" That was my cue. "He should try Sanka Coffee!" I said. "What's that?" shouted the mayor. "Whoever said that, come in here!"



5. So I told him: "The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffeine effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden.'" He was impressed. "Thanks," he said. "I'll try it!"



SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE... 97% CAFFEIN-FREE

Sanka Coffee is real coffee...all coffee...a blend of choice Central and South American coffees! "Drip" or "regular" grind.

TUNE IN... "WE, THE PEOPLE"—Tuesday evening. See your paper for time and station.

pital and a war going on she would probably forget to brush her hair or powder her nose. There would always be something else. But whether Gray loved her or not, she loved Gray, and if Gray wanted Louise, then Louise must love him. She would pretend nothing except her purpose. She began it simply and directly.

"Gray and I have worked together a long time," she said. "It'll be three years next July."

Louise stared at her, astonished, and did not answer.

"You'll wonder why I've come. It's because I know what a fine doctor he is after all that time. But he's a great deal more than a doctor. He's a human being, and he's a better doctor if he's a happy human being. He isn't happy now."

Between Louise's long, black lashes her golden eyes began to smolder. Still she did not speak. Sara went on:

"You are his happiness, you know. There is only his work and you. He loves his work and you—nothing else."

Louise wrapped her robe about her more closely, tucked her feet under her on the couch and lit a cigarette and blew its smoke from between her pretty lips.

"Do you think it possible you only imagine Gray isn't happy?" she asked. Her voice was so sweet that Sara's heart shivered. Louise looked thoughtfully at her cigarette.

"Perhaps it is you who are not happy," she said. She shook back her fluff of hair and smiled. "Poor Sara!" she said distinctly, and thus with so few words opened to the cruel light of her amber eyes Sara's shivering heart. And now she gazed full at it, still smiling.

Sara felt herself ready to flee. She had held her secret as her treasure, never to be uncovered. And now Louise had uncovered it by a few ruthless words and by the gaze of those ruthless, beautiful eyes. Then she rose to battle.

"Don't pity me," she said clearly. "Pity Gray. The only tragic thing in the world is to discover that what one loves is too small. That tragedy I shall never know."

"There," she thought in calm triumph. "Let that suffice."

LOUISE'S eyebrows lifted, but her eyes fell. Sara considered those dark lashes. Should she mention the letter or not? She decided not. "Why should I tell you what you know already, since you chose to marry Gray? I have never known a man fit to stand near him. I only hope, for myself, that I can be half as good a colleague in the hospital as he deserves. I am only anxious that nothing," she paused for emphasis upon the word, "that nothing will make him unhappy, no uncertainty anywhere in his life, no lack of loyalty or appreciation from us all."

Louise rose. "Are you trying to tell me something?" she inquired.

Sara leaped up. "Yes! That I hear things about you that I should not hear! And if I hear them, Gray must hear them."

Louise gasped. "Why—why—of all the impudent—"

"See to yourself, then," Sara said sternly. She turned and went out of the room and out of the house. What good had she done, she thought, except to make it now impossible ever to be near Louise again, and so separate herself still farther from Gray?

"But perhaps it will bring her back to him," she thought. She paused in the February sunshine and gazed at a la-mei tree, whose golden buds were opening cups of fragrance upon bare, brown branches. Lao Wang had planted the la-mei for spring and fragrance. Standing there, she drew in deep breaths of that sweetest scent, to excuse her agony. But in a few moments she went on again.

She had a shrapnel case waiting for her at one o'clock. . . .

In the room Sara had just left, Louise walked about in impatient anger edged with fear. What did the woman mean? How much was truth, and how much jealousy and frustration? Of course, Sara was mad with envy of her. Sara was foolish about Gray. Louise frowned. It was certainly not good for Gray to have a silly woman at hand constantly adoring him as he worked, even if he did not care for her.

"We've got to get away from this ridiculous place," Louise thought. She sat down again on the couch and piled the pillows about her and lay still for so long that Little Pig opened the door to peep at her.

"Get out!" Louise said, and he shut the door in terror.

But she went on thinking long after that, smoking one cigarette after another, and every now and again flinging back her flying hair. How much did Sara know? What had she heard? But if she herself told Gray everything, explained to him that she wrote the letters because she had to, because she could not endure another raid? And she could say, couldn't she, that everyone else was spared, too? She could make it sound all right, because Gray loved her so much. She got up at last.

"I rather think I'll be sweet to him," she thought.

She crushed her cigarette, yawned, and sauntered into the bedroom and began to brush her pretty hair with long, slow strokes, calculated to make it shine.

"I DO want a baby, darling," Louise murmured. It was night, she was safe, and she laid her head upon Gray's knee. Under the Chinese lamplight her hair shone like carded silk before it is spun.

She spoke out of the silence when on the couch before the fire Gray after dinner had sat thinking how to begin, and she had wondered only when to say what she planned to say.

His astonished face looked down into hers and he was stricken with tenderness. "Louise!" he whispered. "Why, darling!" He gathered her into his arms, against his shoulder. All that he had thought of saying fell into fragments and he threw them away.

"I've been thinking and thinking," she said restlessly. "I know you haven't been quite happy, darling—" She paused. Did he or did he not know Sara had come over to see her? Better take the chance, even though it was not necessary! "I didn't need to have Sara come over and talk to me, darling. I knew, by myself, that I haven't been nice to you lately—"

"Sara?" he inquired. "Did she come over here?"

"This morning," Louise said, pouting. She lifted her little pointed finger and traced the outline of his lips. "She thinks I don't love you enough. But I love you all I have, Gray. Maybe it's true I'm not big enough for you."

"Did Sara say that?"

"Yes, she did, Gray, and I cried like anything afterward. I know I'm not good enough for you, Gray. I wish I were big and strong and capable, darling. But I'm not. I'm just—me."

"I only want you," he said, and would have been angry with Sara in his heart except that he knew she had come only to help him.

"Of course I know she's in love with you," Louise was saying, "but so am I, Gray—terribly. That's what she can't realize."

"She's not in love with me, dearest."

"Yes she is, Gray."

"I don't want to know it, then."

"No, Gray. Don't let's think about her—only you and me. Gray!"

"Yes, darling?"

"I have been unhappy."

He sighed. "I'm afraid you have, sweetheart."

"But it hasn't been just because of me. It's been because I haven't known how to go on with what we want. I do want a baby, Gray. But how can we have it here? It wouldn't be right—all the bombing!"

He did not answer. He laid her down on his knee again and sat slipping his fingers in and out of her hair as it spread from her face. Such a lovely, lovely face, he thought, so perfect in its every line, so childlike in its delicacy! This was what had been the matter, then; this was what made her so restless. She had felt frustrated about having a child and so, with that irresponsible quality which was one of her charms, she had turned to other things—her little dinner parties, even her friendship with Harry. She was trying to fill her life in ways that she knew.

"Perhaps it wouldn't be right to have a baby just now," he admitted. "But the war can't last forever—and it makes a great difference to me to know you want my baby, Louise." His voice was shy.

"Of course I do, Gray," she said. The light fell into the depths of her earnest golden eyes. "You couldn't take me away, could you, Gray, so we could—have one right away?"

"No, darling," he said. "I can't leave now."

She did not answer. When she did, it was by the smallest of sighs and a question: "Gray!"

"Yes, dear?"

"Sometimes I wish—is there anything I could do at the hospital?"

He answered her with deeper tenderness: "Why don't you come over tomorrow and see, darling?"

"Would you like it, Gray?"

"Love it!"

"It wouldn't bother you to have me around?"

"I'd like you right under my feet."

He lifted her to him and under his kisses she murmured in mischief:

"But Sara will be cross."

"Eh?" Gray paused.

"I said, Sara won't like it if I am at the hospital!"

"Hang Sara," Gray answered.

"If you like," she said with laughter and triumph.

SHE was so pretty, he thought, with quivering tenderness—but why did Chung bring her letters? The sharp question clung in his mind like a dart thrown into flesh. But he would not pluck it out—if he did the wound might bleed. And if she loved him—and would she want his child if she did not love him?

At the keyhole Siao Fah put his eye on a level with Little Pig's. When he saw what was going on he said severely, "Do not corrupt yourself with such sights." He whacked Little Pig on the cheek with the wire egg beater and stuffed the keyhole with the end of a dish towel.

(To be continued next week)

They Know How

Continued from page 15

"They eat rats, son. Rats and hoss meat." He looked at the sun again. "They generally don't shoot much until the sun's behind 'em. Sort of frisky today. They'll visit us tonight."

A runner brought word from the captain that Sam shouldn't fraternize with the enemy. Sam grunted.

Ben asked, "How come they didn't shoot you?"

The old sergeant started to ignore the question. But he liked the boy instinctively. "Because I yelled and they answered. Even so, they had about fifty rifles aimed at my eyeballs. Not knowing what our bounty boys might do."

BEN went to report to his captain and Sam leaned against the trench and relaxed. During the afternoon the Confederates fired a few rounds and the Irishmen swept the slope with volleys. They killed a horse, grazing up near the town. Sam didn't bother to move from his comfortable position. Ben came back about sundown. He was excited.

"The cap'n knows all about those Rebs in the first trench," he said proudly. "Know what, Sarge? They are just boys. None of 'em over twenty. And they are little fellows. Not much more'n five feet."

"That's right," Sam said. "That's the Cradle Company. I met 'em first at Shiloh. Uncle Billy Sherman would give ever' recruit in this trench for five of those little fellows."

"But they are babies," Ben said.

"Uh huh. Most of 'em's too young to shave and about as big as a minute. When this fracas broke out, they were too little for the Confed army even. But they formed a company and went raiding on their own. Pemberton's mighty proud to have 'em now." Sam watched the sun fall behind the bluffs. Darkness began pushing twilight into the Mississippi. Ben edged closer to the old sergeant.

The moon came up, then ducked be-

hind a cloud. Heavy silence fell over the battlefield and Ben nodded. He was awakened by shouts at the upper end of the barricades and ran there. But old Sam just shifted his position and waited. Ben was panting when he returned.

"Sarge! We got eight dead men—"

"Knifed in the belly?" Sam switched his chew to his left jaw without missing a beat.

"How'd you know?" Ben said hoarsely.

"The Cradle Boys generally go for the belly. Little fellows and they can't reach high up. Never go for a man's chest, son. Too many bones. How many percussion caps did they get?"

Again Ben asked an explanation of the old man's knowledge, and Sam said slowly, "The Confeds have got Enfields. They got plenty of lead, too, but they are low on percussion caps. So they take ours. Supplies are my job. I told the cap'n to watch out, but he won't pay me no mind."

"The cap'n is mad," Ben said. "He's going to hit 'em about daylight."

"I figured that," Sam said. "He's crazy. But you stay with me and maybe you'll live to plow some corn in Ohio."

THE captain should have waited until the sun was full up and in the Confederates' eyes, but he ordered the charge at dawn. The big Irishmen were laughing and swearing vengeance. The captain went over first, waving his sword and shouting for his men to follow. Sam and Ben climbed out of the barricades, stooped and ran across the field. The Irishmen stood straight as they ran. A blast of grape, canister and rifle fire folded them up.

Sam and Ben crawled back to the barricades. They hadn't fired a shot. Stretchermen began bringing in the dead and Sam shook his head.

"They didn't know how. Now we'll get another company."

Ben was choking from powder smoke

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Bundy



Uncle A: Well! Well! Doris. So your *engagement's* going to be announced tonight!

Uncle B: I must say you don't seem very *thrilled* about it!



Uncle A: Looks like a little job for us, Bert. The poor girl's short on "pep appeal."

Uncle B: Right you are, Andy. Maybe she isn't getting all her vitamins. We'll have to take her in hand.



Uncle A: Lucky your mother had some KELLOGG'S PEP in the house, for it's a grand place to start on vitamins. Yessir, PEP is extra-rich in the two vitamins that are least abundant and thus most needed in ordinary diets—vitamins B₁ and D. You start getting all your vitamins and you'll feel like a different girl!

The Girl: Wait a minute! Instead of all that talk about vitamins, why didn't you tell me how good PEP is? Wow! This tastes grand!



The Girl: See you later, and thanks a million for that tip about vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP. You just watch what a different girl I'm going to be.

The Uncles (in unison): Where there's pep there's hope!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

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MORE THAN 30,000,000 people live today on American farms.

Their farm lands, buildings, implements, and livestock are said to be valued at over 43 billion dollars . . . or more than 10 times the total investment of the entire American steel industry. Gross annual farm income is estimated at over 10 billion dollars . . . or more than 3 times the total value of all the automobiles and trucks produced in this country in 1940.

What has all this to do with life insurance? Simply this . . .

The money which a life insurance company invests for the benefit of its policyholders must be invested safely in sound, permanent securities. Farming is still America's largest single enterprise, feeding a nation and supplying a substantial portion of the raw materials used by industry. Farmers also constitute a major market for industrial products.

Because of these and other factors, first mortgages on fertile farm lands are a sound investment for life insurance companies.

Metropolitan today has over 81 million dollars

invested for the benefit of its policyholders in about 13,000 farm mortgages.

These mortgages are selected with extreme care by Metropolitan's Farm Loan Division. This division consists of about 550 employees, including land appraisers, financial experts, agricultural specialists, and others.

Of course, even the best farmer's efforts can be offset by economic conditions over which he has no control. For example, in 1921 American farmers experienced a severe recession of prices and, before agriculture recovered from this, the depression of the 1930's set in.

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This is Number 35 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

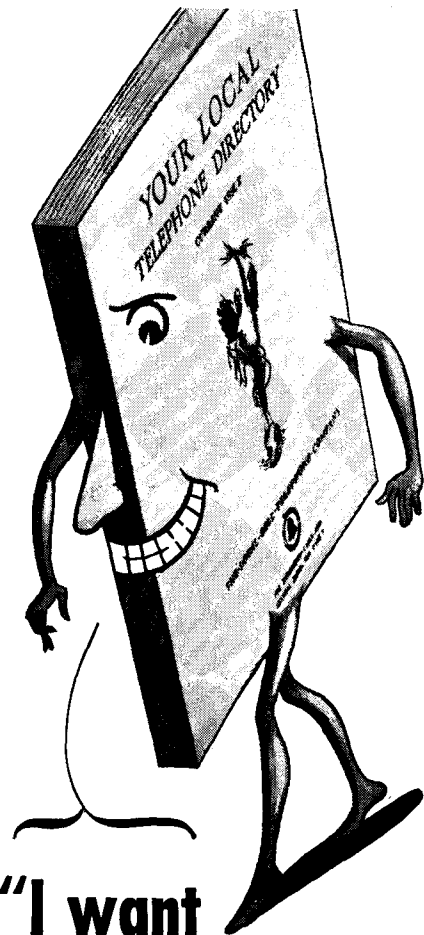
**Metropolitan Life
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(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

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he put it in his mouth and jumped to his feet. Quickly he called his men about him, even those in the tunnel. He looked at their hands.

"You popeyed bunch of ninnies." Ax's tone was as sharp and biting as steel. "You gave Henry your tobacco to swap without getting the clay off your hands. Now the Yanks know what we're up to."

The men's jaws sagged and they said, "Oh," almost in unison. They had been fighting too long to underestimate the Yankee regulars. Ax's tongue lashed them until he was breathless and sent them back to their job. He'd think of something.

All afternoon he sat in the trench, his back to the wall, his short, little legs doubled up almost to his chin. He knew the Yanks would stay in their trench as long as he stayed in his, but he couldn't stay put long after the fuse was lit. "Missourians," he muttered. "Tough as their mules and just as sharp." He glanced up quickly at the setting sun and his face brightened. He even laughed and Henry sighed in relief. Everything was all right. The little captain had laughed.

"Henry." Ax stood and stretched. "See that the sentry carries a lantern when he paces this trench tonight. I want the Yanks to see the reflection. I want 'em to know we are still here."

The little captain was jaunty again. Even cocky. He walked away toward the supply train. He didn't have to stoop in the trench. And as he swaggered, he hummed softly:

*"Here's to the lads of Tennessee,
The bravest in the land.
Half hoss and half alligator,
'Ygod, and half man."*

He sent word back up to Featherston that he'd run a long, slow-burning fuse to the mine and for Featherston to light it at daybreak.

PORTER'S boats began pounding from the river and the ruins of Vicksburg were silhouetted in the red glow. The Confederates' big guns boomed their answer and the earth trembled and rumbled. The yell of Cockerell's brigade sounded above the tumult as they threw themselves against McPherson's 17th Corps, trying to cut a path. If they could slash a wedge through the Yankee lines, most of them could get out and Johnston could widen the hole and roll the invaders up. Once near Graveyard Bastion, Grant and Sherman met at headquarters, drank raw whisky and laid more plans to tighten their vise.

Grant instructed his commanders to synchronize their watches before next day's attack. Foreigners, attached to Grant's staff as observers, scoffed. Americans would never understand the fine art of war. They'd never know how. They fought in trenches like moles. Some fool had used a submarine. The Yankees were using observation balloons. The Southerners were using breech-loading guns. Both sides were using ironclads, wholesale espionage and were reviving the Trojan horse methods of the ancient Greeks. Germans, French and British ridiculed such tactics.

Old Sam flattened himself against the bastion and watched the reflection of the sentry's light as it bobbed up and down the Confederate trench while the guard paced his beat.

"I don't like it," he said to Ben. "It ain't sensible. Little Ax is up to som'n."

"How you figure that?"

Sam said, "I can understand the Confederates showing a light while those bounty boys were here. Showed how little they thought of the Irishers. But they know we got soldiers in here now. That light proves Little Ax wants us to know he's

still in his trench. He wants us to stay here."

The moon stayed behind clouds most of the night and then began waning. A breeze swept in from the river and mist rolled up. The captain paced his line, pausing often to talk with his men. He stopped beside Ben and Sam and they all watched the light, moving up and down and to and fro.

"They are still in there," the captain said.

Ben shut his eyes tight and opened them quickly to clear his vision, and he peered through the mist. He felt that something was wrong, but he hesitated to speak. They'd think he was a fool. Finally, he decided to chance it and addressed Sam:

"Sarge, are you sure every man in that Cradle Company is little?"

"Runts, son. Ain't they, Cap'n?"

"That's right," the captain said.

"Bout knee-high to a June bug."

"All right," Ben said. "Look at that light. Watch it bob. A long-legged man is carrying that lantern—"

The captain wheeled on Sam. "He's right. We're getting out."

He gave orders in monosyllables. The men adjusted their bayonets. A few felt for their Bowie knives. "Don't shoot 'less you have to," the captain said. "Use steel. The second trench mustn't know what we're up to. Get out low."

The men wiggled out of the barricades and crawled across the field, hidden by mist and darkness. There wasn't a sound in the first trench and the men stood on its brink for a second, then jumped in, knives drawn, bayonets ready.

The trench was deserted except for an old Missouri mule that wandered back and forth, a lantern dangling from its neck. Somebody snickered and reached for the light. The captain stopped him. "Leave it be!" he ordered. "The men in the next trench are watching that light." He groped around until he found the mouth of the tunnel. Ben dived for it, but Sam grabbed him.

"Hold on, son. You saved this company once and I want you to live to grow corn in Ohio."

The captain addressed his men in whispers. "The Cradle Boys slipped out. I don't know when that mine is going off, or how. Probably pretty quick, 'cause it's coming daylight. Soon as she goes off, the Confederates'll charge. They'll expect us to be down near the crater. Stand to. We'll get shook up, but we'll fool 'em."

The men grumbled and swore, but they stood to. They tried to flatten themselves against the far side of the trench. Sam nudged Ben. "That's what I mean by knowing how. It don't make no difference how brave you are, you got to soldier a long time before you can stay hitched at a time like this."

Ben's tongue was stuck to the roof of his mouth. He tried to burrow into the side of the trench, tried to push himself in. The finger of dawn pried its way into the darkness and a muffled explosion echoed down the slope.

"There she goes!" Old Sam covered Ben with his body and they both ducked their heads. There was a second low explosion and then the earth opened up and sheets of yellow and red spurted up the slope. The earth cried out in hollow agony and groaned and trembled, spewing dirt, splinters and shrapnel. A sizzling blast of air swept over the Yanks. The rumbling subsided and a jagged crater had formed where their barricades had been.

Sam glanced down his line. About twenty men were down, but every man still on his feet had his eyes fastened on the Confederate trench, three hundred yards up the slope.

They heard the yell before they saw the men. The high, quivering, triumphant yell of fox hunters. Then Featherston's men swarmed out of their trench like hornets and began running down the slope. The Yanks held their fire.

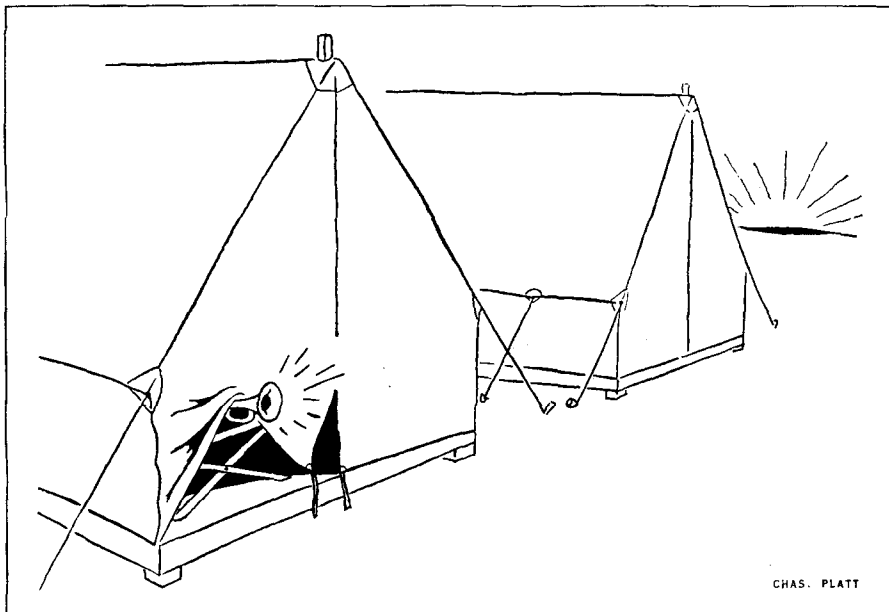
"Shoot for their bellies, son," Sam said.

THE Confederates, loping easily and in perfect ranks, were only one hundred yards away when the captain nodded. The Missourians drew their bead and a solid sheet of rifle fire bit into the gray ranks. A cry of surprise arose from the Confederates and they hesitated. Many went down, holding hands over their bellies. They rallied quickly, however and resumed their pace. The Missourians fired another volley, then gripped their guns and scrambled over the top of the trench as their captain shouted, "The bayonets!"

A handful of Confederates fell prone to cover the retreat as their comrades wheeled and ran back to their bastion. The rear guard was wiped out and the Missourians were ordered back to their ditch. They had taken about two hundred yards of Mississippi clay and mud and blood.

Sam reached for his tobacco and passed it to Ben. The men didn't talk much and were hungry. It would be hours before communications could be established. Old Sam looked longingly at the Missouri mule, still wandering around with the lantern on his neck. He could do wonders with mule meat, too. The Missouri sergeant read the look in Sam's eyes and said, "Nothing shaking. That mule's from up home."

The captain removed the lantern from the mule. "Mighty nigh fooled us." He turned to Ben. "Grant will hear about this. I hope Little Ax hears, too. Then he won't be so cocky. The Confederates ain't the only ones with smart young uns."



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The Sticking Point

Continued from page 16

had fallen into indolent ways in the capital. He slept late, drank too much, wasted his time with Alma and her friends. He was often absent from the floor of the House and no one knew the difference. He was on a small committee, due to priority, but he let the others do the work involved and have their own way.

From the beginning of the debate in the Senate on the Blake-Overly Bill a strange restlessness began to stir in Harridan. It made him uncomfortable and he was a man who did not like to be uncomfortable. So he shoved the restlessness aside and most of the time he was able to reduce the questions that rose in his mind to a place of unimportance.

THE times were stirring. Fear and anger rode the capital. In the Senate the debate on the Blake-Overly Bill had risen, more than once, to the pitch of outright quarreling, to name-calling and abuse. It had been a prolonged and acrimonious debate with a strange new cohesion of forces and it had ended in the passage of the bill by a narrow margin. Too narrow for comfort. Proponents and opponents of the bill had appealed to the people at home by means of radio and newspaper columns and public debate. The matter of national defense was involved and something far more fundamental than that, for the passage of the bill would have repercussions around the world and would please or displease foreign governments in ways whose consequences might be endless.

Instinctively, and without reasons that he could exactly define, Harridan wanted the bill passed.

While the bill was being considered before the House, Harridan sat one evening in Alma's living room, with the big, fair man, Paul Kenneth, who was Alma's landlord. (That is, he owned the building that housed her shop.) Kenneth's girl friend, Edith Holt, who was also Alma's girl friend and who worked as a bookkeeper in one of the larger stores in Washington, made a fourth. They were much together, these two couples. Edith was unmarried, blond and a little stout. For the most part they got along well and enjoyed one another's company but sometimes Harridan felt in Kenneth a thinly

veiled contempt for all politicians and he resented it.

"The real ax grinders, if anyone wants my opinion, are on the side of the passage of the bill," Kenneth stated. "Those are the ones who hope to milk the government. They don't even understand what it's all about or where it is leading."

"I disagree with you," said Harridan definitely. Alma liked Harridan to be pleasant to Kenneth, for sometimes she was a little slow with her rent, in the off seasons, and her attitude to him was always a little propitiating. But Harridan spoke now with annoyance. "I am convinced," he pronounced, and was surprised to find himself with a full-grown conviction on his hands, "I am convinced that the men who are leading the opposition are only a front for sinister influences."

"Nuts!" said Kenneth rudely. Alma laughed. She winked at Harridan, who was wishing he had not stated his position in quite such fancy language.

"What's the difference?" Alma said amiably. "I'm sure it makes no never-mind to me whether they pass it or whether they don't. As long as Washington is filled with girls who want to buy their winter coats on the budget plan I can survive."

"It might make considerable difference to you," Kenneth told her. "All this expenditure may bring on a depression that will wreck you along with everyone else."

"Have some more beer," she answered; "I've been through one depression. I can survive another. As long as I have Cashy to look after me, I'm not going to worry."

"There are worse things than depressions," Harridan told Kenneth, "and subjugation is one of them." His anger burned brightly and he hardly knew what to do with it. He felt a sharp contempt for himself and the others. What was he doing with these stupid people? What did they know about major legislation? What, in fact, did he know about it himself?

Kenneth and Edith departed shortly afterward and Alma said pleadingly, "Please don't quarrel with Kenneth, Cashy. Don't talk politics with him."

"I'm willing to leave politics out of the talk," Harridan said, "but I don't intend to have Paul Kenneth tell me how

to vote. He's nothing but a fat dumb-bell and his views are purely selfish and mercenary."

They sat in a little silence and then Alma rose and went to perch herself on Harridan's knees.

"Let's not quarrel, Cashy. I just want you to be smart. You know Paul has some big connections. He knows more about politics than you think. I couldn't bear it if you made a mistake, if you did something that kept you from coming back to Washington. Because I'm so crazy about my baby!"

"Skip it," Harridan told her. He put his arm around her and kissed her. This was becoming a dreary affair, he thought. It was about time to end it. He saw, for the first time, how his absorption in her had weakened all his other associations in Washington, and that he was more dependent on her than he liked to acknowledge. Here was more than habit, more than a crude emotion. There was a measure of genuine affection between them. It popped into his mind that tomorrow he would read the whole Blake-Overly Bill with care, every word of it, a matter he had not done.

Walking back to his hotel he was thinking again in a thin, angry vein that was unlike him. It was all very well, he told himself, for people who had no sons to take an indifferent attitude toward legislation affecting the national welfare. They had no stake in affairs. Their own small interests were the beginning and end of things. But he had sons! He would rather they loved and served their country than any other thing. He had served in the first World War. It was not his fault that he had never got overseas. He was as much a veteran as those that fought in France.

HARRIDAN could not go to sleep in his small hotel room. He got up and turned on the light and an awakening curiosity made him rummage through his desk for the last snapshot picture of his sons which his wife Mary had sent to him. He had glanced at it carelessly and laid it aside. Now he wanted to look at them and he sat studying their faces.

They were getting to be big boys, he reflected. The older two were in high school. He felt sentimental toward them. This bill would affect them directly. He wondered what they thought about it. He had a notion to write and ask them but the impulse died a-borning. He had always planned vaguely that when they were older he would quit taking risks. Certainly they were old enough now so that he ought to begin to consider the possible effect of a scandal on their characters and future. But he was not really afraid of any scandal. What he had done was no more than an everyday affair among men he knew and his sons need never know of it. More important than that, and what he did not face then, was a reluctance on his part to lose the esteem in which he was sure they held him.

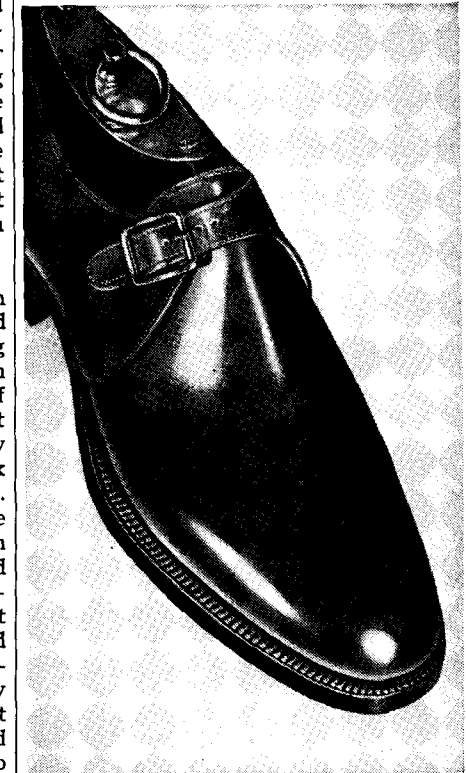
Suddenly he was tired and sad. But to himself he said only that he was blue, a condition that might arise from a number of external causes. He put out the light and went to bed. Tomorrow he would read the bill, go to the House and consult with the men from his own state. But he had already resolved that he would vote for the Blake-Overly Bill.

In the morning Harridan felt head-achy and bilious. The coffee shop in the hotel was small and lighted by artificial light at nine in the morning. He was tempted to go into the bar but decided against it. He sat over his third cup of



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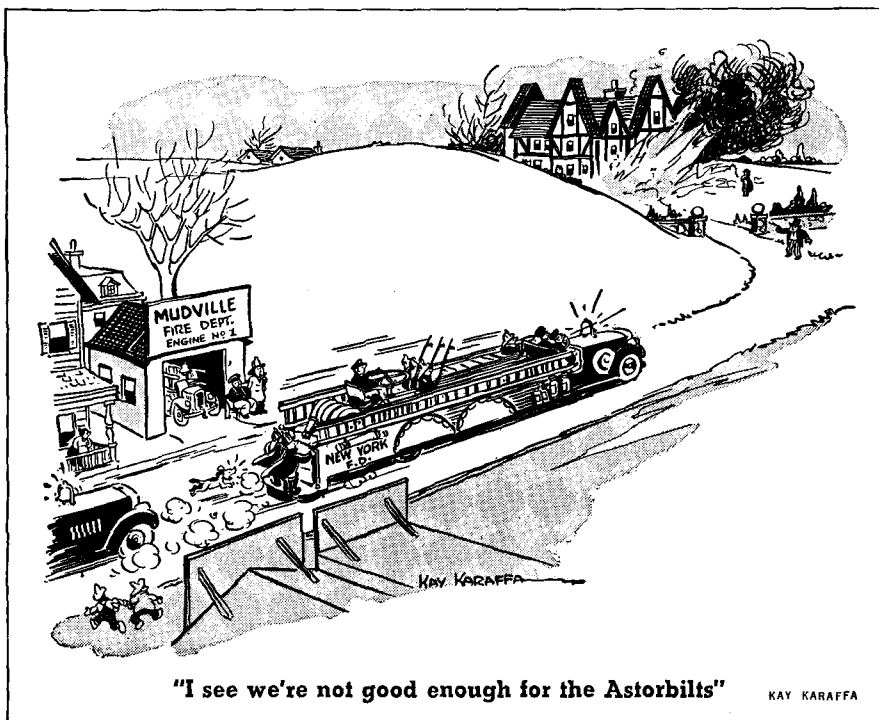
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coffee, reading the paper swiftly and skillfully. Someone came and stood beside him and spoke his name and he glanced up into the face of the congressman who was leader from his own state, a man old and gray in public service.

"Sit down, Dennis, and have a cup of coffee with me," said Harridan eagerly.

Dennis smiled and sat down and the colored boy brought a fresh pot of coffee and an extra cup to the table.

"Are you going to the House today?" Dennis asked.

"Yes," said Harridan, "I want to hear the debate."

"Do you know how you're going to vote?" the other asked. It was an invitation to be asked for advice. But Harridan answered contrary to rule.

"Yes," he said, "I'm not sure about the amendments. To tell you the truth I haven't had time to study them carefully. But I want to vote for the bill. I'm in favor of the principle."

"I doubt if it will pass," the other answered, and Harridan was suddenly awake and surprised. He had voted according to instructions from Dennis for a long time.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "The Senate has approved it. It ought to pass easily in the House."

"Some of the boys are changing their minds—afraid of it," said Dennis.

"Not me," said Harridan. "I'm for the bill. I'm going to vote for it."

DENNIS drank his coffee. He seemed indifferent, unimpressed with Harridan's statement. He spoke of other things and they rose together. Harridan paid for the other's coffee and his own breakfast and they stopped together for a moment at the cigar stand.

"Think it over," Dennis said mildly. "Most of the boys from home are against the bill. The people back home don't like it. Better vote with the gang."

"No," said Harridan, and was surprised at himself, "I'm going to vote for it."

Dennis hesitated, then shrugged and went out. Harridan went to his office and asked his secretary to get a copy of the bill and the proposed amendments and he read it through. He could not concentrate on the exact wording. He knew what the bill was about. Anyhow, his mind was made up, he thought stubbornly. He was not going to be pushed around.

His anger persisted. There was a letter from his wife in the mail and he read it with as much annoyance as though it were a dun from a tradesman. She was making some alterations in the house, she wrote, and would like some extra money.

Harridan looked at the balance in his checkbook and wrote a check and enclosed it with a note. He was in a hurry, he said. The debate in the House over the impending bill would begin at eleven.

THE House was crowded and the galleries were full. He sat listening, and his mind wandered. He really did not hear much that was said but certain impressions were vivid. The attack on the bill, he saw, was well organized and strong. The strength and character of the opposition surprised him. Cynical as he was, he could not question the motives of some of the opponents. Some were born hams, grandstanders, he thought contemptuously. And some were only fools. His own conviction grew. When the House recessed for the day he found his way to Congressman Blake, who had spoken for the bill, and congratulated him. The other thanked him, seemed a little surprised.

"I didn't expect to find you on our side, Harridan," he said, "but I'm glad of it. We need every vote." They stood talking together. Harridan felt as though

he were standing in a river with diverse currents pulling at him. He knew he could not afford to linger here with Blake, and it struck him forcibly that he actually knew little that went on in the House. He wished suddenly that he had been more active, made more friends. It might have been smart to have brought his family here, established himself with more care. He was an outsider. He had always known it, but he had not faced it before. Now he felt that Blake had little real confidence in his support.

Newspapermen were crowding around Blake, elbowing Harridan aside. Flashlight bulbs exploded in his face. He went out. It was dinnertime. He did not want to see Alma particularly but habit was strong. He found her in the little office of her closed shop. She unlocked the door for him and he went back into the small, lighted cubicle with her.

"I'm glad you came," she said, "I've been thinking about you all day, and I

"If I vote against it—these packages will not be mailed," he said.

"Cashy," she implored him, "I had nothing to do with it. I had no idea. I swear I didn't. It's as bad for me as it is for you." Her thin lips trembled and she said suddenly, "Tell me what it means. I don't understand it."

He was moved. A genuine emotion stirred him with neither words nor phrases to describe it. He believed her, that she had not plotted against him. He answered her and if his words were grandiose he could not help it. He had no other words.

"It's a matter of patriotism," he said. "I think the bill should be passed. I think the strength behind the opposition is inimical to our country."

"But some of those who are against it"—she said, almost pleadingly—"oh, I don't understand politics!"

"Some of them are all right," he said. "But I'm convinced they are being used. And those that can't be used can always be blackmailed. I'm convinced the bill

see her again. The moment of compassion, of nearness, had passed. He doubted now the sincerity of her regrets. Did she actually think he would change his vote to protect her in this matter? But she didn't know what it was all about and she didn't care. Anyhow, there was nothing he could do. Nothing!

He knew enough about Washington to know that no one would say anything more to him. He would not see Alma or Paul or Edith. He had no one to turn to, no one to whom he could explain. He thought of Blake, but Blake did not have time or patience to listen to such a story. He had only one thing to do and that was go into the House on the day of the vote and vote against the bill.

ON THE way to his hotel, he passed a telegraph office and a sudden impulse seized him. He went within and addressed a telegram to his wife: "Come to Washington at once by plane. Imperative. Cassius."

As soon as he was back at his hotel he regretted this. What could he say to her? How could he explain his predicament? It was so long since they had been even friends—there had been a time when he could have told her anything but now they were strangers. Politically he could not afford a scandal and she knew it. He saw now that she suffered him as he suffered her, for the common purpose of providing a home for their sons and maintaining his political and financial security. And the sons would be her first thought. It would not alter anything to tell her. It would only add to the pressure upon him to do what he was told to do. She would do anything to avoid a scandal that might imperil the boys' happiness and their security.

Or would she? He tried to think of her but his thoughts were blurred. He had gone back to law school after his Army service. He had married a girl from his home town. He could remember that girl, with her wide, gray eyes and friendly, young face. He had been in love with her. But that was in another life. From the time he first came to Washington he had forgotten her more and more. He could remember better the half-dozen women with whom he had been in love since, ending with Alma. Mary Harridan knew, of course, that he was unfaithful to her but she never spoke of it. He had scorned her a little for her lack of jealousy, had justified himself that she didn't care.

By the time he had thrashed this all out it was very late, too late to send another wire, and he composed himself to sleep at last, telling himself that it was all very simple. He had only to do as he was told. But not this bill, he thought, starting awake in terror—this bill involved more than graft, more than someone's easy money. More than politics. It involved his country. And sleep was gone again.

IT WAS very late when he finally wakened from a sleep of exhaustion. Again he felt ill, with a splitting headache and a sick stomach. He got up and went down to the drugstore and had a bromide before he went into the coffee shop for breakfast. His stomach was too often out of kilter, he thought angrily. He ought to go to a doctor. He looked at his watch. He had forgotten to wind it and he went into the hotel lobby to check the time. By now his wife was on a plane and he couldn't stop her. The radio on the clerk's desk was broadcasting the news and a commentator spoke of the expectation that the Blake-Overly Bill would go to a vote the next day. Well, no one would ever know or think anything about his vote. In fact, he thought a little grimly, the best of the oratory had been against the bill.

"My wife may be in on the afternoon



want to talk to you . . . about something important."

"What's on your mind?" Harridan asked, watching her and smiling. She was seldom serious. She opened a desk drawer and took out some pictures and showed them to him. He looked at them indifferently. He had seen them before. They were snapshots that had been taken on a trip down the Potomac a couple of months ago. There was Paul Kenneth and Edith and himself and Alma, in foolish poses. In one of them Alma was sitting on his lap, drinking from a bottle he held for her. They were silly pictures, he thought. Kid stuff! And he laid them down.

Alma's voice was hoarse when she spread the pictures out: "Kenneth has all of these. He had them enlarged with the names and dates on all of them. There are half a dozen packages of these pictures to be sent to your wife and your sons and the opposition newspapers in your district. That day we went down the river, you remember, was the day the vote was taken on the power bill and you weren't there."

So it was as simple as that—like a cheap movie. There was nothing to it. He looked at Alma and she made a little distressed sound.

"So I'm to vote against the Blake-Overly Bill," he said. She nodded miserably.

should be passed. I know what I should do. Hell, if it were a matter of the pork barrel—if it were a matter of someone's pet project, I wouldn't care. I'm not so nice. But this—" he stopped.

He was very angry. And he felt helpless, caught and impaled. A picture from long ago flashed into his mind of his oldest son sitting on a small red chair with a picture book spread on his knees. He had no idea when this had been or how, but he remembered it suddenly. The grave, absorbed, round face, the dark hair, the fat, small hand on the open page. He felt as though he had never seen his son before, as though he would never see him again.

"I'm hooked!" he cried. "I can't do a thing!"

"I'd try to get the pictures back from Kenneth if I could. But he hasn't even got them. Someone else has them. Cashy, you'll just have to do what they tell you—not only for my sake—"

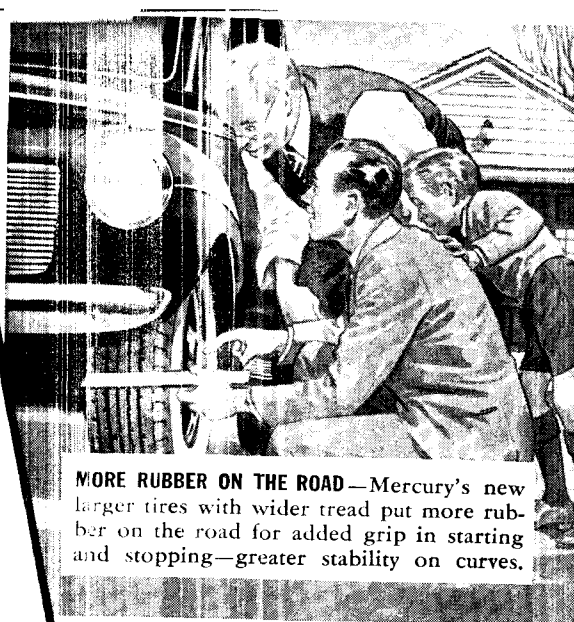
"If I do this," he told her bluntly, "it won't be for your sake. But don't say anything more—I've got to get out. I've got to think. But there's one thing you and your friends forget. They say here in Washington that every man has his price. It's just as true that even a rogue has a sticking point."

She caught hold of him as he started for the door, but he broke her hands away and went out. He didn't want to

Here's Why Mercury Gets Out In Front And Stays There!



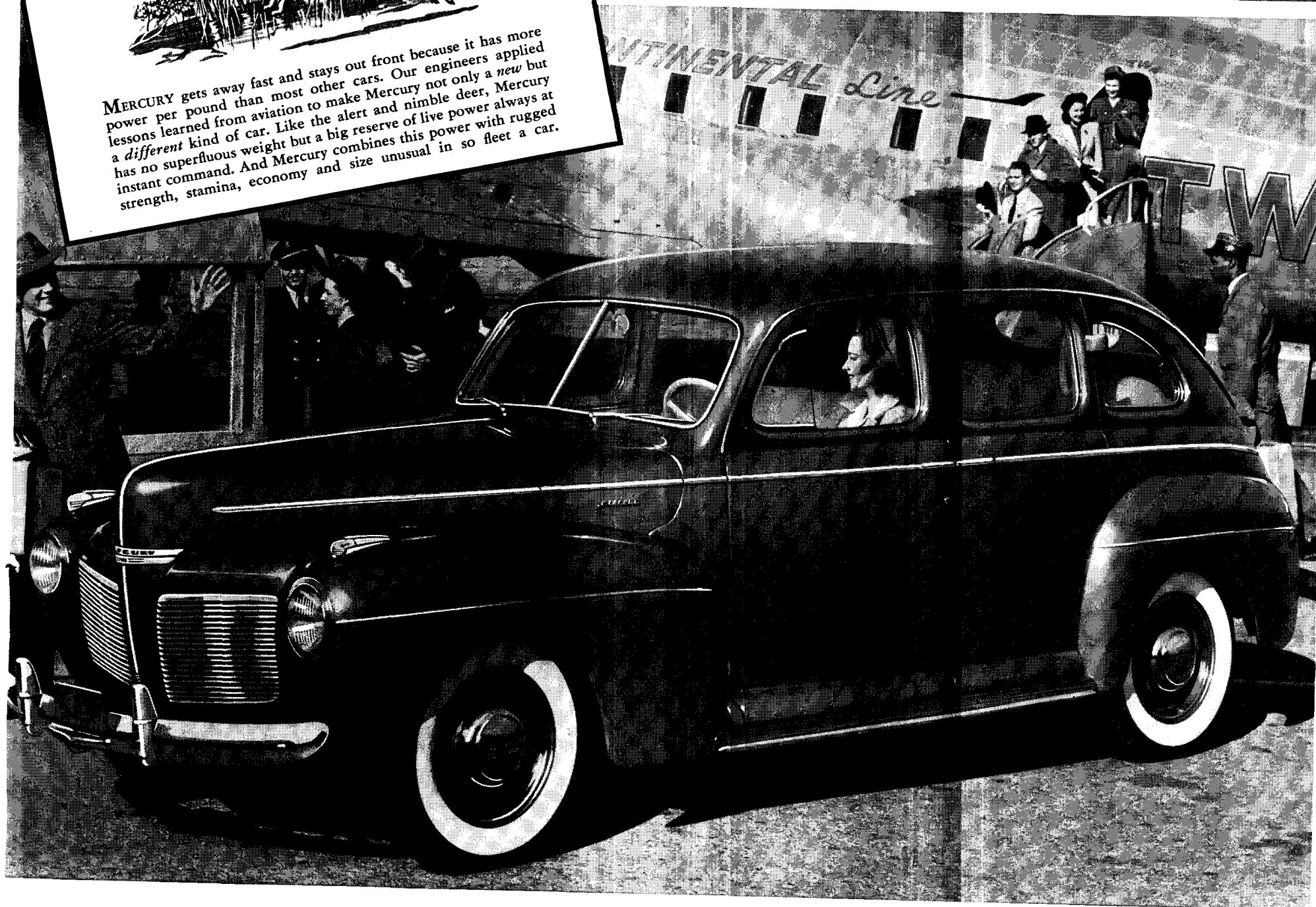
MERCURY gets away fast and stays out front because it has more power per pound than most other cars. Our engineers applied lessons learned from aviation to make Mercury not only a *new* but a *different* kind of car. Like the alert and nimble deer, Mercury has no superfluous weight but a big reserve of live power always at instant command. And Mercury combines this power with rugged strength, stamina, economy and size unusual in so fleet a car.



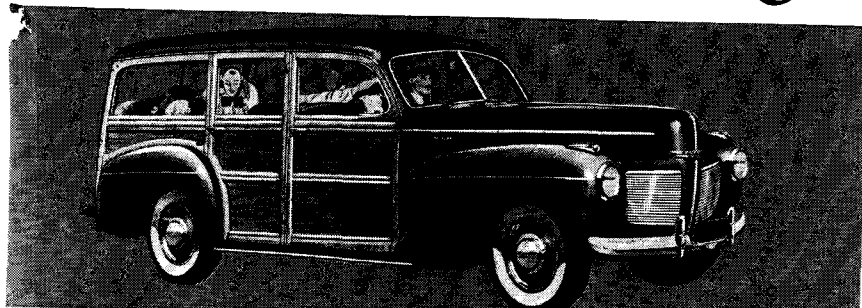
MORE RUBBER ON THE ROAD—Mercury's new larger tires with wider tread put more rubber on the road for added grip in starting and stopping—greater stability on curves.



MORE ROOM—Wherever extra size contributes to comfort, Mercury is big. More head, leg and seat room enables passengers to relax and rest in perfect comfort as they ride.



There's A Magnet In The Mercury!



THE SMART NEW STATION WAGON is a brand-new Mercury body type this year. Front end and driver's compartment follow the sedan styling. Body is hand-made of selected maple and birch. Choice of tan, blue or red hand-buffed leather upholstery. Large luggage capacity. White sidewall tires are extra.

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MERCURY 8

NEW EXCITING VALUES IN

Admiral

TABLE MODEL RADIO PHONOGRAPHS WITH

**AUTOMATIC
RECORD CHANGER**

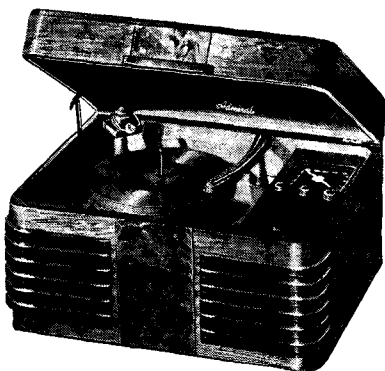
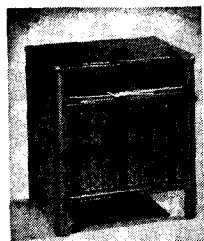
69-M5—Never before a radio-phonograph with automatic record changer at this low price. Plays twelve 10" or ten 12" records. No needles to change. New audio circuit developed by Admiral produces remarkable power output. AC-DC superheterodyne radio has super Aeroscope . . . full-size dynamic speaker . . . automatic volume control, airplane dial.

\$3995*

**NO NEEDLES
TO CHANGE!**
(Lifetime Needle)

**70-N6 RADIO PHONOGRAPH WITH
AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGER . . .**

Compare it with any for appearance! Compare it with the most expensive for performance! Here's a value that tops them all. Admiral automatic record changer plays twelve 10" or ten 12" records. No needles to change. 6 tube AC superhet radio has variable tone control . . . bass compensation . . . dynamic speaker . . . automatic volume control . . . super Aeroscope . . . beautiful walnut cabinet.

\$4995***RECORD CABINETS IN SPECIAL OFFER**
Complete with Five (5) Record Albums

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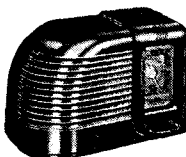
\$795***\$1495***

(When purchased with Table Model Phono-Radio)

*All prices F.O.B. Factory, Chicago.
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71-M6 ADMIRAL RADIO PHONOGRAPHWITH *Slide-A-Way***AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGER**

Open the doors . . . out slides new, exclusive Slide-A-Way phono. Plays ten 12" or twelve 10" records. No needles to change. Two band radio has Magna-band tuning, super Aeroscope, dynamic speaker, bass compensation.

**\$6995*****ADMIRAL PLASTIC TABLE MODEL RADIO**

15-D5—5 tube AC-DC superhet with built-in Aeroscope. Mahogany plastic cabinet . . . **\$995***

16-D5 Ivory plastic
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• See and hear these new Admiral Phono-Radios at your nearest Admiral dealer. Continental Radio and Television Corporation, 3800 W. Cortland Street, Chicago, Illinois. Originators of Tilt-Tuning . . . Touch-O-Matic . . . Aeroscope . . . Slide-A-Way . . . etc.

plane," he told the clerk. "If I'm still at the House can you give her a room adjoining mine and make her comfortable?"

"Yes, Mr. Harridan—we certainly shall." He went to his office and then to the House.

He had decided by then what he would do. He would tell his wife about his stomach trouble and tell her he had become concerned and wanted to go into a hospital for examination. He would let her think he was apprehensive of some malignancy. That way he might avoid the whole matter of the vote. It was a poor excuse but one she would accept. He roused from his own grinding thoughts, which were going over and over what he would say to her, to hear Blake speaking. It was not the customary oratory. He was speaking against an amendment that would defeat the purpose of the bill and he spoke coldly and concisely. The amendment was defeated and the House adjourned. Harridan voted with Blake. This didn't matter, he knew. Tomorrow would be the test. Well, he wouldn't be here. He went dragging back to his hotel, actually ill by now.

The clerk told him his wife had arrived and the elevator shot him up to his floor. He put his key in the lock of his own rooms and opened the door. The door between the rooms was open. His wife was sitting by the window in his room looking out into the street. Her hair was smooth and she wore a neat dark dress. She looked so respectable that she startled him. She turned and smiled a little.

"Well, Cassius!" she said, "I thought I'd find you ill!"

He closed the door and took off his hat and put it on the dresser. He went over to her and stooped and kissed her and was sensitive to the fact that she turned her cheek to the caress. How in the name of everything crazy, he asked himself, had he ever thought he could talk to her?

"The truth of the matter is," he said, sitting down on the bed, "that I've not been well. I guess it isn't as serious as I thought but I was in a lot of pain last night and thought perhaps I'd better go to the hospital for a checkup and that you ought to be here. Today I feel a little better."

H HE FELT that she was studying him and he remembered that he hadn't slept, hadn't shaved, hadn't had a drink—he must look pretty tough.

"I'm sorry," she said quietly. "What seems to be the matter with you, Cassius?" He grinned a little crookedly.

He started to say to her, "It's my stomach," but he said, instead, "It's my country." He stopped, startled. His face flushed scarlet and he said at once, "I mean, it's my stomach."

But she sat there quietly. There were still the wide, gray eyes with shining, clean glasses over them. There was something very young about her—young and countrified, he thought. In her plain dress she looked younger than Alma and that was strange, for she was at least ten years older and she lacked the style and trimness of the other.

She said slowly, "What is the matter with the country, Cassius?"

"It was only a slip of the tongue," he began, but she shook her head.

"No. You must tell me why you sent for me. Is it because of the Blake-Overly Bill?"

"Yes," he said, too weak to struggle against her persistence and longing suddenly to tell someone whose interests were at least identified with his own. "I want to vote for it. And I can't."

"Why can't you, Husband?" she said. She used the word, he knew, deliberately. It was a strange old word, for-

mal and deeply significant. Harridan felt himself trembling. He was going all to pieces and he had no right to—he was not entitled to burden her—he had forfeited his claim upon her understanding or sympathy. But he answered her. "Because I've sold my birthright for a mess of pottage and I can't do as I want to do. I'm in one hell of a mess."

"Begin at the beginning," she said, "and tell me about it."

Of course he didn't begin at the beginning and of course he didn't tell her all about it. He had to spare her feelings and his own prestige a little. But he told her a somewhat involved tale about getting lonely at times and going on a jaunt with some people—and having a few drinks and taking some silly pictures. He felt that she knew more than he told her, but she listened until he had finished.

"So you see I have to think of the boys," he said.

S HE sat very still. She was looking down into the street and he waited for her to say something. At last she sighed and pressed her hands together.

"I don't know what you should do," she told him in some agitation. "Of course, Cassius, it isn't tonight or tomorrow that you have a decision to make. You made it long ago—you've made it a hundred, a thousand times. Now I don't know whether you have any choice. It's too much to ask me to make it easy for you now—to tell you to vote the way you're told and make you feel all right about it. Or to tell you to vote the way you want to and I'll cover up for you. Is that what you expected?"

"I don't know what I expected," he answered slowly. "I thought you should know."

"Hasn't it ever occurred to you that I might be waiting until the boys were grown—to leave you? I could do it sooner, if it were best for them."

Harridan felt deserted. His eyes filled with tears. But he only said to her, "It's your country, too."

"But I am not a member of Congress," she answered. "The responsibility isn't mine. You must decide it yourself."

Harridan got up and took his coat off.

"I'll shave and wash up and take you out to dinner," he said, and he went into the bathroom. When he came out, she said quietly: "I think I'll go directly back, Cassius. There's a plane at eight that I can catch—unless you are really going to the hospital."

"Not now," he told her. "I'll come home and go to the hospital when we get through here." He didn't know what to say to her.

She said, "If you decide to go ahead with this—I can see to it that the boys receive no pictures sent to them. But what they see in the papers I can't stop. But, perhaps, the papers wouldn't print them, even if they got them. After all—"

"Perhaps not," he said. He wanted to take her to some nice restaurant. Unaccountably he wanted to be seen with her. She looked so clean, so unquestionably a man's own wife. But she was anxious only to get away from him, he saw. And he saw that she would not commit herself or advise him. After all, he thought bitterly, he had supported her for twenty years. She had not refused to wear his name, to accept the money he sent her. He was indignant. Yet he was helpless, for she was already gone away from him.

They had a hurried sandwich in the coffee shop and rode to the airport in a taxi and he put her on the plane and stooped, with some malice, and kissed her cheek before he left her. But it was a meaningless gesture. He could not help wishing that she had urged him to do what his common sense commanded. He wished she had wept a little, made a

scene, even forced a quarrel with him. Yesterday he had Alma here and Mary at home. Today he had no one. He went into the bar when he got back to the hotel and quietly and purposefully got very drunk.

He wakened at about eight in the morning feeling like death itself. He could hardly drag himself out of bed, but he stood under the cold shower, shaved with special care and dressed himself as for an occasion. He went into the bar for a short drink and then breakfasted well and leisurely.

Thoughts came up in his mind—he could still save everything. He could vote no, stay in Washington until Mary had cooled down a little, go home and demand his rights as a husband, or represent himself as a reformed man who wanted to make things up. He was clever and she wasn't. He could still salvage almost everything. Perhaps when he came back to Washington, next term, he would bring her with him. She would probably come if he insisted. She might be very useful to him, might make more permanent or more desirable friends.

But under all this top process of thought the thin anger burned in him. It burned steadily. He knew that much she had said was just and true. And she thought and Kenneth thought and Alma thought that he had no choice to make. They were all calmly waiting for him to be sensible.

He stopped on his way to the House

and had another drink. He took his seat and sat with his hand shading his eyes and listened.

The session dragged on and on and it began to look as though the vote would be postponed. Harridan heard nothing. He was scarcely thinking. He was drifting on some inner current in his mind. He was again a boy at home with his mother and father. He was playing games in school, he was going to college, into the Army, back into the law. He was married and living in a six-room frame house. He was running for Congress.

He and his generation and the generation before them—and the generation before that—never, in old times or new, never had there been a world like the world they had lived in. Never had there been a land like theirs. What if his sons lost him—and had their country left? He thought of politicians in other lands and their sons. Suddenly he realized that the roll was being called and he heard his name. He rose and stood at his desk.

"Aye!" he said in a loud, clear voice, and sat down again.

He would never see any of them again. He would never sit in this assembly again. But he didn't care. He was proud, proud, and tears of pride were in his eyes. He only wished that he could get away, out in the country somewhere. He was going all to pieces. He wanted only to get somewhere where he could kneel down and kiss the ground.

Catching Hit-Runs

Continued from page 19

accident on following days, at the same time the accident occurred. This gives good results because many people do the same thing at a particular time of day.

Two girls were walking along a country highway early in the morning. Both were struck and killed by a driver who failed to stop. The case proved to be an exceedingly unpromising one, without any good clues. So the officers returned to the scene the following morning. Presently the delivery wagon of a bakery came along. The driver said he had seen the girls on the highway the day before and had read about the accident in the papers. He said he had been passed by a man in a new car going sixty or seventy miles an hour, only a few minutes after the accident. His description of the speeding car enabled the officers to solve the case.

Where There's Never a Motive

A device known as a spectroscope is an interesting new part of hit-run detectives' equipment. Almost infinitesimal particles of paint or dirt, left by the car on its victim at the moment of impact, will in the spectroscope show certain definite patterns. Scrapings of paint or dirt taken from the car itself later on may enable officers to make an absolute identification. In the same way traces of blood or threads from the victim's clothing, sometimes remaining even after the car has been washed, can be positively identified.

Even after a hit-run car has been located a lot of work remains to be done. Hit-run crimes differ from ordinary killings in that there is never any motive. Officers have to be able to show conclusive evidence that their suspect is guilty.

A motorist struck a boy riding a bicycle on a lonely road. The boy was killed. The bicycle was jammed under the front axle of the car and pushed along the road. The driver had to get

out and pull it from under the car before proceeding. Good detective work enabled officers to locate the suspected car, from which all evidence of the accident had been removed by the time it was found. The driver denied having hit anyone, and there were no witnesses. But the officers took his fingerprints and convicted him. They had been found on the frame of the bicycle.

Despite the difficulty of overcoming the "no motive" factor, hit-run detectives are usually able, through hard work, to get convictions on nine out of ten of the cases they take to court.

Accident records of 21 states show that in 1939 there were in the whole country about 1,450 fatal hit-run accidents. Besides these, offending drivers tried to skip out in more than 20,000 injury cases, and nearly 300,000 damage-only accidents.

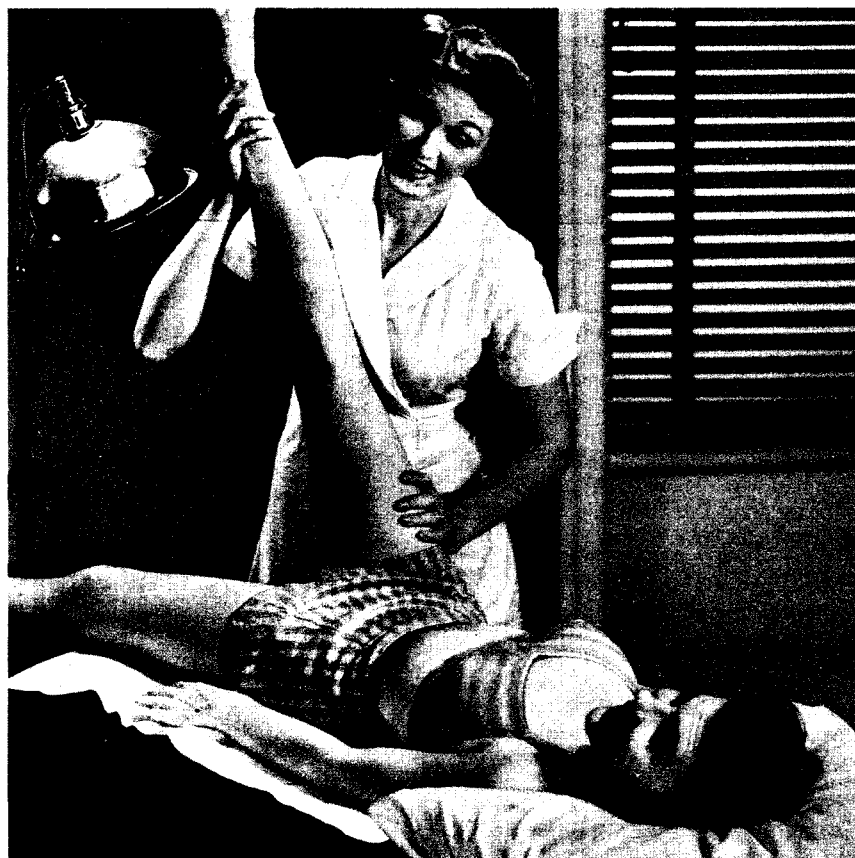
The cases successfully cracked are mounting steadily. Lumping together Dayton, Knoxville, Miami, Louisville, Detroit, and Greenwich, Connecticut, 4,186 serious-accident hit-skippers out of 5,499 were caught in 1939—better than three out of four. Dallas, Texas, caught 89 per cent. South Bend, Indiana, 91 per cent. Evanston, Illinois, caught 94 per cent.

Dayton, Ohio, recorded 135 hit-run cases in 1939, including property damage and personal injury; 134 of the offending drivers were caught. Detroit's system of accident detection, set up by Franklin Kreml, head of the Safety Division of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, started operations in September, 1937. During the next three years Detroit caught 9,031 hit-runners, big and little, out of 12,018—or 75 per cent. States and cities that have been casual heretofore are beginning to sit up and take notice of such records. The public, too, is beginning to get wise. With detections secured by the new method, road cops multiplying, drivers are learning to think twice before leaving the scene of an accident.

You'll like yeast



this new way



MISS HOUSTON: You're certainly lively and good-humored today, Mrs. Hughes. Been eating yeast again?

MRS. HUGHES: No...drinking Fleischmann's Yeast in tomato juice! Best drink I ever tasted!



MISS HOUSTON: Now, isn't that strange! I was thinking just the other day how much better I felt when I was eating yeast. But I never learned to like it.

MRS. HUGHES: Well, my dear Miss Iron-Fingers, you'll like it now! In tomato juice, it has the flavor of oven-fresh bread. You can stay with it for years...just as I intend to do.



MISS HOUSTON: You know, I never doubted the authorities when they said "yeast is one of the richest natural sources of the amazing vitamin B complex." And I can use a lot of extra vitamins...in my job!

MRS. HUGHES: But maybe you aren't getting enough of these vitamins. Start drinking yeast first thing in the morning, last thing at night...See if you aren't fresher at five o'clock. I'll even make you a little bet!



MASH... Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.



STIR... Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and...



DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too...whole business takes less than a minute!



**Fleischmann's
Fresh Yeast**

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DRINK IT... TO YOUR HEALTH!

Home-Maid Ski Champ

Continued from page 22

Well, she finished. She didn't win, but she finished, the only woman—oh, all right, girl—to go the whole way without falling. She whipped through that final slope of the course that slants at 37 degrees and had trapped the best of them, male and female, so far. Mrs. Grace Carter Lindley, an old-timer in ski competition, beat out the Shaw girl by three fifths of a second. Ski racing is against the stop watch and the results were: Mrs. Lindley 4:10.6, Miss Shaw 4:11.2. Three women didn't finish and Rettles de Cosson, the British star, suffered a brain concussion in a fall. That's just in case you still believe that skiing isn't tough and that the Baldy Mountain course isn't one of the most difficult tests of a skier's skill in the world.

That was a blow, of course, to be a mere second in the important straight-away downhill run. But Marilyn still had a chance. There was the slalom race, a run down between flags staggered at difficult angles. The Combined Ski Championship is awarded for the best performance in both events which together form the supreme test of skiing ability.

The slalom score is compiled after two runs. In the first run, Marilyn was second again. Marion McKean, the professional from Beverly Farms, Massachusetts, was first with Marilyn 4.6 seconds behind her. Everything depended on the second run, for neither Mrs. Lindley, the downhill winner, nor Miss McKean had combined scores which, at the moment, bettered Marilyn's.

Fourth After a Fall

Halfway down the final test Marilyn fell as she attempted to execute an almost impossible angle in the slalom. She went down in a splatter of snow. For one anguished moment she lay there, a pile of parka, girl and skis, and then she was up and away again. Tears froze on her eyelashes. But she finished up-right and going away. She was fourth.

The officials went into a huddle with their data on times and form. Before the participants had reached warm fires and steaming cups of tea, the officials had announced, in a matter-of-fact way that somehow didn't fit the drama of the situation, that Miss Marilyn Shaw was the new American Woman's Open Combined Ski Champion, a title that carried with it the amateur championship as well.

The Kitzbuehlers and the St. Moritzers were surprised, and slightly confused. Miss Shaw had won neither of the single races. But she had 33 points more than Gerda Paumgarten, the Austrian star runner-up. Consistency and all-round ability had paid off. Mrs. Lindley, who had won the downhill, was thirteenth and last in the slalom and Nancy Reynolds, who had won the zig-zag race, hadn't finished the downhill. Marilyn's second in the difficult downward plunge and her heartbreaking fourth in the wild slalom test combined to give her enough points to win the championship.

And it was more than a triumph of youth and determination over experience and skill. It was an American victory. Marilyn was the first female in the history of the sport in this country to win the event without foreign training at smart spots like St. Moritz. Marilyn learned her skiing the hard way, mostly, on the slopes of the hills about her home town. And except for some expert tutoring for a couple of weeks by a hired ski master, Marilyn got most of her stuff from her mother.

The story of Marilyn Shaw is the story of a whole family of Shaws and of the town of Stowe, Vermont, too. The Shaws are old stock in Stowe and skiin' fools—with the exception of Pop who's too busy selling skis, ladies' house dresses, groceries and hardware.

And Stowe has been ski crazy ever since it found out, about six years ago, that it's one of the best snow holes in the United States. A sleepy little town of 982 citizens, it lies sunk in the valley between the Worcester Range of the Green Mountains and Mount Mansfield. Snow buries its quiet streets from November to May.

The skiing Shaws—Mother, who's been married eighteen years, Marilyn, now sixteen, Barbara, fifteen, Ann, nine, and Gale, Jr., seven—all grew up on skis. It was in the winter of 1935 that

a racer, mind you, but graceful. Marilyn and Barbara were like the mother, but how good I could not tell."

It was in March, 1938, after the second winter of lessons for the Shaws, that the Men's and Women's National Downhill and Slalom championships were held at Stowe, on the Nose Dive Trail on Mount Mansfield. Marilyn had never even skied the Nose Dive, precipitous and infamous down-mountain drop that falls 2,000 feet in a mile and a third, but it was Mother Shaw's idea that she could do it and do it well and so she went to Ruschp.

"When she say she want Marilyn to go into Women's Nationals on Nose Dive," he explains, "I think she is crazy, but I say, 'If you want, we see.'"

He asked Marilyn if she wanted to try it. Of course she wanted to try it.

As Marilyn tells it, "All I saw were trees and snow and I fell and fell," but she finished twelfth in the field of twenty-seven in her first real race—a national championship. The Women's National Slalom was held the next day and Marilyn finished eleventh.

That was enough for Sepp Ruschp and the Shaws. They decided Marilyn should have some real training, as Sepp was too busy with his classes, and so the following January little Marilyn, now 14, who had never been west of Albany and who had never traveled alone, was sent out to Sun Valley to train, and to try for the United States Women's Ski Team.

After two months of training with the rest of the girls—some of whom were almost twice her age—they all went out to Mount Hood for two days of trials. On the first day the little blond-haired kid was fourth in the slalom but the next day there was a fog over the cone of Hood and as Marilyn tore straight down its perilous side she lost her balance and headed into the snow. It was ten minutes before they revived her.

Honor from the Home Folks

That night the telephone rang in a white house on the corner of Main and Park—just a couple of doors from the general store—in the town of Stowe and there was fear and worry in the village until a week later Marilyn arrived. She brought with her a diploma stating she had made the U. S. Women's Ski Team on her showing in the slalom alone. The competition in Norway for the next year was called off because of the war. The diploma just hangs on the parlor wall.

During the summer the girl's days were filled with swimming and tennis and horseback riding and practicing piano and helping Pop in the store. There was studying to be done, too, to make up the schoolwork missed during the winter out West and to keep up an A average. Marilyn wants to go to Smith College and later to become an interior decorator.

Her first appearance in competition was in the Mont Tremblant Giant Slalom on the Flying Mile. The Canadian Women's Team was entered, along with most of the American, including Betty Woolsey, the National Combined Champion. Marilyn won that. Then she won the New Hampshire State Slalom at Plymouth. She took the combined slalom and downhill races for the Kate Smith Trophy at Lake Placid, beating Marian Miller, Canadian champ—and then went to Sun Valley for the Nationals.

Stowe doesn't have a railroad station and so most of the townsfolk had to go down to Waterbury that day to see her off.

They were down there again, too, to see her when she returned—the National Women's Open Combined Ski Champion. They had the parish house of the Community Church decorated and that night there was a welcome-home dinner. The ladies' auxiliary brought the roast beef and the apple pies. The postmaster's wife and the girl from the bank waited on table.

One of the speakers that night was Marilyn.

"The only reason I won," said Marilyn, now acknowledged the best American woman skier, "was because Marian McKean broke a binding and Nancy Reynolds fell and so did Gerda Paumgarten and so there was nobody else left but me. You see, that's really why I won."



Mother, leaving the two babies at home, took her two daughters, Marilyn and Barbara, up on the Toll Road, the novice trail down the east side of Mount Mansfield, for the first time. She was determined to teach them to ski well.

Mother wasn't too good herself. She had been busy with babies and the home most of her life. But she could still get about. The children had plodded about on boards of one sort or another since they were tots. They helped one another up and down the Toll Road about three or four afternoons every week.

In 1936, there was some excitement in the town of Stowe because the lodge at Smuggler's Notch, away up on Mount Mansfield, had hired a real Austrian ski instructor. He was Sepp Ruschp. One day that winter Mother Shaw decided she'd bundle up her whole brood and they'd all go see this Mr. Ruschp, too.

"The first time I see that family," says Sepp Ruschp now, "I know they are remarkable. That Mrs. Shaw, I knew she would make the perfect skier. Not

"When we get to top and turn around," he says, "I say in joke, 'How you like to run it, straight?' 'Sure,' says Marilyn and so down I start. Not once do I stop or look after me and when I get to bottom there is Marilyn right behind."

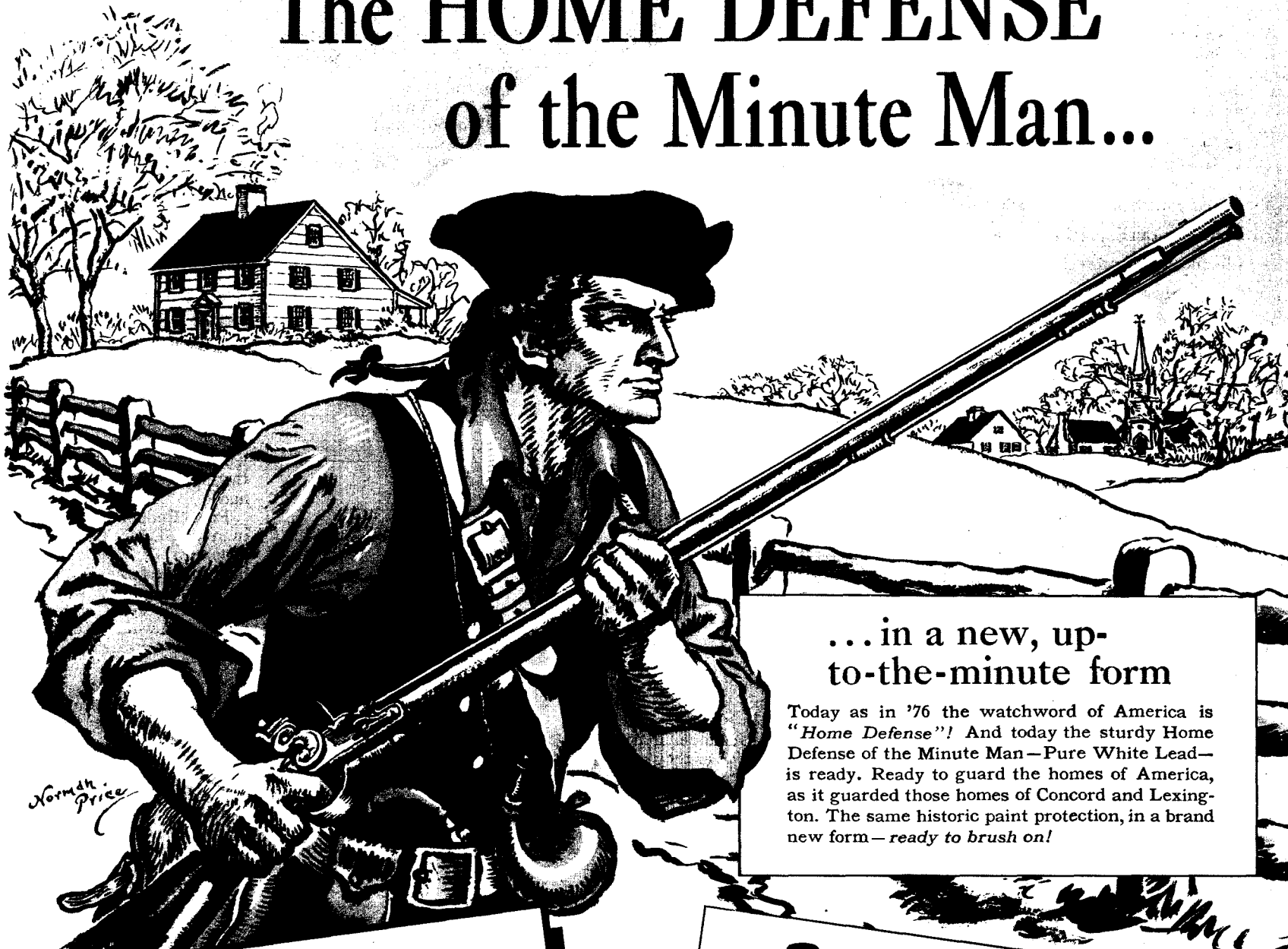
"I am surprised," he adds, "but then I know she be good skier."

Ruschp, realizing this girl had the daring as well as the ability it takes to make a racer, trained with her steadily for two weeks—and when the day of the Women's Nationals finally came, on April 9, Marilyn was ready. She was so calm she fell asleep while awaiting her turn in the stone warming hut on the top of the mountain.

"I knew I didn't have a chance," she explains, "and besides I was tired."

Marilyn was only thirteen then. It was snowing so hard that day you could barely see a tree in front of your face and there was a wind-blown icy crust over the snow which made the going particularly treacherous.

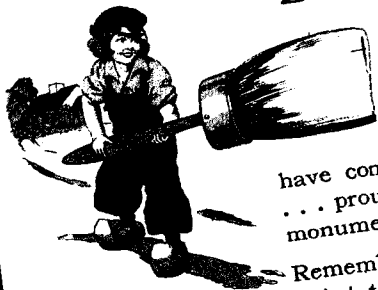
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Moonlight and Onion

Continued from page 24

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get it back right now, if he wanted, but he isn't going to be around to want, if we don't nab him fast. It's all your fault," I say, letting her have it, although, doggone, she does look pretty cute hustling along like this, catching her breath. Her eyes are so round. I guess that's it. But I am firm.

"You can't make a silken Percy out of a pickled onion," I say, "and that's what you tried to do to the Redhead, only it wouldn't work, moonlight and onion don't mix."

"But I didn't," she says. "I really didn't. You don't understand. Do you think I married him," she says, "to settle down and play the Moonlight Sonata all my life?"

"What else for?" I say.

"For his funny old hat," she says. "The one he wore the day I met him. That outrageous, funny old hat. And those dear, baggy trousers. I fell in love with them at sight."

"Well," I say. "Well, well."

"Do you think I couldn't have had a million men with derbies?" she says. "I married Jeremiah T. Rannigan, III, not a bow tie with handkerchief to match!"

"Well," I repeat. "Well, well, well." So the Rannigan went and glamorized himself with the mistaken idea his Angel would want him that way.

"That's when he walked out," she says. "I tried to explain to him how he had changed and how I wished he hadn't and how I thought his stories in the paper weren't quite so good as they used to be, except that one this morning. I guess the shock was too sudden. He didn't say anything, but he went out early and I knew something was wrong."

"Well," I say. All I can seem to get out of my mouth is "well," but I'm thinking this date will probably go down as the great mistake of all history, the Rannigan retreat from everything he holds near and dear. He's really a sensitive guy like Angel says. We better grab him quick before the exodus is complete.

BUT the Redhead is not at Emil's Hospitality Bar and Grill. He's been to Emil's and gone. The Redhead's pipe is on the bar at approximately the spot where Emil says the Redhead was standing for some of the quickest quick ones Emil has ever seen vanish.

We hasten around the block and storm the Blue Eagle Tavern.

"Hello," says the barkeep. "Who do you think was here? Your old pal, the Redhead. Hadn't seen him for three weeks. He's looking fine."

"Which way did he go?" I say.

"Started out the door north," says the barkeep, "veered slightly south-south-east, turned around twice at a forty-five degree angle and struck due west toward Dillfoyle's."

There are no customers in Dillfoyle's when we arrive but there is a derby on the hatrack. It has a big hole in the top of it. Midge, the barkeep in Dillfoyle's, is looking glum.

"That Redhead!" he says. "Bets me ten bucks he can kick a field goal with his derby onto the hatrack in three tries. I'm a sucker. I bet him. He does it, second kick!"

At the Hofbrau they have not seen the Redhead but they have heard him go by. At Keelan's a bum is wearing a checkered sports coat and a big bow tie with a handkerchief to match. He is a little dazed.

"This fellow give me the outfit for a keepsake," says the bum. "Account of we have much in common. I'm from

Spokane, Washington, and he is on his way to Arizona."

The cop on the Four Corners says he heard a noise like "Yippee!" and then a sound like "Wahoo!" and that's all he knows.

The trail grows faint at the Florida Club. We lose it altogether at Paddy's Place and backtrack to The Ranchero. This is a chile spot run by a Bronx Mexican named Sam Goldstein and all decorated up with sombreros and saddles and ropes. But one sombrero, one saddle and one rope are not on the wall where they used to be. The Redhead has bought them.

"He's going into the cowboy business," says Sam. "I hate to part with them trophies but for an old friend like



"If your friend is all you
say, George, I think I can
get a friend . . . for you!"

KIRK STILES

Rannigan, all right. He says he'll send me the money from Phoenix."

"Oh!" says Angel. "Oh, oh!" And I see now how perhaps a person, even of the Redhead's type, can get tangled in the apron strings if he's not careful. You don't know what a pretty word Oh can be if you never heard Angel oh it. It gives me the extra push I need because this man hunt is getting me winded.

WE HOP a cab and hit for a drinkery where I know them to have the best public piano in these parts. It's a little piano you can shove around on wheels. They bought it brand-new after the night the Redhead did The Last Roundup on the other one, working in a variation by playing bass with the heel and toe of his right shoe.

But at this place they have seen the Redhead coming from afar off and have hid the piano in the ladies' room, and the Redhead has fared forth again.

I am running out of places to search. If only the Redhead would get himself arrested before he does anything drastic!

We climb back in the cab and reconnoiter, and the cabbie takes it all in and says, "A big wild westerner? I had him right in this cab. Yeah. A big redhead with a ten-gallon hat and a lasso and a saddle. He says he's looking for his horse that got away when the Indians came. He says he's headed for the last roundup. I take him to the railroad station. That's the last I see of him."

"The station?" I say. "Jeepers!" I should have gone to the station in the first place. And I am so alarmed I do not even register surprise when I hear Angel, who says, "Creepers!"

And at the station the information booth tells us a person in sombrero, saying "Wahoo!" and "Yippee!" asked which way to Arizona. And the train they recommended has left ten minutes ago!

Poor Redhead! Poor Angel! What more can I do? The ticket sellers have changed shift, otherwise I would find out how far west the Redhead was able to buy himself. But what good is that?

Angel does not even say "Oh" anymore. She walks slowly out of the station, gazing straight ahead and faraway in the general direction of Arizona. And I say, "Well, Angel, personally, I feel the need of a drink. Would you care for a lemon phosphate?"

"Thank you," she says. "Yes, I would. With a rye on the side, please," she says.

WELL, it's not a bad medicine at that, with lemon. I have three, myself, before taking her home to the little love nest. I feel that I need that many to do the job, and when we get to the apartment house I see I could have used at least three more, because this is a moment which is going to be mighty tough on Angel with nobody there to greet her but the catary bird. And I hate to see a woman go to pieces.

Memories are hard to handle sometimes. Like right now, as we go up in the elevator, I am thinking of those old days with the Redhead. I can hear him at the keyboard the way only he could do The Last Roundup, getting the trumpet effect on one side of his mouth, tuba on the other, humming banjo through his nose and drumming with his feet. And me clicking my teeth for the trotting horses.

I can hear that old medley yet as we ride up in the elevator, and the higher we ride the louder it gets, and when we step off the elevator we are in a crowd, including the apartment-house superintendent, and an officer of the law, and a number of neighbors who look as if they'd make good hands at a lynching party.

They are swarming around the door of the Rannigan love nest upon which the officer of the law is beating from time to time with his fist and shouting, "Open up!" And the superintendent spies Angel and says, "Mrs. Rannigan, for goodness' sake, will you kindly get in there and put a stop to this! Your husband is locked in there with a whole cowboy band and won't come out. They have been playing The Last Roundup over and over again all night."

So, I guess, after all, there is room in every little love nest for both moonlight and onion, in the proper proportions, and I say to Angel, with gusto, "Yippee!"

And while the superintendent tears his hair, Angel says, sweetly, "Wah-hooooo!"

It'd Better Be Good, Donito

Continued from page 17

made Cavallero's rival his own assistant Chief of Staff. Badoglio, recognizing Cavallero's aptitude for office management, promoted him to head the Operations Office of the High Command. At that stage Badoglio was a general and Cavallero a colonel.

Up to that point the military career of Ugo Cavallero is easily traced. Thereafter, while the record of Badoglio emerges as that of the first soldier of Italy and of a man who formed the bridge that spanned the gulf between Fascist Italy and the old Italy of the patriots who created it, the career of Cavallero is blurred in politics and scandal and propaganda.

For twenty-two years, for instance, Italians have lived under the belief that it was Badoglio who conceived and executed the brilliant plan that won for the Italians the battle of Vittorio Veneto on November 5, 1918. The Austrians were knocked out of the war and the victory, atoning in part for the Caporetto rout, hastened the general armistice of November 11th.

Italians now are told, however, that it was Cavallero, not Badoglio, who drafted the "revolutionary" battle plans for Vittorio Veneto. This is to justify Cavallero's selection as the new Chief of Staff at that critical point in the history of Fascism last December when Mussolini decided to burn behind him the bridge that linked his regime to the House of Savoy and the old Italy believed in by all but the youths raised under Fascism and the converts of the past eighteen years.

Cavallero's last service as a soldier to non-Fascist Italy came at the end of the first World War when he served as head of the Italian Military Commission at the Versailles Peace Conference. To give him standing, he was made a brigadier general and although, in his late thirties, he was Italy's youngest *generale di brigata*, Badoglio was one

rank higher—a division general. In 1922, Cavallero retired on a fat pension and became plant manager for Ansaldo, the Italian equivalent of the Ford Motor Company.

Until 1925, when on January 3d Mussolini stood before a flaccid Chamber of Deputies and made a speech proscribing all political opposition parties and Fascistizing Italy by abolishing free elections and taking over the press, Cavallero remained that for which he was best suited—a businessman. Cavallero looks less like a general than any soldier in Italy. He is short, inclined to fatness and has the pink complexion of a man who spends much time in Turkish baths and on the masseur's table. He wears a pince-nez on a handsome, aristocratic nose and has a thick mane of gray-streaked black hair. He is pompously professional in appearance but amiable, talkative. He tells a good smoking-room story and is, unlike most other men of the regular army, a good mixer and a familiar figure in the smart night spots and supper clubs of Milan, Turin, Genoa and Rome.

The Welcome Convert

Cavallero was one of the loudest applauders of the Mussolini dictum that after January 3, 1925, there would be one-man rule in Italy. Fascism, until then a refuge for the rowdy elements of Italian political life, a party composed of Luigi Federzoni's nationalist Blueshirts, Rossoni's skull-cracking Socialist-Syndicalists and Mussolini's own castor-oil and bludgeon boys in black shirts, welcomed the support of respectable names like that of Cavallero. Up to then the only soldier it had been able to convert was Colonel Emilio De Bono.

Mussolini rewarded Cavallero by making him Undersecretary for War. Badoglio, who had vainly begged King Victor Emmanuel to be permitted to

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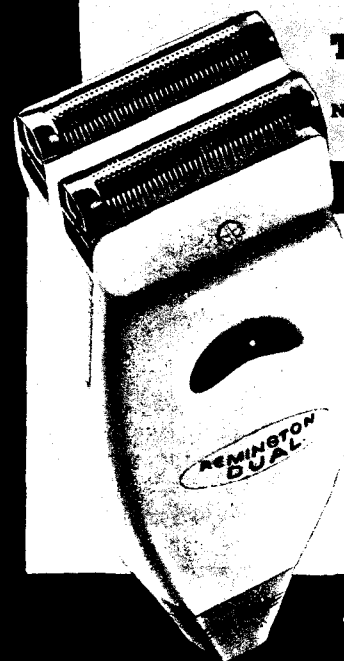
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"Swell instep you got, lady"

WILLIAM STEIG

"disperse the Blackshirt rabble" with a few machine guns during the March on Rome, was "exiled" as ambassador to the United States.

Cavallero's appointment in Mussolini's cabinet came as Fascism emerged from the wave of national and international indignation generated by the murder on June 10, 1924, of the liberal Giacomo Matteotti. Accused of the murder were three or four ultra-Fascists. Their defense attorney was a young Blackshirt named Roberto Farinacci.

Farinacci physically symbolized Fascism. He was its scourge. In the province of Cremona, where he edited a newspaper, it was Farinacci who led the Squadristi dispensers of castor-oil and beatings. His career was written in blood and violence.

Mussolini made Farinacci Secretary of the Fascist party, in the internal politics of the regime the most important job next to that of Il Duce. As counsel for the Matteotti murderers, Farinacci won an acquittal. As chief of the party, the smooth-faced Farinacci with the round, black eyes and slick, black hair and the physical vigor of ten men became a one-man *Cheka*.

Both Cavallero and Farinacci were scrapped by Mussolini—Cavallero in 1928, after three undistinguished years as Undersecretary for War, during which his principal job was to organize the personal army of Il Duce, the Blackshirt Militia, and integrate it into the aristocratic regular army; and Farinacci in 1926, when Mussolini eschewed violence until the gains made in regimenting the nation were consolidated.

Before this peaceful stage began, Mussolini made, for a dictator, a grave tactical error. He purged Cavallero and Farinacci—and many others as he did in later years whenever he had to switch policies and, therefore, the men who represented them—but he didn't shoot them as Hitler or Stalin would have done. And today, as Italy faces internal and foreign enemies of Fascism and as Mussolini stands on a podium as shaky as the one which upheld him in 1924-1925, the men he successively scrapped but didn't execute are rising around him and threaten to drag him down. Cavallero and Farinacci are only two. There are others, but these are the most important.

The House that Mussolini built was predicated on the proposition that Il Duce could do no wrong. He had first to inculcate this idea before he could proceed with the regimentation necessary to accomplish such un-Italian projects, for example, as the Rome-Berlin Axis and the anti-Semitic campaign. As a Rome correspondent I covered the Ethiopian War, the Spanish War, the creation of the Axis and the campaign of Germanization of the Italian people. I heard Italians grumble and proceed unwillingly from one to the other and I was there too, when they were obliged to go to war against Britain and France and I know from direct, personal experience that the lack of a will to war was at least proportionate to the faithlessness in Fascism, to the economic internal collapse of a country that had already been at war for five years and to the ravages of a regime that lived on graft.

When Italians were informed in a brief communiqué that Cavallero had been made Chief of the General Staff they spread out their hands, pursed their lips and arched their eyebrows in their national gesture of incredulity. They knew that men like Cavallero, Emilio De Bono, Farinacci, Rossoni, former Undersecretary for Air Valle and a score more Fascists had started as poor men or men of modest means, like Count Volpi di Misurati, and become fabulously rich during the life span of Fascism.

And now Cavallero is Chief of Staff—and Farinacci fumes in his editorials in his now powerful newspaper, *Il Regime Fascista* of Cremona, that Italians have a right to know what happened to 175 billion lire appropriated for the creation of that "invincible army" that was going to smash the British Empire and gain for Italy her "place in the sun." He implies there has been graft. He also implies, in a nation of one-man government, that there is something terribly wrong in view of Blackshirt defeats in Greece and Albania, in Egypt and Libya.

"Italy had a right," Farinacci wrote recently, "to expect readiness and the fullest efficiency (of the armed forces) in their day of the supreme test." He as much as said to Mussolini and his regime that the myth of the superman has been exploded, that Il Duce had failed. Why Farinacci dares be so outspoken is the story of why Fascism in Italy is at the mercy of the man Winston Churchill called the Attila Beyond the Alps—for Farinacci is Adolf Hitler's lawyer at the court of the Blackshirt hierarchy, as Cavallero and other generals and admirals whom Mussolini has advanced to places vacated by his latest bloodless purge are the agents of the Nazi High Command, by conviction or compulsion.

The One-Man Minority

Of Farinacci's almost pathological hatred of Jews, I have personal knowledge. At least a year before Fascism's anti-Semitic campaign began, the Cremona editor, in an interview in the Hotel Bristol in Rome, told me that every Jew in Italy ought to be liquidated and that the only solution to what he called the Jewish problem throughout the world was universal ostracism of all

Jews who survived the pogroms he recommended in all nations. His views were radically different from those of other important Fascists, such as young Foreign Minister Count Galeazzo Ciano, who in February, 1938, issued a statement that in view of the fact that there were only 44,000 Jews in a nation of 44,000,000 people, the race did not constitute a "problem" in Italy.

As a "first-hour" Fascist, Farinacci was accorded a place on the Fascist Grand Council, the highest ruling body in Italy which even has the power to name the successor to King Victor in the event of his death. Farinacci, therefore, was never out of internal Fascist politics. He had a voice, a loud one, too. But he was outvoted and restrained. He was, for many years, a one-man minority.

But as Italo-German relations grew increasingly intimate, following the Ethiopian War, his influence grew. He stood for the same things that characterize Nazism. His emergence as a first citizen of Fascism could be charted by the change in attitude of Blackshirt underlings toward what Farinacci had to say in his editorials. While Italy was not anti-Semitic, he was labeled a hot-head brigand. When it became convenient to play Berlin's game even to the extent of aping Nazism's anti-Semitism, he became a respected citizen.

Rome correspondents soon found the answer to the riddle of Farinacci. As a lawyer Farinacci ranked low. He could not, therefore, have earned in his limited practice the enormous amount of money required to build up *Il Regime Fascista* from a provincial newspaper of inconsequential importance to a powerful organ that ranks now with Mussolini's own *Popolo d'Italia* of Milan. We suspected that the rabidly

pro-German and anti-Jewish *Il Tevere* of Rome was operated from Berlin. Newspapermen who worked on that paper told us frankly whence their orders came. They confirmed for us our suspicions that Farinacci, who suddenly began making frequent trips to Germany and was at various times head of Italo-German cultural missions and otherwise led the movement for Germanization of Italians, was being inspired by the Wilhelmstrasse and the propaganda ministry of Herr Doktor Goebbels.

Farinacci's connection with Berlin became known to every diplomat in Rome. The Italian people, of course, didn't have to be shown any proof. They knew.

It is a fact that German Ambassador von Mackensen broadly hinted to Mussolini in a recent conversation that Berlin would like to see Farinacci become Foreign Minister. It was even suggested to Il Duce that Count Ciano might better serve Italy as Vice-Premier, a job which would be equivalent to kicking Mussolini's son-in-law gloriously upstairs.

A Pair of Fall Guys

The Greek affair was a political as well as a military fiasco. Mussolini needed a whipping boy for Italy's diplomatic as well as military failure. Badoglio was made the goat for the Fascist rout in the Balkans despite the fact that the general had nothing to do with the campaign. Ciano became the fall guy for the political failure as Badoglio was made the military goat.

Mussolini did not take Berlin's hints as to how Ciano should be disposed of. Either that or Ciano had something to say regarding his future. A flier-veteran of the Ethiopian campaign, in which he led a bomber squadron as a captain, he chose active service in this war instead of political oblivion. He is now in command of a bomber unit as a lieutenant colonel on either the Greek or the Libyan front. He is still, nominally, Foreign Minister, but it is obvious he won't be of much service as a Foreign Minister while he's fighting at the front.

Mussolini is now Minister of Foreign Affairs. He holds all the major portfolios of the cabinet. All he has to do to hold a cabinet meeting now is to go into executive session with himself.

Farinacci, too, is in active service. His "activity" is limited, of course. He has only one good arm, his left one. The meanies in Rome say that the right one was blown off by a hand grenade that exploded prematurely in his hand while killing alligators in an Ethiopian stream. The story is probably apocryphal but gives you an idea of the high esteem in which Farinacci is held.

He is too closely linked to influential German friends to be considered "broken" by being sent into active service. Unless he is killed in action or in one of those mysterious airplane crashes that rid Fascism of men like Italo Balbo and General Pellegrini, he remains on the Fascist scene, waiting in the wings while the intramural drama of political succession is being enacted on the main Fascist stage in Rome.

There is a dramatic contrast between the lives of Farinacci and Mussolini. It was Mussolini who led the violent press campaign for Italian intervention in the first World War against Germany and for denunciation of the Triple Alliance that linked Italy to Berlin and Vienna. It has been Farinacci who has led the Italian campaign of insults against Britain and France, and who was from the beginning of war on September 3, 1939, the champion of immediate Italian intervention on Germany's side.

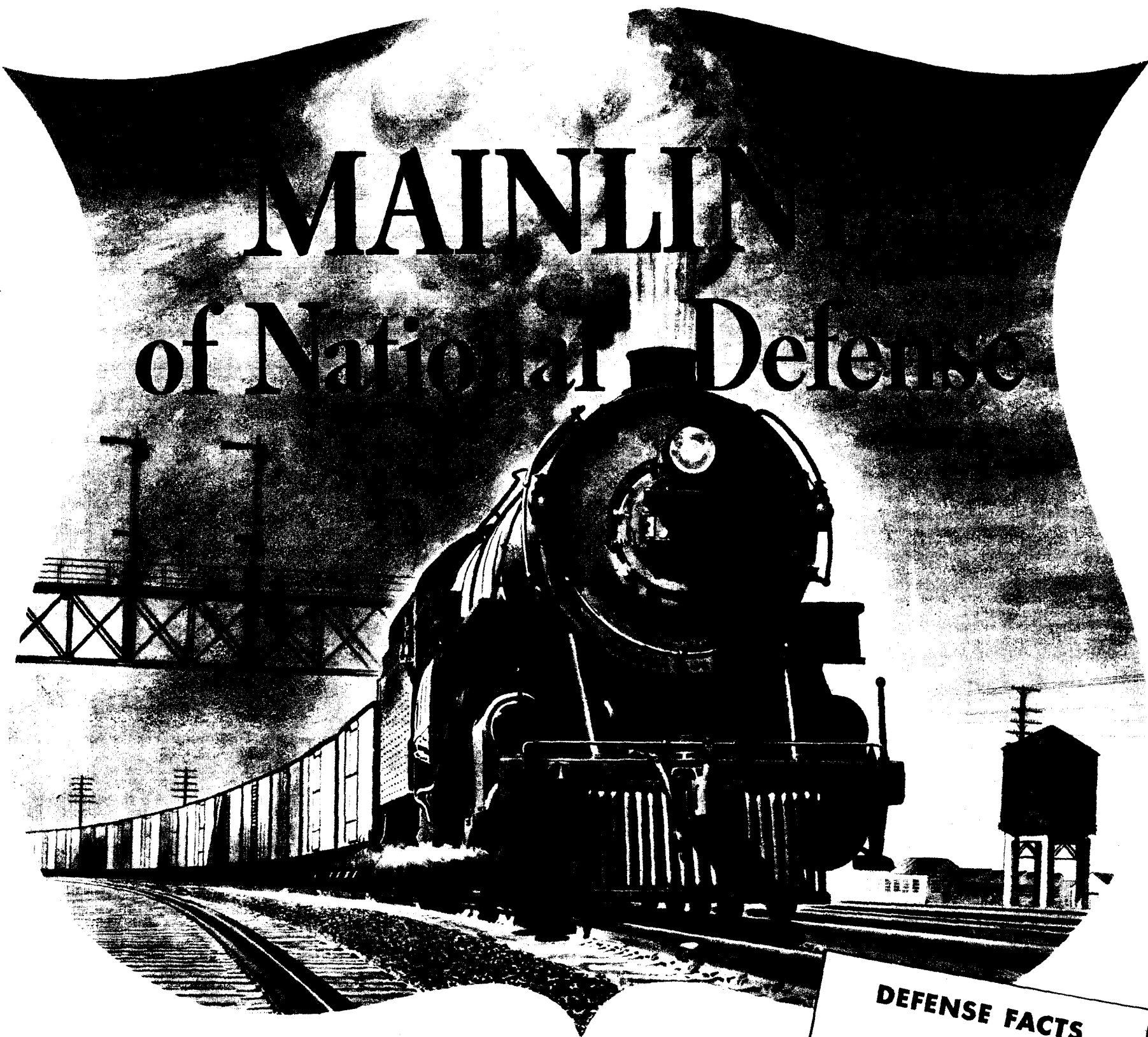
And it is Farinacci who now leads the movement within Fascism for permitting German troops to march down



"You're like a flower, Mildred—a flower miraculously blooming, pink and lovely, in the dank air and unspeakable muck of a dreary world. I—I love you, Mildred. Could I—dare I ask you to be my wife?" . . . "Uh-huh"

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through the Brenner Pass to save the regime. Panzer divisions, legions of German troops, will save the regime, might help overcome the Greeks and might halt the British drive into Libya. But victories gained with the help of Germans wouldn't please 44,000,000 Italians, who for eighteen years have been paying taxes to create an "invincible army."

Diplomats recently returned to America from Italy told us that Mussolini is in a quandary regarding German assistance. He knows, they say, that the presence of the half-million to one million German troops needed to bolster the Italian army might have one of two disastrous effects. They might precipitate a revolution. Italians instinctively hate Germans. The presence of Germans, on the other hand, would reduce Italy to the status of occupied France, the Latin sister which Italy, split by internal dissension and awake to the fact that grafters plundered the treasury instead of building the promised "invincible army" and air force, so tragically resembles.

Mussolini Decides

Dispatches reaching Collier's from Rome and, therefore, passed by the censor, disclose frankly that Italy has only about three or four months' supplies of food on hand—"adequate unless it must go to help feed Germany"—and that there is grumbling and open protest against mounting prices. The course Mussolini has chosen, according to these dispatches, is to put Fascism itself to the supreme test and to go it alone. That's what they're handing out in Rome and this means that Mussolini, rather than satisfy the claims to the Italian Tyrol and to the Adriatic port of Trieste voiced in Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, has decided to sink or swim with the converts he has won in eighteen years and the youths who were raised in the Fascist theology that Mussolini is always right.

The experts, who are human and, unlike Mussolini, fallible, don't believe he'll make the grade. There is an abundance of evidence to support their belief. As in France, graft long ago was at work in the air ministry and the defense ministries generally in a system whose cornerstone was the dictum that to the victor belong the spoils.

In the military maneuvers of the summer of 1939, Mussolini discovered that airplanes which he reviewed in Milan he saw again in Turin and later in Naples. They were flown ahead of him to convince him the appropriated billions had really been spent on an air force. He knew better. He fired Undersecretary for Air Valle. That sort of thing was not new to Mussolini. Shortly after the Ethiopian War he had been obliged to purge General De Bono when he discovered relatives of the general had made fortunes out of road-building contracts in Ethiopia where, at one time, a bag of cement cost four times as much as an equivalent amount of sugar.

A shock to Italian public opinion, already disturbed by proof that the Blackshirts were being roundly beaten on the Greek and Egyptian fronts, was the appointment of Cavallero who, upon his retirement from public life with the title of Count, the rank of Division General and Senator of the Realm, re-entered the service of the Ansaldo Company as production chief of the Piranni plant. When Cavallero took charge he swept out all the assistants of his predecessor and replaced them with his own relatives and adherents.

In 1931 or early 1932, there occurred one of Italy's major unpublished scandals. Many of Cavallero's aides were arrested, tried and sentenced on charges of graft. Since petty graft is overlooked, their grafting must have been on a

colossal scale, so much so that Cavallero, immune to arrest as a senator, was confined at home for months under house arrest. He demanded a trial but the opportunity of clearing his name was never accorded him.

In 1935 Cavallero, like a good many discarded Fascists, volunteered for service in Ethiopia. He regained the confidence of the inner circle of such Fascists as Farinacci and the pardon of Mussolini. What Italians most counted against Cavallero, however, was the fact that he was chosen to replace Badoglio, a man of unquestioned integrity and military genius, despite the evidence that in the years since 1922 Cavallero had never held a military position except as an executive between 1925 and 1928 and as a commander in an unchallenged march in Africa.

The rising power of Nazi-backed Farinacci, the appointment of Cavallero and the replacement with old-line Fascists of others removed in the latest purge of Fascism suggest that Mussolini is gambling on a last stand with his buddies of a former era. The new Undersecretary of the Navy, replacing Admiral Cavagnari, creator of the fast, modern, lithe Italian fleet is Admiral Arturo Riccardi. He is sixty-two years old, bald, paunchy and tall, with a long, fleshy nose over a close-clipped black mustache. He is also equipped with a protruding chin, but his main asset in replacing Cavagnari, who was broken when Mussolini had to find a scapegoat for the Taranto incident in which British bombers sank or incapacitated three large warships, is that he served for five years as chief of the Navy's Personnel Division.

Mussolini had to replace Cavagnari when he found he couldn't tell Italians, who asked themselves what these three new ships were doing in harbor when there was a British fleet to be fought in Mare Nostrum, that Italy didn't have fuel oil to operate them. Russia was Italy's main oil supplier. Oil from Russia stopped in 1937 at the height of Il Duce's anti-Communist campaign.

The new Naval Chief of Staff is Trigo Campioni, also sixty-two years old. He is boomed as the naval genius of the Ethiopian War. There is no record of any naval engagement with the Ethiopians, who didn't have a fleet. Assistant Chief of Naval Staff is the fifty-one year-old Admiral Angelo Jachino, whose

qualifications for his important post included five years as commander of the Italian Naval Academy and as one of the delegates to the London Naval Conference after serving as Italian Naval Attaché in London. He is a handsome fellow, the navy's Beau Brummel, Teutonic in appearance with graying blond hair and blue eyes. His father's name was Joachim, but the fact that the family was Jewish is overlooked by the anti-Semitic Fascist hierarchy.

Italy Won't Be Surprised

The new Undersecretary for War is General Alfredo Guzzoni—"Conqueror of Albania." The new governor of the menaced Dodecanese Islands, replacing marcher-on-Rome Governor De Vecchi, outspoken critic of Mussolinian policies since 1935, is General Ettore Bastico, a tough, black-haired man of sixty-four whose military career includes Guadalajara.

Bastico was a bitter rival of Badoglio but he, like all the other new men of the regime, is an old-line Fascist who won promotion after promotion for party fealty. Mussolini has demonstrated that he trusts them. But some of them, like Jachino, Guzzoni and Cavallero were named to their new posts because, in addition to having Mussolini's confidence, they were men well liked by the German High Command. Individually none is a danger to Mussolini.

Only one is a menace to Mussolini. He is Farinacci. He might, if he wants power badly enough, form a cabal with the darlings of Nazism already mentioned. He might use the Germans to carry himself to power with the aid of the Cavalleros, the Jachinos and the Guzzonis. All were men that Fascism kept in the background, and the thing that mystifies Italians is that Mussolini should have brought them to the forefront in the moment of the regime's gravest peril since the Matteotti murder.

So far, Farinacci is still, since he holds no office in which he might influence Italian foreign policy, in the background. If he ever steps forward and upward. Italians won't be puzzled any longer. Italians have read William Shakespeare. The Bard said everything there is to say about the character of a Roman politician when he wrote Julius Caesar and the profile therein of a man named Brutus.



The Traitor

Continued from page 12

laughed at the young mistress' joke (she is a push-over for anything verging on the obstetrical) but this day there was something wrong with Dolores and with me.

"I will tell the captain!" she said.

"You—you'll what?"

"The captain will forbid it!"

Nerves must be very tricky little gadgets. I started to speak and found myself suddenly trembling. I knew I had to get out of there without saying anything. I might hurt Dolores cruelly or burst into tears.

I TURNED on my heel and rushed upstairs to my room and locked the door.

Startled, I got myself in hand, and began at once to search for the cause of this abrupt hysteria. I walked to the window and looked out at the Yard. It was almost a reflex. I realized that the tendency to blame all bad nerves on Navy Station, the physical entity itself, had become a mental habit.

Navy Station, there she squatted, in the drizzly rain. My windows looked from the head of Officers' Row across the small parade ground to an old brick house with pea-green painted wooden porch which served as our chief administration building. A cast-off flag-pole, oversize and with a slight sway from true perpendicular, reared into the blank seaward sky. Beyond this, our one crane tilted crazily above the sheds and scaffolding of the drydock. These were painted a garish blue, but the crane was more weirdly colored still, having a coat of what the Navy knows of as red lead.

Possessed of sound nerves and a steady stomach, one could always look at this much of Navy Station without gagging. But our fence always got me. Only admirals and sea gulls know why it was necessary to put up such a fence. Chief Bosun Nardin, my father confessor and an authority on Navy Station, says our fence was rejected by a federal prison for some mild imperfections. (I say it would have driven the convicts to riot.) It was then sold to the simple-minded Construction Corps, who sent it to Navy Station along with the crane, which Pearl Harbor wouldn't take.

All around our Yard that fence runs, eighteen feet high with barbed wire on top of that, and it is painted a bright aluminum so that not even the kindly night can hide it. We are shut in and the rest of mankind is shut out—stupidly, lacking rhyme or reason. The Nepomak River sweeps majestically across Skidroad Flat and pours its tawny torrent into Coot Bay. This stirring process is hidden from us by our fence. So is all but the tiptop rooftrees of Arcadia, a fishing hamlet which we call "the Village." Why? I had long since come to the conclusion that the Navy Department decreed our fence merely because lack of rhyme is the very keynote of Navy Station and lack of reason its chief characteristic.

"Coco Solo ain't so bad," Chief Nardin says, "because a man knows we've got to defend the Canal. Guam ain't so bad. We've got to defend Guam. Recruiting duty in Alaska ain't so bad. The Navy's got to have boots. But Navy Station—it's bad. There ain't any sense to it, Miss Phyllis."

Service tradition maintains that Navy Station was established just prior to the first World War because a certain powerful senator got caught trifling with a gal, by his mother-in-law. To square the old lady, the senator persuaded Congress to buy a defunct shipyard

someone had sold her in what was then part of Arcadia. Another explanation, equally plausible, is that an admiral on the general board, nearsighted but stubborn, stuck a pin in a map an inch too far south. The admiral's parrot is said to have remarked: "That's a damn sight better site for a dam site, damn your eyesight!" (Note: all criticism of admirals is attributed to their parrots.)

I stress this point—physical ugliness coupled with an illogical location which limits Navy Station to near-uselessness—because it leads to another and even more important fact. Navy Station has always been regarded by its officer personnel as a *punishment station*. Officially, there are no punishment stations. But it is what people believe to be true that counts—the imaginative estimate of a place and its conditions. Nor did the bad name of Navy Station start with the group who have served here under my father's command. The very first verse of the Navy Station song, dated long before our time, is proof of that:

*We serve at Navy Station
With freedom's flag unfurled;
In grim exasperation,
And hating all the world.
We didn't have to come here;
We could have gone to hell—
But we're the dumb, damned Navy,
So now we think it's swell!*

I make no apology for this bit of doggerel. (Liar: you'd like to teach it to an admiral's parrot.) I know that good Navy men and women are serving tougher duty tours in worse places than Navy Station, and not getting into scandals, either. It was unintelligent to blame a drizzle, a group of shabby buildings and a fence for my mood. The scene with Roger and my spat with Dolores were not the real cause. I am the sort of rattlebrain who could go on turning down honorable proposals of marriage or fighting with Spanish servant girls indefinitely. No, I was suffering from a subconscious tension which must have been accumulating for weeks, even months.

THE phone rang in the upstairs hall, and I jumped, my heart beating fast. Dolores tapped on the door. "It is the Señora McMatthews."

"Does she know I'm in?"

"Si—but I will lie—"

"No. I'll talk to her!"

I saw that Dolores had been weeping. She grabbed my hand and kissed it. Contrition is unbecoming to Dolores. She is at her best with a dagger flashing in her hand, though, come to think of it, I have never seen her with an actual dagger.

"Pipe down!" I said, snatching my hand away. "You can have my new stockings."

Dolores thanked me and praised the saints, making a beeline for my bureau drawer. I turned to wrestle with demons—i.e., Mrs. McMatthews. She was Navy Station's champion teller of the tale, viewer with alarm and exhorter to duty. Her husband being a senior three-striper in the Construction Corps in charge of all drydock work, Mrs. McMatthews was also a power.

"Yes, Mrs. Mac?"

"Is that maid listening in?"

"Not this morning. She's trying on some new stockings. Quite a thing. Has beautiful legs, you know—"

"Phyllis! I have a very serious matter to discuss."

"Yes?"



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Mr.
Name Mrs.
Miss

Address

"Your father must talk to Commander Sedden."
 "Pop Sedden?"
 "About Bert."
 "Oh . . . Bert . . . what's he done now?"
 "Bert is coming home for a visit—tomorrow."

"Oh . . . I see—"
 "Commander Sedden has told poor Bessie that he won't receive him."

"Bert registered, didn't he?"
 "Yes, but he's going to call himself a conscientious objector. And if he does that there'll be a tragedy. Poor Bessie says the commander has been—you know—again."

"Drinking?"
 "Yes."

"All right," I said, "I'll see what can be done, Mrs. Mac."

"And, Phyllis—that isn't all—"

I listened to the rest of the grief report with a new, faint tingling of fear. Mrs. Briscoe had gone on the warpath and insulted Mrs. Conroy and Mrs. Davis. Ensign Murphy was flirting outrageously with Mrs. Cowles. The women's Committee had found termites in the floor of the cardroom at the Officers' Club and cockroaches in the kitchen. Lieutenant Bob Cowles was broke again and had borrowed some money from Commander McMatthews.

"I'll see what can be done—"
 "Hello, hello . . . and Phyllis—what is the captain going to do with those civilian engineers?"

"What civilian engineers?"
 "The ones who are coming with Lieutenant Roberts."

"Who is Lieutenant Roberts?"

"You'll have to ask your father. It's all very mysterious. They've told Commander McMatthews practically nothing. But I understand Lieutenant Roberts isn't married, so he'll probably want to live in the annex, and if he does that will create a difficult problem, if he expects the same quarters for the civilians—and I would suggest to the captain that he be very firm this time and insist that the civilians room in the village."

"Are they lepers, Mrs. Mac?" I said.

THAT left Mrs. McMatthews spluttering as I said goodbye. But I felt too wretched for politeness. Mrs. Mac's almost daily reports had never been quite like this. The formula was the same: an appeal to Captain Hartney, through me, that people be talked to or action taken. Even the problems presented by Bert Sedden, Mrs. Briscoe, Ensign Murphy, Mrs. Cowles and her husband had been touched upon many times before. But they had lain dormant and static in Mrs. Mac's ceaseless gossip; and I had always said to myself: "We will sit tight on the lid and nothing will happen." Now, I was not so sure. I had detected a new tone of real anxiety in Mrs. Mac's jabber.

Dolores spoke at my elbow. "Is trouble?" she asked.

"No, no," I said, "nothing like that. Where's my raincoat? I've got to go over to Mom Sedden's—for a few minutes."

I found the coat myself and hurried out of the house before Dolores could ask any more questions.

The rain was cold and the skimpy grass of the parade ground had been beaten flat. Brown water oozed up in every footprint. The yard was deserted, except for some workmen in dungarees loading a truck at the other end.

Head down, I plodded toward the Seddens' house. I was thinking of my mother, who died in Honolulu when I was fifteen. She had left me a job to do and I was a very poor substitute. My mother had been a diplomat and a peacemaker, a woman of infinite patience and true courage. It is the commanding officer's wife who keeps a

happy ship and a serene station, if she has genius and character and sweetness of soul.

Mom Sedden opened the door. "Good gracious, you'll catch your death," she said. "Are your feet wet?"

"Yes'm . . . a little," I said.
 "Come right in to the fire. Pop's down sick in bed with it."

She led me into her simply furnished little parlor.

"I have a wonderful surprise!" Mom said. "Don't tell me you've heard it?"

"No. What?" I lied.

"Bert's coming! Tomorrow!"

"Swell. How long has it been, Mom?"

"A year and seven months. The poor boy missed his vacation last summer, you know. Kick off those shoes, dear. I'm going to get you some hot tea. I'm quite fluttery and excited—just think . . . Bert—"

She bustled out the door. She did not go toward the kitchen, though, but upstairs, stealthily. There had been sounds of footsteps up there. My heart ached for Mom as I tried not to listen to a murmur of voices. So Bert is coming back, I thought angrily, so that young punk has condescended to make Pop and Mom a visit. The sweet, prodigal son—who has turned Mom's hair white before her time and is doing his best to

Phyllis, that's me.) "I'll kid Bert out of it. You let me handle Bert."

"You think it's only a notion?"

"Of course!"

"That's what I tell his father, but—"

"You folks just sit tight," I said. "I can handle Bert."

I left Mom Sedden, after a good talk over the teacups, feeling much better. Mrs. Mac had lied. Pop hadn't started drinking—not yet. Nothing had really happened. I would get to work on Bert as soon as he showed up. It was going to be all right.

THUS, when Mrs. Briscoe hailed me from her front porch, as I set course for my father's office, I walked right over there. Unless I felt in first-class fighting trim, I always hurried past Mrs. Briscoe's. She was the wife of Lieutenant Briscoe, our one "mustang" officer. A big, dramatic brunette filled with persecution and will-to-power complexes, Mrs. Briscoe had been carrying on a personal war against what she called "those Annapolis stuck-ups" for years and years. The fact that everybody liked her husband—my father being especially fond of him—only made matters worse. Mrs. Briscoe wanted us to like her, too, and we just didn't.

"Oh, I didn't expect you to walk all

I shook my head. "I think you should write a third note of apology—to Mrs. Cowles," I said.

Then I walked rapidly away toward the administration building.

I ran up the steps of "headquarters," half-minded to tell my father on Mrs. Briscoe. Voices coming from Roger's office, immediately to the left of the front door, brought me to a halt:

"You can't bawl me out!"

"I happen to be your superior officer."

"A lucky thing, too!"

"Meaning what?"

"It's all that saves you from getting that pretty face mugged."

"Blah! You're yellow. You haven't any nerve left."

"Sure of that?"

"Quite sure, Jack."

"Okay, pretty boy, here we go," said Ensign Murphy, and started to swing.

"Boys, boys!" I said.

They jumped apart, and Ensign Murphy uncocked his fists. Roger had his hands in his coat pockets and had, apparently, been putting on a mind-over-matter act.

"Sorry, Phyllis," Ensign Murphy said.

He wheeled and walked out of the room. A husky lad, who had played football at the academy, young Mr. Murphy was flushed a murderous red to the roots of his blond hair.

"You should have let him swing at me," Roger said, his words clipped in precise and deliberate malice, "then we'd be rid of him."

"Oh, for Pete's sake!" I burst out. "What's got into everyone in this Yard today? Are we all going haywire? A big help you are, Roger! Just Mummie's little comfort! Now, you get the heck out there and make it up with Jack. You hear me? You make it up with him!"

ROGER looked scared. (It takes a redheaded woman to scare 'em. Blondes and brunettes can gently lead them on the paths of righteousness, but we redheads are the scourge of God.)

"I'll try," he said, "take it easy, hon."

I fled down the hall to my father, my rock and my strength.

He was sitting at his desk in the bare-bones old room, as a yeoman held open the door for me. He stood up and the height and breadth of him shut off the light from the window at his back. My father has size in more than tallness and broad shoulders. Each time I found him here, shut up in a dingy office, I raged against the stupidity of men and institutions. To me, it was like entering a provincial post office and seeing Winston Churchill behind the counter; or finding President Roosevelt sentenced to a bookkeeper's stool in a small-town bank.

"Well, Phyllis!" he said. "You look a mite stormy. About a Force Seven blow, I'd say!"

"I'll settle for three murders," I said. "Can you spare 'em?"

He smiled, his face crinkling into deep lines and furrows. My father is a remarkably handsome man, with a bold, brave nose and a tender mouth and blue eyes of great kindness. He has iron-gray hair and an inch-wide band of silver grows in it from the forehead line in front, like a plume. But I love my father most because my mother was his only sweetheart and will always be.

"I couldn't spare you," he said, hugging me with one arm. "Besides, murder is a Nazi sport and the rest of us ought to let them have it, exclusively."

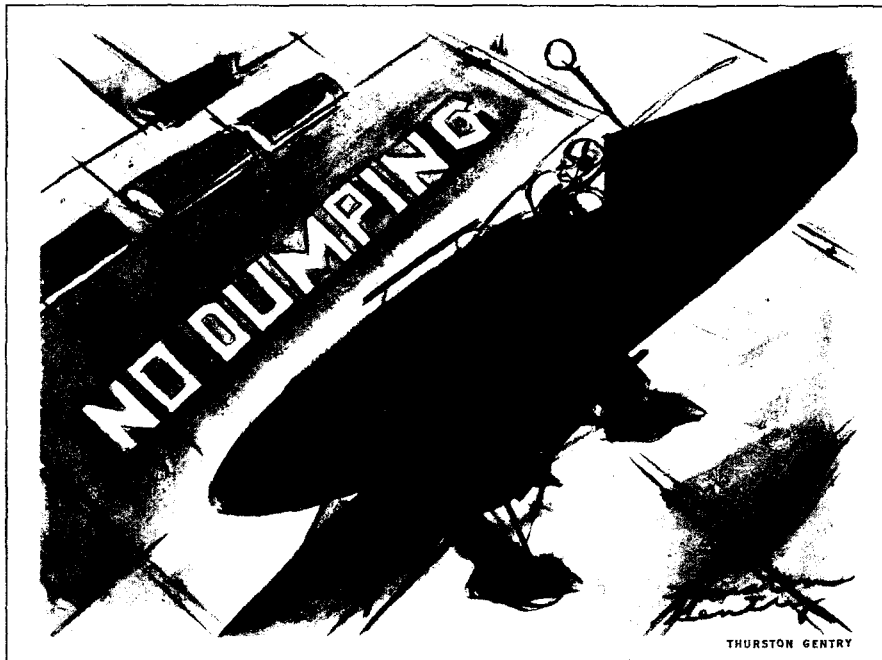
"God bless America," I said. "I'll stick to mayhem."

"Good! Knew I could appeal to your better nature."

"You have a secret! A nice one!"

"What makes you think that?"

"You aren't pacing the floor and you haven't stared out to sea once."



break Pop's heart. A conscientious objector, eh? That will be the pay-off. That will fix things up just dandy—

"Now, then . . . where was I? Oh, your tea—"

"I'll help, Mom."

I followed her into the hall. Then, we both halted. Pop Sedden, fully dressed in uniform blues but without cap or topcoat, was coming down the stairs.

"Oh . . . h-hello, Pop Sedden!" I stammered.

HE DID not answer. He moved like a very old man, stiff-legged, his shoulders hunched. His close-cropped gray mustache twisted. He reached for the knob of the front door, hand shaking pitifully and went outside.

"He-he thought a walk would do him good," Mom said.

I turned and hugged Mom close, and she said, "Bert isn't a bad boy. He isn't. His father just never understood him. He never had any patience with Bert. He's our own, Phyllis. We can't forget that . . . we can't."

"Don't worry, Mom," I said.

"I don't worry . . . it's Pop—"

"I'll fix Bert!" I said.

"Oh, you know about his refusing to—"

"Just pinko bunkum they've taught him at school, Mom," I said. (Fearless

the way across the wet grass, Miss Phyllis," she said. "I only wanted you to stop a moment so I could come over to you."

I let that one whizz by.

"Pete says I've got to apologize."

"For what, Mrs. Briscoe?"

"I told off Mrs. Conroy and Mrs. Davis. I just couldn't take it any more, Miss Phyllis. They got me down. So do I write them or make it verbal? Pete doesn't know, because he didn't go to Annapolis."

"I'd write."

"Do I send it by my butler or mail it?"

"Just mail them, Mrs. Briscoe."

"Thanks. Not that it'll do any good."

"I'm sure it will."

Mrs. Briscoe relaxed momentarily. "You're all right, kid," she said, "but the others—I wouldn't give them the—skip it. I've got to apologize, so I've got to apologize. Thanks."

"Not at all."

"Wait . . . I'll tip you off to something—"

"Yes?"

"There's bad blood between young Murphy and Mr. Cowles. On account of the Missus, see? I'm telling you this because the captain ought to break it up. Jack's the only one of the lot who's been halfway nice to me and Pete. I don't want him to get hurt. See, Miss Phyllis?"

"I feel happy, eh?"

"Yes!"

He chuckled and rummaged in the litter of maps and reports on his desk. He handed me a letter.

It was from Vice-Admiral Latimer in Washington. It said that the Naval War College was making a careful study of Captain Hartney's "strategic analysis." It expressed the admiral's personal gratitude for "an original and daring concept of modern naval warfare."

"A break . . . at last," I said, slowly.

"Looks like it, eh?"

"They're going to forgive you!"

"Perhaps."

"They'll give you your flag!"

"Whoa, now—"

"Yes, they will! Oh, Dad, it's come, it's come!"

"No, just a letter."

"You'll get a battleship division! Then Combat Force. Then you'll be CINCUS!"

My father laughed. "Not a chance of anything like that, Phyllis," he said. "It's quite enough to know that they're

Navy Station and the hope that this fire might provide a little excitement.

It was exciting, all right.

I remember that scene in exact detail. A huge stake-body Service truck was stalled halfway through No. 3 gate. Its cargo was covered with a tarpaulin, lashed tight. Black smoke poured from beneath the tarpaulin and just back of the cab. The lower half of a man was wedged between cab and cargo, the upper half hidden in the tarpaulin and smoke.

Two tough-looking young men stood on the ground beside the truck. Marine Sergeant Maginnis, Chief Bosun Nardin, half a dozen marines, the chemical cart and two score sailors and civilians were grouped around the truck, but at a respectful distance. This distance was widening as Miss Phyllis (She Runs to Fires) Hartney dashed up. The two mugs near the truck were doing all the talking.

"Is she going to blow, Savvy?" one of them asked.

"Better come out of it, Savvy!" the other said.

"Don't be stubborn, Savvy."

"Let's pull him out."

"How about it, Savvy?"

Chief Nardin gripped my arm. "She may explode, Miss Phyllis. Best to get out of here—"

"Okay, you darn' fool, get yourself killed."

THIS casual and calm remark from one of the young men near the truck focused my attention on that poor fellow in the smoke. Only his legs were now visible.

I never could stand suspense. I have to do something about it. Yanking away from Chief Nardin, I walked over to the truck.

"This is silly," I said. "If it's going to blow up, pull him out!"

The mugs looked at each other.

"She says silly!"

"So it's silly!"

"You get the hell away, Sis!"

"Go on, now. Amscray."

"I will not!" I said.

I grabbed hold of a long dangling leg and pulled, saying sharply, "Come out of that! You'll be killed!"

The leg just kicked loose. At this moment, all the men who belonged to Navy Station charged in to rescue the captain's daughter. There was an idiotic hullabaloo, with the marines unlimbering their chemical cart and the two mugs insisting that they mustn't squirt anything into that truck, and me insisting that this fellow Savvy be yanked out of there before he was blown to bits.

Just as the argument reached its peak, Savvy's upper half appeared from the smoke. He leaped to the ground.

"She's going to blow!" someone yelled.

Savvy was coughing and wiping his eyes.

"Is she, Savvy?" one of the mugs asked.

"Nope," he said, after a few slow coughs. "Fire's out."

"How close to the stuff?"

"Pretty close."

"What burned?"

"Just those mats."

"So he would smoke that pipe!"

"And burn my mats!"

Savvy scowled at the two mugs. He looked like a mug himself. He was tall and slim and had a ridiculous crew haircut; he was wearing flannel slacks, a tieless blue denim shirt and a filthy old leather windbreaker.

"Which one of you yanked my leg?"

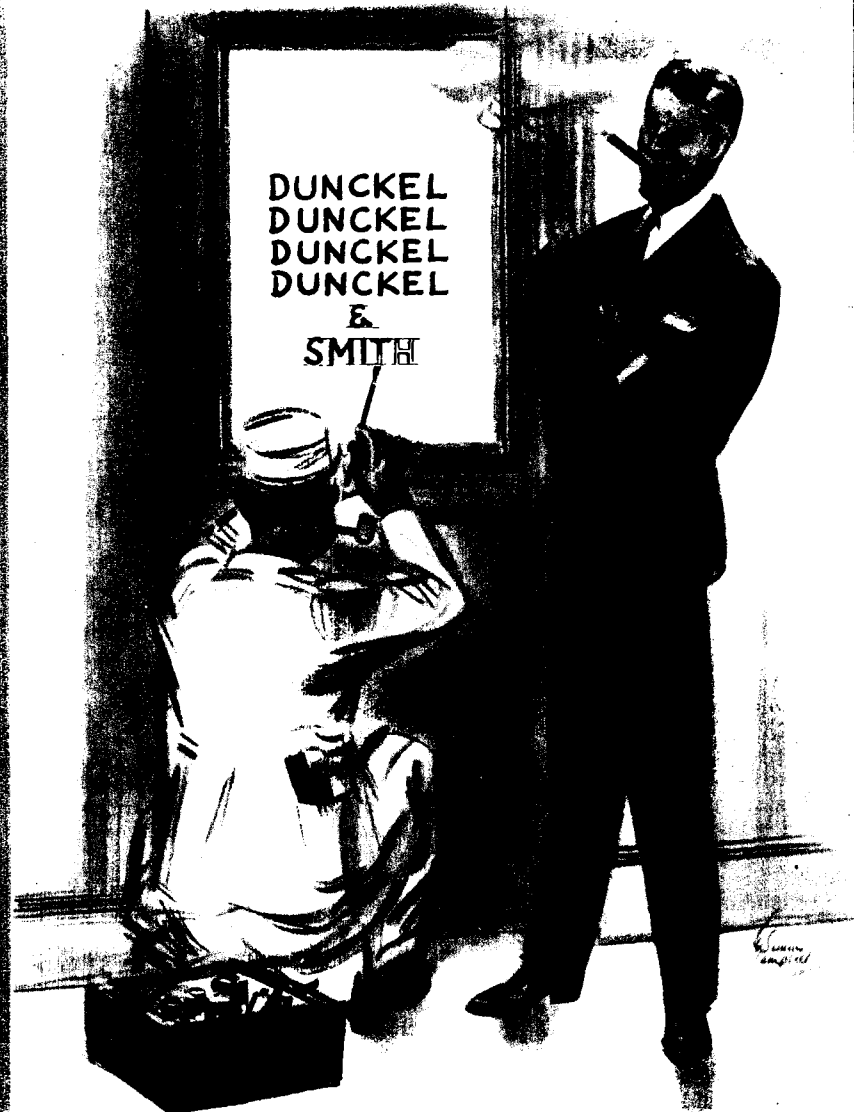
"She did!"

He looked at me, smoke-reddened eyes peering from a spottily blacked face. "Hurt you when I kicked?"

"Oh, no, I—"

"I had my neck stretched over some

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FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 28



Born in Dallas, Texas, Thurston Gentry's first tangible art reward was a German helmet—grand prize in a 1917 Liberty Loan poster contest. Five years at sea as a ship's musician on the Honolulu run preceded art department work on West Coast and Midwest papers. Six years ago our subject moved to Manhattan, sold his first cartoon to Collier's, and is still a contributor (see facing page). Hobbies: Flying, amateur radio, music.

giving me a hearing. All I ever asked or hoped for—"

I jumped up and kissed him, feeling a little weepy. "They can't keep you here!" I said, fiercely. "Not in this wretched jail—they can't!"

"Jail, Phyllis?"

I saw his bewildered frown and said, "I'm sorry. Didn't mean that."

"Why—is there anything wrong at Navy Station?"

"No, no—of course not."

"Just a little social catfighting, eh?"

"Yes—that's it. And the weather!"

LUCKILY for me, all the fire gongs in the Yard went off just then. I saw some marines breaking out the chemical cart.

Joey, the yeoman, rapped on the door and stuck his head in. "Truck on fire at No. 3 gate, sir!"

"I'm going!" I said.

I tore out of there like a grammar-school kid. I had two excellent motives: escape from any further questions about

broken glass grids," he explained. "Got afraid I'd cut my throat."

"Oh, I am sorry—I thought—I didn't know—"

"Okay, Sis."

Savvy turned to Chief Nardin. "I'm Lieutenant Roberts," he said.

Chief Nardin looked amazed, and I've often wondered how I looked.

"Oh, how do you do, sir!" the chief said. "I'm Nardin. This is Sergeant Maginnis."

Lieutenant Roberts shook hands with both of them and introduced them to the two mugs. The two mugs turned out to be a Mr. Prentice and a Mr. Rorabeck, both graduate engineers from M.I.T.

I nudged the chief and he hastily did the honors, naming me as "Miss Phyllis, the skipper's daughter."

"N-not Miss Hartney?" Savvy asked.

"I've swallowed my foot!" Mr. Prentice said.

"Always remember it was Dutch who told you to scram," Mr. Rorabeck said. "I'm Pat—and ever the gentleman."

Savvy looked at me seriously. "I thought Captain Hartney was a bachelor," he said. "I mean, he writes like a bachelor."

"Oh—y-you've read his books?" (What goes on here? I am tongue-tied and stupid.)

"Yes. Great stuff."

"I've read 'em too," Dutch said.

"Savvy made us read 'em," Pat added. "Your dad is his hero."

BEFORE Savvy could say anything Roger marched up to take charge of the situation. He looked like a toy officer, fresh from the bandbox, and he was very military. "Fire out? Good! Take the apparatus back, Sergeant." Then he turned to our group near the truck. "Lieutenant Roberts?"

"Yes," Savvy said.

"I'm Collins, aide to the commandant." They shook hands. "Mr. Prentice . . . Mr. Rorabeck?" More hand shaking.

Roger saw me. "Oh, Phyllis—I am sorry—may I present—"

"Met 'em!" I said. "I pulled his leg and almost cut his throat."

"Oh . . . eh? You did?"

"Lieutenant Roberts put out the fire, singlehanded. It was going to blow up any moment!"

"No . . . not that close," Savvy said.

(Look at him frowning. I've got to lay off the hero stuff. Just annoys him. I know whom he reminds me of—Colonel Lawrence! All he needs is an Arab headdress. He has the same kind of homely-handsome face, the same eyes. Whoa, now, Phyllis—don't go romantic—)

Roger had been thrown off stride momentarily. But he stiffened and looked at the truck.

"How did it start?"

"I was careless with my pipe," Savvy said.

"Indeed? . . . Well, no serious damage. The captain thinks you'll find everything you need at the basin. I suggest that Lieutenant Roberts come along with me—to report. Chief Nardin will direct you fellows to the basin."

"Very well," Savvy said, meekly.

Roger looked at the truck again. "Better post a guard around the area, hadn't we, Roberts?"

"That's up to you. But we'd like to camp on the job."

Dutch and Pat nodded, grimly, it seemed to me. Savvy reached into the cab and dragged out a battered carry-all. The notion was deft and graceful. (Yep, Lawrence of Arabia, young Phyllis. He's moved right into Navy Station. Oh, Tecumseh, my hair . . . my old coat . . . my muddy shoes—)

It had stopped drizzling now and the sun was trying to poke a few rays through the clouds. But Phyllis (I Must

Know All) Hartney was still in several kinds of fog and beginning to resent it.

I pointed to the truck and asked, "What's in it that almost blew up? Dynamite?"

Roger looked pained. Savvy seemed a little bewildered. Dutch said: "No, not dynamite." Then, Roger said hastily, "Going our way, Phyllis?"

"Nope. Thanks," I said.

Savvy ducked his head at me, shyly. "Hope to see you again very soon," he said.

"You will," I said.

He and Roger started off toward the Officers' Club, Savvy looking like a charmingly mysterious vagabond beside Roger's spruce figure.

Dutch and Pat, with a quick, "Be seeing you, Miss Hartney," climbed into the truck. They didn't want the subject of what the truck carried reopened.

I looked at Chief Nardin, as he stepped on the running board to guide them, and winked. His broad, bland Swede face was deadpan, but a white eyelash flickered. The chief and I have had a working agreement for several years. He tells me what he thinks the captain's daughter ought to know and I tell what I think a chief bosun ought to know. Our liaison system would do credit to the Gestapo.

The big truck rumbled off, taking the road to the Basin. This was a secluded backwater pond, dredged very deep, in which there was an abandoned submarine-escape practice rig.

I started back to the house. It was shocking proof of my essential superficiality and lightmindedness that, as in a twinkling, I forgot all the problems which had made Navy Station seem a sinister place but two hours before. Pop and Mom and Bert Sedden; Ensign

Murphy and Mamie Cowles; Roger and feuds vanished in the fresh new sunshine now streaming down on the yard.

"It's because of Dad," I told myself. Ensign Murphy; Mrs. Briscoe and her "It's that letter he got from the admiral. They'll forgive him and soon we'll be leaving Navy Station!"

But I have promised to tell the truth straight through. I did think about my father and I was happy in the hope that justice would be done him after all. But I was also thinking, "Mrs. Mac said he wasn't married—he wasn't married. He's a bachelor, a bachelor, a bachelor!" (Note to all female Navy juniors: This is a good marching refrain.)

DOLORES suspected something. "Señorita!" she exclaimed, in the front hall. "You are 'appy! Is true, is true?"

"Don't tease an old woman," I said.

"What has happened to you?" Dolores continued in Spanish. "Your cheeks are red. Your eyes are full of joy. You are no pussycat, now. You are much tiger. Much!"

"Aunt Phyllis still has her moments, my child," I said.

I think I have said before that Dolores and I are *simpatico*.

"You tell fib to me, Señorita," she said. "Is the new man! You 'ave met the new man—this officer Kirstell, who came in auto!"

I grinned. "Don't try to catch Auntie," I said. "There are three men. They came in a truck. None of them is named Kirstell."

"No, no—the captain sent note!"

Dolores ran to the hall table and came back with the note. It read:

"Phyllis:

"Don't wait lunch. Am tied up with

Lieut. Commander Kirstell, who just came in from Washington. Dad."

"Four new men in one day!" I said, laughing. "You're going to have a tough time getting anything on me, Dolores."

During luncheon, I parried Dolores' questions in abstracted good humor. I was wondering how soon Chief Nardin would show up with a report on Messrs. Dutch, Pat and Savvy. I had always been a great believer in assembling a certain amount of background data. (Technical note: A correct estimate of the situation is essential before tactical elements are decided upon.)

Let me set down one further confession. I told Dolores to stack the luncheon dishes. I needed some help with my hair; and there was pressing to do on my best afternoon ensemble. (Fashion note: black dress with short green jacket.)

We were absorbed in this business of world-shaking importance when the peremptory summons came, which was to jerk me back to a very grim reality.

The phone rang and I picked it up, standing on one foot because Dolores was untwisting a strap on the other shoe.

"Phyllis?"

"Yes, Dad!"

"Can you come to my office right away?"

His voice sounded subdued and flat and strange. I took immediate alarm and said: "What's happened? Are you ill?"

"No, no—everything's all right. Want you to meet Lieut. Commander Kirstell."

"Oh . . . yes . . . in a jiffy, Dad."

I scrambled into the rest of my clothes, anxiety mounting.

The moment I walked into my father's office, I knew that something was terribly wrong. He and Lieut. Commander Kirstell were already on their feet. My father looked pale, his face set as if in pain.

"Dad!" I said. "You're sick—"

"No, it's not that. Take it easy, Phyllis."

HE PUT an arm about my shoulders and turned me to face Lieut. Commander Kirstell. I stumbled through an introduction which all of us tried to make casual. Our visitor's attitude seemed grave and thoughtful, as if he were studying me, but showed none of the emotional strain my father was suffering.

"Take this chair, my dear."

"Nothing to be frightened about, Miss Hartney," said Lieut. Commander Kirstell, apologetically. "Your father thought we could talk more freely in here." He hesitated, waiting for Dad to speak, but Dad was silent. "A matter has come up that requires investigation. I suggested to your father that you might be the best one to call on for a little help."

I said, "Oh . . . yes . . . I see."

My father said, "I have had to confess to Lieut. Commander Kirstell that you know a great deal more about our people here than I do, Phyllis."

His tone was so ashamed, so grief-stricken that I looked up at him in shocked surprise. I could not bear the suspense any longer.

"Tell me what's wrong!" I demanded.

There was a dreadful few seconds during which my father seemed unable to come to a decision, then he looked at Lieut. Commander Kirstell.

"I'm sure she can help, sir."

Nodding, my father turned back to me. "Intelligence has good reason to believe—that one of my officers is a traitor," he said.

I stared, incredulous.

"A traitor? . . . Who?"

Lieut. Commander Kirstell shook his head. "We don't know that—yet."

(To be continued next week)



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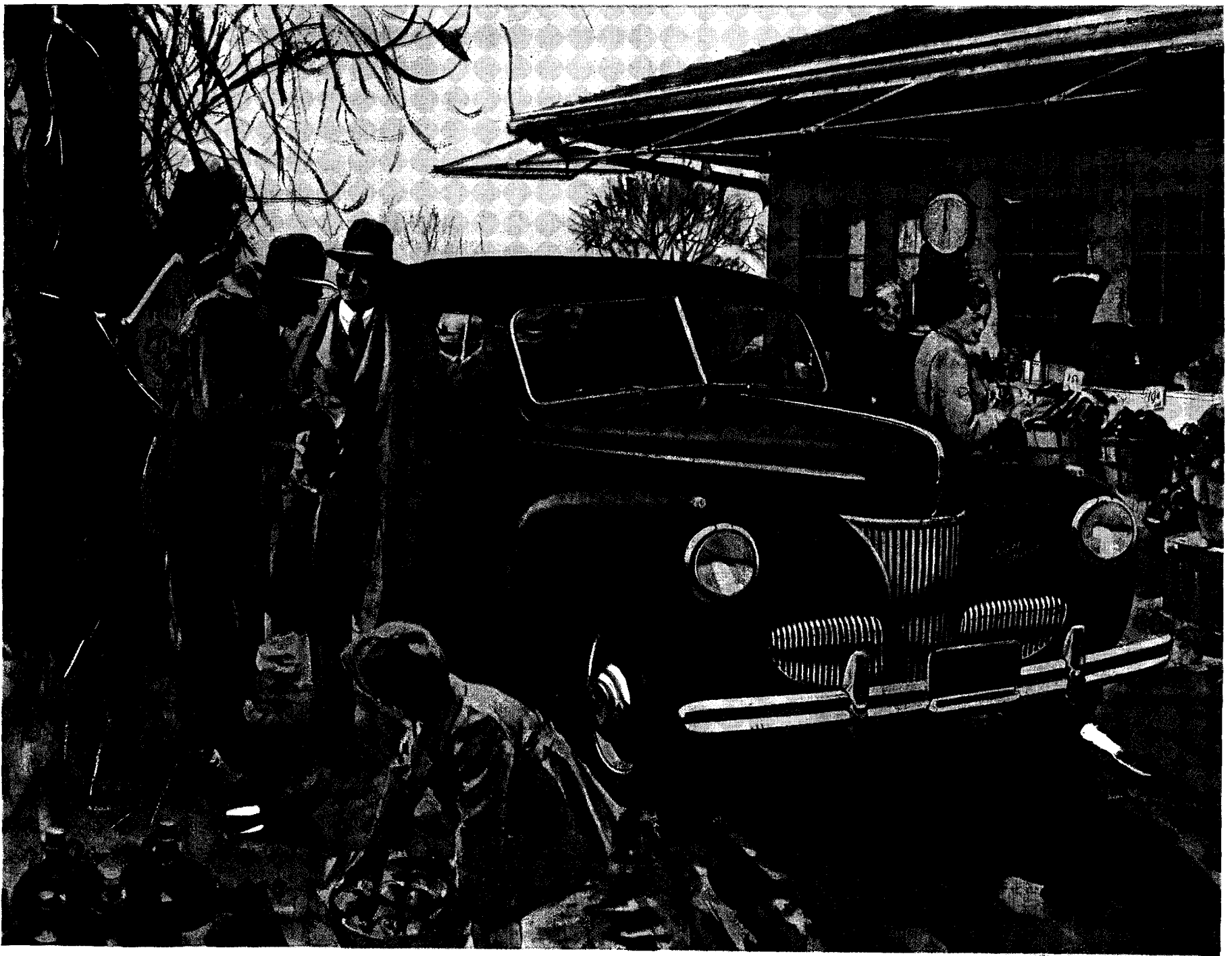
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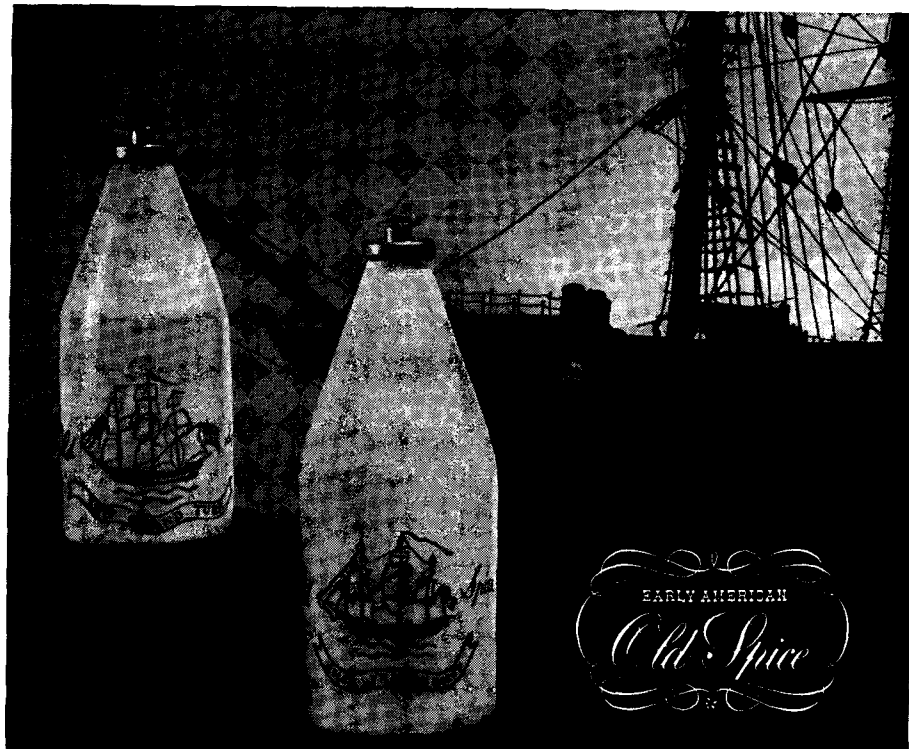
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It's Up to Skip

Continued from page 18

Tony chewed his unlighted cigar to the extreme corner of his mouth, and scowled. "He is. The general has been horsing around airplanes for twenty-five years. And he's spent about fifteen of 'em as a military pilot."

"A big fat guy like that?" said Skip, in amazement. The general weighed well over three hundred pounds, and most of his weight had congealed, fore and aft, around his middle.

Tony's lips quirked. "He's like most of us big fat guys," he said dryly. "He was probably thinner when he was younger. . . . But he knows his stuff. The reason he wants the job this way is because it would cost about two grand more an airplane to add the brake, flap and landing-gear controls you're talking about. On a hundred ships, that would amount to two hundred thousand dollars, which is enough to buy two extra airplanes. All he wants those auxiliary controls for is to give the pilot a rest, once in a while. And maybe so if the pilot is killed, the bombardier can tell the rear gunner how to take the ship to its objective and drop the bombs. After that, if they get back to their base, the rest of the crew can bail out and let the ship go to hell."

"It's still dumb," said Skip. "Suppose some of them are wounded, and can't bail out? Personally, I think the general's like most of these foreigners—overrated. And another thing—I'll bet if he had to ride that gunner's compartment in a raid, he'd—"

"Don't worry about it," Tony advised him. "He won't. And I wouldn't count on his being overrated, as you put it, while you're making out your flight report today. He might even be as smart as you are."

WALLY MEAD, General Symarion, the boss and Slim Riley came out of the operations office just then. The boss smiled, and said, "Good morning," and introduced them to the general. . . . "Enchanté!" said Skip, in his best French.

The general gave him something that might have passed either for a smile, or for that expression a man's mouth assumes after having bitten into an underripe persimmon. "Un plaisir!" he grunted. He was a short, swarthy man, incredibly fat, and was dressed in a pair of white coveralls that seemed to increase his actual girth. He sported a tiny black mustache, and a brusque and monumental dignity that Skip supposed was meant to emphasize his high military rank and all-round importance. Skip was prepared not to like him; and he was not disappointed. . . . Slim Riley, meanwhile, had not spoken to him. . . .

Wally Mead was a small, stocky man of perhaps thirty-five, who had ex-U. S. Army Air Corps written all over him. . . . "Let's mobile," he said. He walked around to the front of the ship and waved vigorously to attract the attention of Jerry Southern, the check-out mechanic. Jerry throttled the engines back, swung open the top of the cockpit enclosure, crawled out and grinned. "Everything's sweet, Wally," he said.

"Good!" said Mead. He turned to Riley. "You ride in the front compartment, Slim. I'll read the data for your report down to you through the interphone from my instruments. Skip will ride in the tail end with the general, and fill in his report from the instruments back there. That way, we'll have two sets of performance data, and the general can compare them. Explain that to him, will you, Skip?"

Skip did so, and the general grunted, "Très bien."

Slim Riley crawled into his 'chute harness, and hoisted himself through the trap door of the glass-enclosed bombardier's compartment in the nose of the ship. Skip expanded a 'chute harness to its fullest to fit the general, slipped into his own and boosted the general up the ladder to the entrance hatch on top of the rear gunner's compartment. He followed him through it, fastened the hatch after himself, and strapped the general into the rear gunner's seat. After which, he settled himself in the auxiliary copilot's seat, and snapped on the interphone to tell Wally Mead that he was set to go.

The general pulled pencil and a black notebook from his pocket. "How many liters of gasoline do we carry?" he wanted to know.

Skip made some rapid calculations, as he converted American gallons into liters. "Six thousand, three hundred and twenty," he answered in French.

"Bien," said the general, writing the figures down in his notebook. . . . "I wish all the information, you understand. All of it."

"Certainly, M'sieu," said Skip. "Certainly."

THE ship bumped slowly down the field to the end of the runway, and stopped. Wally swung it into the wind; and for the second time, the sound of the twin engines widened into a roaring crescendo. . . .

"Here we go," came Wally's voice through the interphone. "Nine-two, A. M.," he added.

"Nine-two, A. M.," echoed Skip, and swiftly noted on his flight report the readings of his engine instruments.

The general reached forward and tapped his shoulder. "We're taking off?" he asked in French.

Skip nodded. "Oui, M'sieu."

Twenty minutes later, they were at twenty-seven thousand feet, and still climbing. The flight-test plan called for a service ceiling test at twenty-eight thousand with full load. They were now using oxygen. Skip sat with the oxygen tube caught in the corner of his mouth, working over his flight report, with the queer feeling in his ears that high altitude brings. Outside in the thinner air, the engines occasionally came briefly out of synchronization and pressed against each other's beat with a "Zoom! Zoom! Zoom-zoom-zoom-zoom!" He relaxed and leaned back in his seat, and allowed his mind to run back over his conversation with Tony. Tony was a good egg. So was Slim Riley. He shouldn't have made them sore that way. It wouldn't have cost anything—

He was jarred rudely out of his thoughts by a sudden shock, and by a tremor that ran through the ship. He bolted upright. Then, as the ship continued on its course, he relaxed, again.

"What was that?" inquired the general from behind him.

"I don't know, M'sieu," said Skip. "I'll find out." He was reaching for the button of the interphone when he noticed suddenly that the engines were laboring and that the ship was vibrating throughout its length. His eyes went to the instrument panel. The rate of climb indicator was quivering against the "Up" side. He looked at the air speed. Its needle lay on one hundred and fifty miles an hour!

"Say!" he commenced in astonishment. . . . And then it happened. The heavily laden XBSA lost flying speed, and hung suspended in a power stall.

Then its nose dropped, and it whipped off into a right-hand power spin so violent that it threw Skip against the bulkhead to his left, half stunning him, and jerking the oxygen tube from his mouth. He tried to recover the tube, but somehow could not find it. . . . The weight of his hand became all at once enormous, impossible, and the tremendous centrifugal force of the spin—far aft in the tail as he was—forced him harder and harder against the bulkhead. There was a roaring in his head and a darkness descended over his eyes. "Say!" he muttered. "Say—" And then he lost consciousness. . . .

What had happened was this . . . Up there in the stratosphere—five miles above the earth—had floated one of the Weather Bureau's free balloons, to which was attached a case containing a recording barometer and thermometer. And out of all the immensity of the sky, the XBSA—traveling at some two hundred and seventy miles an hour—had managed to occupy for a split second the precise spot where that case of instruments dangled. . . . Wally Mead never knew what hit him. The heavy case came crashing through the cockpit window, taking him squarely in the head, and hurling him back unconscious in his seat. And above him, outside the ship, the balloon whipped briefly aft in the slip stream; and, in the moment before its cable broke, snapped off the vertical antenna on top of the fuselage, cutting the XBSA off from all communication with the ground.

THE thing that brought Skip to was a horrible shrieking like the sound a streetcar's wheels make against the rails when they round a corner. He opened his eyes. Before him the instrument panel quivered on its shock-mountings so that he could hardly read it. He noticed, though, that the air-speed indicator was glued to the stop at five hundred miles an hour. Vaguely, he looked at the inclinometer. Its needle was jammed against the "Down" stop. Simultaneously, he realized that the centrifugal force was not pressing him against the bulkhead any more. . . . They'd stopped spinning, then. They must be diving. A five-hundred-mile-an-hour dive. . . . Five hundred miles an hour. . . . Say, that was too fast! . . . Behind him, he heard the general shouting.

And then he came fully to his senses. "Wally!" he shouted into the interphone. "Wally!"

Instantly, Slim's voice came back to him. "Skip! Cut the throttles and pull her out! Quick!" Immediately, Skip reached forward and cut both throttles. The roaring of the engines diminished; but the car-track sound grew and swelled in his ears until he thought he would be deafened.

He took hold of the control stick. It vibrated under his hand like the thin drawn "E" string of a violin. He started to ease it back but it seemed locked, somehow, in the forward position. He looked at the altimeter, and saw that it showed 10,000 feet. With the normal

lag of the instrument, that meant that the XBSA had less than half that altitude between it and the hard surface of the earth. . . . Frantically, he took the stick in both hands, braced his feet against the bulkhead in front of him, and pulled. Whatever was jamming the controls still resisted him.

He pulled harder, and whatever was holding the stick yielded a bit, and then suddenly came free. His every instinct, then, was to pull the stick clear back into his stomach; but he was thinking again, by now, and he remembered that the XBSA weighed over ten tons. Ten tons translated into a sudden pull-out from a dive of such terrific velocity were many times more weight than she was built for. A sudden pull-out now might tear the XBSA to pieces like a shot clay pigeon. And the altimeter read 6,000 feet. . . .

He looked at the inclinometer again. It was trembling a little against its stop; but that could mean anything; and the air-speed indicator stood at four-twenty-five. Sweating, he eased back on the stick some more, and cursed because he couldn't see the ground.

"Skip! Skip!" came Slim's voice, through the interphone. "For the Lord's sake, pull out!"

Skip eased back on the control stick some more. The air-speed dropped to 400. "How much altitude have we?" he shouted.

Slim's voice held a frantic urgency. "None, guy, none! Horse it! Drag her back and pray!"

Skip backed against the rear bulkhead and pulled. The stick shivered in his hands like a taut steel cable in a high wind; and all through the ship, rivets, ribs, longitudinals and plating groaned and crackled. Skip was thrust breathless into his seat; and a horrible blackness started to drift across his eyes. But through it, dimly, he saw the inclinometer needle hit zero; and then show a positive rate of climb. With a prayer of thanksgiving, he eased forward on the stick until the pressure lessened. Briefly, through the small side window of his boxlike prison, he caught a flash of the high buildings of Western City. He was beneath their tops! . . .

"Whew!" came Slim's voice through the interphone. "That was close!"

SLOWLY, Skip eased the stick back, opened his throttles, and commenced to climb. The relief of still being alive left him weak and shaking; and for a full minute he sat there without thinking or feeling, flying the ship mechanically in a gentle climb. Then, suddenly, he thought of Wally. Something must have happened to Wally, for it must have been Wally's body that had jammed the controls. Then Wally must have been unconscious, too. . . .

He worked the stick back and forth. There was no responsive movement from the front cockpit. "Wally!" he shouted through the interphone. "Snap out of it!" Still there was no answer.

Behind him, a voice said, "What happened?" and he started. He had forgot-

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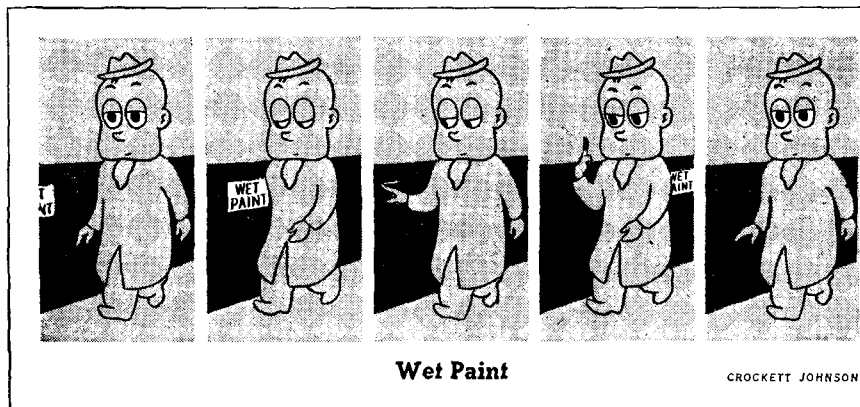
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ten Symarion. He turned in his seat. The general's face was white as chalk; but he was in complete command of himself.

"I don't know," said Skip. "Something wrong with the pilot, I think." Through the interphone, he said, "What's the matter with Wally, Slim?"

"Wait a minute," said Slim. "I'll see if I can find out." The bombardier's compartment on the XB-5A was below and slightly forward of the pilot's cockpit. There was no passage between the two, but there was a small window; covered with safety glass, through which the pilot, when he was sitting erect at the controls, could see the bombardier's hand signals during bombing maneuvers.

SKIP waited. After a moment Slim called back. "He's out cold. It looks like it's all your party, now."

"What do you mean?" asked Skip. "I mean this," said Slim. "It looks to me as if Wally's hurt bad. I don't know what happened to him, but he's got a gash in his head, there's blood and glass all over the cockpit floor, and he's hanging sideways out of his seat like a wet sack."

"Oh!" said Skip. "Oh! . . ." He took a deep breath, and sat for a moment soaking up the realization of his predicament. It was amazingly simple, yet horribly complex at the same time. So long as it remained in the air, the XB-5A could be flown from the rear cockpit; but so far as Skip could see, that was the only ray of light in the whole mess. There was no communication between the rear gunner's compartment and the pilot's cockpit. The bomb bay, sunk into the belly of the ship and occupying most of its fuselage, was between them. Neither was there any means of gaining the pilot's cockpit from the bombardier's compartment. And in a ship with wheels and flaps up and brakes inoperative, the chances of anyone's surviving a forced landing at ninety miles an hour were so slight as to be negligible. Particularly since—from the rear gunner's compartment—he could see neither down nor forward to judge his landing.

He took another deep breath, and said to the general, "The pilot is badly hurt, M'sieu."

The general turned the precise shade of a piece of old parchment. "That's very bad," he said.

"Without hydraulic controls, I cannot land the ship with safety. You will wish to use your parachute, no doubt?"

"But certainly," said the general. "We must all use our parachutes. The ship is not meant to be landed from back here."

Skip shrugged. "Nevertheless, I must try to land it," he said; "I cannot leave the pilot."

THE general stared at him in amazement. "But that would be very foolish," he said. "Of what use to kill two men instead of one?"

"I'll have to take that chance," said Skip.

The general shrugged. "Are you then an experienced pilot?"

Skip shook his head. "I have two hundred hours, but I have flown only light ships, M'sieu."

"The thing is impossible, then. Even I would not attempt it. A man may take chances, yes. But here you have no chance at all." He unbuckled his safety belt and stood up. "I would stay, if I could help, but it would be useless."

Skip nodded. "I understand, M'sieu." Through the interphone he said, "Where are we, Slim? I mean, are we over open country?"

"No, pal," said Slim, sardonically. "You're over the ocean. Take a slow left turn and fly about northeast."

"Thanks," said Skip. "I've got to figure out some way to see from back here. Do you think I could get the top enclosure open? If I could, maybe I could swing this table around, sit on it, and poke my head out the top."

"Kid," said Slim vehemently, "if you touch that enclosure, you're going to be minus the door, the vertical stabilizer, your rudder, and an airplane. It isn't made to be opened in flight. Get your boy friend to open the lower gunner's door. You won't be able to see where you're going, but at least you'll know where you've been."

"Thanks," said Skip. The lower gunner's door was designed so that a machine gun could be trained down through it, and was also intended for use as an escape hatch. Its opening was just twenty-two inches across, and forty-eight inches long. . . . The general slid the door open, and Skip looked back and down. Two thousand feet below him the blue waters of the Pacific gleamed in the sunlight.

"How far out are we?" he asked Slim. "About three or four miles offshore. Turn left a little and you'll be heading just north of the airport."

Skip made the turn. "Look!" he told Slim. "I've got an idea. You and the general can bail out when we get over the field, and I'll have them talk me in from the ground by radio. How does that sound?"

"You wouldn't be asking for advice, would you?"

"Oh, drop it," said Skip. "I'm sorry about yesterday."

"Okay, kid," said Slim. Then: "Think you can do it?"

"I can try," said Skip. "It's been done before."

"Sure," said Slim, ironically. "Under a hood, with wheels, brakes, flaps and a check pilot riding in the right-hand seat in case anything went wrong. But I guess it's the best answer. I'm no pilot. They can tell you more from the ground than I could from here."

Skip snapped on the auxiliary radio control, and put on the headphones. There was a faint and unintelligible babble in his ears. He twisted the dial slightly, snapped on his transmitter and began calling Western Aircraft. He couldn't raise them, and realized with a sort of sick despair that the set wasn't working. "That's all I needed," he told himself. . . . He called into the interphone. "Well, that's out, too. The radio's shot."

There was a moment's stunned silence. Then Slim said, "Now what?"

"I don't know," said Skip uncertainly.

"I wonder how this would work? We'll get rid of the general. Then I'll throw the damn' thing into a minimum glide with the throttles cut and we'll make a couple of practice approaches to the field. I'll call off altitudes. You sight directly down at the points we're passing over, and write them down opposite the altitudes I give you. Then, after we get my approach pretty well figured out, you can bail."

"What the hell do you think I am?" asked Slim, indignantly.

"Look," said Skip wearily, "don't be a sucker. I'll make out okay. Sitting up front like you are, you wouldn't have the chance of a hamburger in a dog pen. We'll be doing ninety when we hit."

"And you wouldn't even hit the airport without me to tell you where you're going. I'm sticking, so forget about it. . . . Besides, I'm working on something. I had my knife in my pocket, and I've just about got the screws out of this window behind me. It looks to me, from where I sit, like I may be able to reach through with a length of cable I just tore loose from the bomb-release mechanism, and loop it over the landing gear retracting lever."

"That, my friend," said Skip, "would be just ducky . . ." The XB-5A had a tricycle landing gear that—if it were down—would make all sorts of allowances for improper approaches. He held his breath. After a moment, and three or four grunts from up forward, Slim's voice said: "Got it!"

SKIP felt the XB-5A slow up as the wheels went down. "Well," he told Slim, "that's something, anyhow!" He tried not to think of how far the XB-5A would roll, with a ninety-mile-an-hour landing speed, and no brakes. . . .

"You can get rid of the general any time you want to," said Slim. "We're over the north boundary of the airport."

"Thanks," said Skip. Then: "I wish you'd go, too."

"Well, I won't," said Slim. "So forget about it, and keep your mind on your work."

Skip felt a warm surge of gratitude. "Okay, fella!" he said. . . . He turned in his seat and motioned toward the escape hatch. "You can go, now," he told the general. He watched the big man curiously; for he realized all at once that a 300-pound man in a 24-foot service chute would fall so fast that the best he could hope for when he landed was two broken legs. The general, he realized, must know this; and yet the



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general's face showed not a trace of fear. . . . He merely shrugged, said, "Bonne chance!" and started to ease himself, feet foremost, through the gunner's door. . . .

Skip throttled back, bringing the air speed down to an even hundred and thirty miles an hour, and slightly raised the XBSA's nose. Over his shoulder, he said, "Now!" and waited for the ship to be relieved of the general's three-hundred-odd pounds. Nothing happened. Then there was a shout from behind him, and he turned in his seat.

The general was wedged halfway in and halfway out of the gunner's door, with his legs dangling in space, and his ample waist spread out over the combing; and it was immediately apparent that he would remain in that position for the rest of the flight. His corpulent body was too large to pass through the opening; and Skip knew that to lift him back into the ship was beyond his strength. He began to laugh. Reasonably, at first; and then uncontrollably. There was nothing but tragedy in the general's position; but still he could not stop laughing.

Slim heard him through the interphone. "What's so damn' funny?" he asked. Skip managed to tell him, and Slim started to laugh, too.

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" he roared. "Ho! Ho! Ho! But what are you going to do about him?"

SKIP wiped his eyes with the back of his hand. "What can I do? I'm going to leave him there!"

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" roared Slim, again. "I hope that landing's good! You're sure going to have a dead general if it isn't! Ho! Ho! Ho!"

And Skip realized, with a suddenness that left him shaken and sickened, that if he put the ship on the ground in any but the tricycle landing position, or if—and this was very likely—he should bounce and drag his tail after landing, the general would almost certainly be cut in half. . . . A horrible desperation came over him. "Slim!" he said frantically. "What's the use of kidding ourselves? I can't land this thing from back here. I can't see. Take a look at Wally. Yell at him. Do anything! See if you can't bring him to."

"Kid!" snapped Slim. "Quit that! You've got to land us. Wally's out of this picture. . . . By the way, don't you want to get rid of some of this gas?"

"How can we?" Skip asked him. "I've still got that piece of cable," said Slim. "I think I can reach the dump valves with it."

"Swell!" said Skip. "Let both wing tanks go."

Behind him, the general said, quite calmly, "The man up front, he is still there?"

Skip nodded. "Oui, M'sieu." He looked at the general over his shoulder. He was pale, but there was no trace of panic in his eyes. "I—I'm sorry that I laughed."

"It is nothing," said the general. "My position has its elements of drollness. . . . I see now that the wheels are down. Since I can see them, may I suggest that you allow me to give you directions while you are landing? I have had much experience with fast ships."

Skip stared at him, and swallowed. "Oui, M'sieu le Général. I should be glad of your help. And may I compliment you on your courage?"

"Courage?" said the general. "It is not courage. In my profession one does what one must. The man in front will guide your approach. At fifty meters from the ground, I will take over. Above all, be calm," he added. "With the wheels down and the fuel you have just released—and which, incidentally has given me a shower bath—our chances are much better."

"I'm sorry about the gasoline," said Skip. "I did not think about you."

"It will soon evaporate," said the general. "Now, tell your man to make the approach. Be tranquil—and good luck. . . ."

"Bonne chance, mon Général," said Skip.

THEY came in on a long glide from over Western City. Looking back and down, Skip saw its tall buildings spread out like landmarks beneath him. He felt strange, and tight, and lonely and helpless. . . .

Slim's voice said, through the interphone, "There's another ship taking off, kid—one of the transports. They must've figured out that something's wrong. Shall we wait for them? Maybe we could signal them to lead us in on the approach."

Skip thought for a moment. It would, he knew, help Slim to have another ship flown by an experienced pilot directly in front of him. But at the same time—"I don't know," he said. "How do things look?"

"Not so bad," said Slim. "We may undershoot a little."

"I'd rather have it like that," said Skip. "I can boost her in with my engines. . . ." Then: "We won't wait. We've dumped most of our gas and I don't want to risk running out. Besides, they wouldn't know what was wrong, anyway. The wheels are down, so they'd naturally think Wally was flying her. We'd better take her on in."

"Okay," said Slim. "You're the doctor."

Skip cleared his throat. "In case anything happens," he said, "I just want to tell you—I mean I—"

"Forget it!" said Slim. Then: "We're pretty low. You'd better give her a little gun."

Skip advanced his throttles a bit. "When I say 'okay,' next time," he said, "you stop talking. The general can see the wheels. He's going to talk me in."

"Got it, kid," said Slim. . . . "Better cut your throttles, now. And take it easy. You're doing fine."

"Thanks," said Skip. "Be sure your belt's tight."

"Don't worry about me," said Slim. "I'm doing all right."

SKIP eased his throttles back. In his mind's eye, he could see the field coming up before him as it had so many times before. Over to his left would be the factory buildings and the control tower; ahead—just above his nose—would be the sea and the horizon, and on his right would be the private hangars on the far side of the field. He waited, his eyes on the air-speed indicator, keeping it carefully at 95 miles per hour.

Behind him, the general said in a calm voice, "Listen to me, now," and mechanically Skip said, "Okay, Slim." He shot a brief glance downward at the ground below him. As he did so, the boundary markers flashed past. . . . The general said, "We are drifting. Drop your left wing a little," and mechanically he pushed the stick slightly to the left, and then back until the turn-and-bank indicator was centered again.

"Ex-cellent!" said the general. His voice, somehow, sounded cheerful and confident. "And now, mon ami, ease back slightly on your stick." Skip did, and the air speed dropped toward the red line on the dial that marked the XBSA's stalling point.

"Easy!" said the general. "Good! Pick your right wing up! Now, float it! Float it! A little more! There! . . ."

The wheels touched, bounced slightly, and then touched again. "Forward with your stick!" said the general. "Keep the front wheel on the ground. Splendid!"

Skip reached forward and cut both switches. . . . Through the interphone, Slim shouted, "Straighten her out! You're turning to the left!"

Skip kicked the right rudder, and glanced at the air-speed indicator. It read 80 miles an hour. Too fast! he thought. Too fast! Wasn't the damn' thing ever going to stop? . . . "How much runway have we left?" he yelled into the interphone. His voice sounded strange and flat to him.

"About two hundred yards," said Slim in a matter-of-fact voice. "It's not enough. We're going to hit the fence . . ." Behind him, the general's calm voice said, "Keep that stick forward, *mon vieux*. Hard! . . ."

The air-speed indicator read 70 miles an hour. That meant that in some six seconds—or less—the XBSA, traveling at sixty miles an hour, was going to plow into the three-foot concrete retaining wall on the far end of the field. . . .

"General," he shouted. "Pull your feet up if you can. I'm going to ground loop!"

"No," yelled Slim. "Hold it!"

AND then, all at once, the ship was slowing; and Skip realized that, somehow, brakes were being applied. There was a sudden lurch, and the shriek of tortured rubber; and as he was thrown forward toward the bulkhead, the XBSA—wheels locked—slid to a screaming stop. And Skip knew that Slim—with the retaining wall six hundred feet ahead, and the ship traveling at seventy miles an hour—had unbuckled his safety belt, and somehow reached through that small opening in the bulkhead above him, to jam on the parking brake. . . .

From far over to his left, Skip heard the wail of the crash wagon's siren. He undid his safety belt and got unsteadily to his feet. He looked at General Symarion. "You are all right, *mon Général*?" he asked.

The general smiled. "I am fine," he replied.

"Okay, Slim?" he called into the interphone.

"Ducky, kid! Just ducky!" said Slim in a hollow voice.

Skip opened the enclosure at the top of the gunner's compartment and peered out. And then he got very, very sick.

SKIP took the rest of the day off. He didn't see Tony until the next morning, when he came into the production office.

Tony looked up at him from behind his desk. He had a funny look on his face. "How you feeling, kid?" he asked.

"I feel all right," said Skip, unenthusiastically. "Did you hear anything about Wally?"

Tony took the dead cigar out of his mouth. His eyes were on the kid's face. "The doctor says he's going to be okay . . . I suppose you heard you're quite the little hero," he added.

Skip nodded. "Yes," he said, savagely. "My hand's sore from all the congratulations."

"I'll bet," said Tony. "By the way, the general is putting in those auxiliary hydraulics you were yelling about."

"That's good," said Skip.

"The general spoke to the boss about you, too," said Tony. "He's going to give a banquet for you. A nice big banquet. You'll like that, now won't you?"

"No!" said Skip. "I don't want any banquet. Not for me, anyhow. The guys who ought to get the banquet are Slim and the general."

The funny look left Tony's eyes. "Then you learned something yesterday, didn't you?"

"Yes," Skip burst out. "I wasn't so smart, after all. Without those two guys to help me, and think for me most of the time, I'd have killed Wally and myself sure."

Tony said, "I'll speak to the boss, today, kid. We'll make that banquet for three."

"Good!" said Skip. He broke off for a moment and looked out into the street. "But look," he added. "I was right about those controls, wasn't I?"

"Oh, shut up and beat it!" growled Tony. . . . But after Skip had left the office, he put the cigar back in his mouth, cocked it at an angle, leaned back in his chair and looked at the ceiling. He was grinning.

Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

Today the British are secretly and desperately trying to buy dirigibles in this country. For they have found, in the test of war, that the dirigible has a precious value.

It is more efficient and more effective than the airplane in the patrol hunt for submarine raiders on convoys. Not monster ships. Just pudgy little bags, like the sight-seeing ones you see in the sky almost every day over New York, Washington, Miami and elsewhere. Such a dirigible can hover above a sub and, from the steadiest possible kind of air platform, let go at it with depth bombs—with greater advantages than either surface destroyers or airplanes of visibility, exactness and the leisure that makes for accuracy.

Nor are patrolling dirigibles as vulnerable to hostile plane action as you may think.

They can be rather effectively screened by their side's heavier-than-air craft, especially pursuits, which are either land of carrier based, depending upon the waters scouted. Larger types, like the Akron or the LZ-130, could even carry four or five of their own pursuits in a belly hangar. You remember the "hook-on" experiments conducted by our Navy years ago with its big airships.

Another point: Dirigibles can mount heavier armament and carry much more ammunition than its harriers without sacrificing much performance.

Also, if both plane and gun protection failed, it would still take a reckless and drastic thrust to fetch down a dirigible—provided it is filled with helium. Dirigibles are divided into many compartments, or "ballonettes." You have to rend each virtually into a sieve to let so much gas escape that all buoyancy is lost.

THE United States practically has a corner on this odorless, tasteless, colorless gas; nearly all the world's supply being found in the natural gas of the oil fields of Texas and Kansas. All our other resources having been made available to the British, I assume helium would be, too.

But the factories and the art of airship building lie fallow. Many, many long and valuable months would be lost in tooling and in the various oddments of preparation before large production could be achieved. Meanwhile, our Navy has six airships, small ones: 48 more authorized, but only 6 appropriated for and on order.

What do you think?

W. B. C.

Telephone Tales

BY LONG



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says Bill McGann
a credit man:

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And seem to more or less resist
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“And naturally this same resource
Has always been my first recourse
For checking people's credit rating
Without unnecessary waiting.
‘In credit work,’ friend Bill exults,
“Long Distance surely gets results!”



THIS "INEVITABLE" TALK

AMONG the ideas President Roosevelt has been voicing of late, we've enjoyed most the falls he has taken out of the thought that totalitarianism is inevitably the next phase in human evolution. He simply denies this proposition—calls totalitarianism tyranny and slavery, and says it need kill off democracy only if believers in democracy stand by with folded arms and craven hearts.

Time will tell about that. Certain it is, though, that totalitarianism is not the first force in history that many people have believed to be the inevitable master of the world.

Napoleon Bonaparte, for example, was as good a propagandist in his day as Adolf Hitler in this. Napoleon's Continental System was going to tie up all Europe in an anti-British economic bloc, with perverted overtones from the French Revolution as its basic philosophy. For years before the Battle of Leipzig in 1813, which set Napoleon's feet stumbling toward Waterloo, millions of people all over the Western world thought Bonapartism was the inevitable next phase in that world's progress.

In the late Middle Ages, devout Catholics feared that Protestantism, with its new crude

vigor and enthusiasm, was the inevitable conqueror of the ancient Church. What actually happened was that neither faith scored a knockout victory. Each gradually affected the other for the improvement of both.

Speaking of religion, Mark Twain once got seriously concerned over the Christian Science Church. Mark explained, in a long, interesting and long-ago-exploded essay, that a Christian Science hierarchy was inevitably going to fasten an unbreakable grip on the minds, souls and tangible assets of the American people.

When the Mohammedans really got going around the Mediterranean in the 7th and 8th centuries A. D., the idea spread through Europe that these people were the inevitable rulers of the known world. That wave broke at Toulouse, in southern France, in 721. Similar reverses overtook the ancient Persians and Carthaginians, the Huns and Tatars and Mongols of the Dark Ages, the Russians and Swedes and Spaniards of the Renaissance and early modern times.

In our own country, from about 1789 to about 1920, there was a nation-wide conviction that American democracy was inevitably going to

spread throughout the world. This conviction was shared with dread by sundry reactionaries of the Old World.

Beginning about 900 A. D., a belief somehow grew up in Europe that the end of the world was inevitably scheduled for 1000 A. D.

Pardon us, then, if we seem a bit dubious about the inevitability of totalitarianism everywhere. We've heard that "inevitable" duck quack before, though never quite so loud.

Of one thing we're certain: That some of the noblest records on the pages of history have been written by persons who stood up to the "inevitability" frightening other people at the time, denied that it was inevitable, faced it, fought it and finally exposed it for the thundering sham that it was.

Willkie is Wise

IT'S true, as many an old-line Republican is confiding weepily to his beer, that Wendell L. Willkie isn't doing Republican chances in 1944 any good by playing along with the President on matters international in 1941.

It is also true, though, that national politics is no longer a penny-ante game. We're on a hot spot. We'll work ourselves off that spot only by putting out maximum national effort, if we work off it at all. To put out maximum national effort, we've got to have maximum national unity.

Mr. Willkie, by acting as leader of the "loyal opposition," is doing the best he can to promote and cement that national unity. We don't care whether that means a rock-bottom reorganization of the G.O.P. later on or not, any more than we care whether F.D.R. wrecks the Democratic party. All we're concerned about is that these two leaders between them do their best to keep Americans united through the storm which has already arrived and is going to grow fiercer.

We can start worrying about home political loyalties again when we're sure we're so powerfully armed that nobody can move in, take over the country and run all our politics from some foreign capital—when and IF we're sure of that.

Taxes by the Week

IRVINGTON, NEW JERSEY, has adopted an installment plan for payment of town taxes—as little as 25¢ a week if you wish.

Isn't there a thought for Congress here? Wouldn't it be feasible, without disrupting Treasury financing arrangements, to loosen up the present maximum allowance of four installments a year for payment of income taxes?

People can voluntarily budget for income taxes, true; but the fact remains that a lot of people don't. And that sudden bump on March 15th, June 15th, September 15th or December 15th can be an awful jolt sometimes.

Isn't it possible to relax the regulations so as to encourage frequent small payments on the total due, thus making the expected higher income taxes a little less painful? Such a reform, we think, would tickle most taxpayers and step up tax-collection efficiency.

Car Engineering NEVER SLEEPS



Car engineers don't use guesswork with spark plugs

Almost *any* spark plug will "get you by" if it is the right size for your engine. But that's not good enough to satisfy the engineers who labor, day and night, to assure you the last ounce of performance in automobiles and trucks.

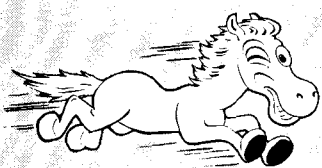
It wouldn't be good enough for you, either, if you knew what those engineers know. And they've learned it from brutal test miles, by the hundred thousand. It's those miles that lie behind the AC Spark Plugs which you buy and use.

Performance and reliability,—*proved on the proving ground*,—are the reasons why AC's are selected for standard factory equipment on more motor cars and trucks than any other make of spark plug.

Remember this next time your service man recommends new spark plugs. Don't be content to take "just any plug that fits." Insist on genuine AC's—the spark plugs that satisfy the most exacting engineers in the world.

New AC's every 10,000 miles will more than pay for themselves

CLEAN PLUGS GIVE MORE "PEP"



Dirty or worn plugs rob you of as much as 21% of your engine's power — and waste up to 10% on gas. Have them cleaned and regapped, every 4,000 miles, by "the AC Method"—5c a plug.

Look for this SIGN



AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION • FLINT, MICHIGAN

A black and white photograph of a man in a dark suit and fedora hat, smiling and holding a large, detailed tobacco leaf up to a woman's face. The woman is looking at the leaf with interest. The background is plain and light-colored.

*"Lady, leaf like
this costs plenty!"*

"But Luckies pay the price to get it!"
says Jim Hill, Jr., independent tobacco buyer

"Year after year I've seen Luckies buy the finer, the milder tobaccos and pay the price for 'em, too," says Jim Hill, Jr., of Winston-Salem, N.C. "That's why I've smoked Luckies 5 years and that's why most other independent tobacco men smoke them!"

When you buy tobacco, you get what you pay for. And Luckies pay higher prices for the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder tobaccos. If you're smoking more today, *real mildness* is important. So take a tip from the independent tobacco experts—the buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen. Smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke.

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With men who know tobacco best — it's LUCKIES 2 to 1